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Pickering

Original Manuscript
PSALMS

AND

H Y M N S,

FOR

SOCIAL AND PRIVATE WORSHIP:

CAREFULLY SELECTED FROM THE BEST AUTHORS.

BY DAVID PICKERING.

“Sing ye praises with understanding.” DAVID.

HUDSON:

PRINTED BY ASHBEL STODDARD.

.....
1822.

M. S. m.

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SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW-YORK, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the thirtieth day of September, in the forty-seventh year of the Independence of the United States of America, DAVID PICKERING of the said District hath deposited in this office the title of a book the right whereof he claims as proprietor in the words following, to wit :



PSALMS AND HYMNS, for social and private worship : carefully selected from the best authors. By David Pickering. "Sing ye praises with understanding." DAVID.

In conformity to the Act of Congresss of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act, entitled "an Act, supplementary to an act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

PREFACE.

THE Compiler, in offering the following Selection of sacred Poetry to the inspection and use of his christian Friends, deems it expedient to lay before them a few reasons which have induced him to undertake a work of so important a nature.

Most of the collections now in use among the Societies, professing faith in the "restitution of all things," contain sentiments to which a multitude of the Brethren (though firm believers in the ultimate purity and happiness of the universe) feel that they cannot conscientiously subscribe.

In the collections hitherto in use, too great a proportion of the Hymns have been adapted to private devotion, which has necessarily abridged the number and variety for public worship, and lessened their utility in the assemblies of the saints.

Although there exists no innate repugnance between taste and devotion, yet many highly cultivated minds have found just cause to complain of their frequent disunion in the poetry used by our Churches.

It has also been a subject of regret that suitable care has not been taken in former selections to avoid irregular accents. This defect not only renders the poetry difficult to the reader, but greatly impairs the harmony of vocal Praise.

There remains one more defect which is common to all the compilations that are now in use. A great number of the Hymns are nearly useless for the service of public devotion by reason of their unnecessary length, which fatigues the performer, without adding to the religious entertainment of the assembly. And it would be useless to urge that a part of them might be omitted; for such omissions would generally impair the sense of the whole, and introduce confusion.

In the following Selection, the utmost care has been observed to avoid the introduction of sentiments that might

PREFACE.

prove offensive to our Brethren ; and at the same time to preserve the sentiment of universal benevolence and grace unimpaired.

Equal caution has been maintained against the admission of any Hymn that would not afford instruction, or inspire a devotional feeling.

It is believed that the defects which are commonly the subjects of complaint in the different collections now used by our Societies, have been so far avoided in this Selection, as to entitle it, at least, to a fair and unprejudiced examination.

Should such examination be accompanied with the approbation of competent inspectors, it is believed that the faithful friends of truth will not withhold their patronage.

To heighten the enjoyments of public devotion, to promote uniformity in our Churches, and to impart instruction and comfort to the worshipper, has been the principal object of the following Selection.

With these views, the Compiler submits the following work to the perusal of his Brethren, and commends it to the blessing of that God, whose praise it is designed to promote on the earth.

N. B. The alphabetical arrangement of the Psalms and Hymns in this Book, with the Index, or table of first lines, is thought to be a sufficient guide for every purpose to which it will be applied, without the addition of an index to the subjects, which would swell the size and expense of the Volume.

Whenever alterations have been made to improve the stile, or correct the sentiment of the original, in this selection, they have not been signified, except in cases where the general features of the Hymns have been materially changed.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

1. C. M.

The Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray,
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that which wrapp'd
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.
- 5 Jesus, the friend of human kind,
Was crucified and slain !
Behold, the tomb its prey resign !
Behold, he lives again !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 6 And while his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies,
Broken beneath his pow'rful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Mrs. Barbauld.

2. S. M.

Praise to the Creator.

- 1 ALMIGHTY MAKER, God !
How wondrous is thy name !
Thy glories how diffus'd abroad
Through all creation's frame !
- 2 Nature in ev'ry dress
Her humble homage pays ;
And finds a thousand ways t' express
Thine undissembled praise.
- 3 Our souls would rise and sing
To our Creator too :
Fain would our tongues adore our King,
And pay the homage due.
- 4 In joy, O let us spend
The remnant of our days !
And oft to God our souls ascend
In grateful songs of praise !

Watts.

3. C. M.

Our lives blessed by Divine Goodness.

- 1 AGAIN the cheerful beams of day,
Shine to salute our eyes ;
Our souls again their tribute pay,
To him that rules the skies.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 Our life is ever on the wing,
And death is ever nigh ;
The moment when our lives begin,
We all begin to die.
- 3 Yet mighty God, our fleeting days,
Thy lasting favors share ;
And with the bounties of thy grace
Thou crown'st the rolling year.
- 4 Thy goodness runs an endless round ;
All glory to the Lord :
Thy mercy never knows a bound,
And be thy name ador'd.
- 5 Thus we begin the lasting song ;
And when our days are o'er,
Let the next age thy praise prolong,
Till time shall be no more.

Watts.

4. L. M.

The Christian Sabbath.

- 1 AGAIN our weekly labours end,
And we the sabbath's call attend :
Improve, my soul ! the sacred rest,
And learn forever to be blest.
- 2 This day may our devotions rise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;
May heav'n that peace divine bestow,
Which none but they who feel it, know !
- 3 This holy calm within the breast ;
Points us to that eternal rest,

Which for the sons of God remains ;
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 With joy, great God, thy works we view,
In varied scenes, both old and new ;
With praise we think on mercies past,
By hope, we future mercies taste.

5 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures pass away :
How sweet this sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of that which ne'er shall end !
Stennet, altered.

5 L. M.

The Operations of Nature speak the Existence of God.
Rom. 1. 20.

1 ALL nature speaks, let men give ear,
And bow the reverential knee ;
The voice of nature they shall hear,
The God of nature they shall see.

2 Behold the stars with brilliant light,
And planets which in order move !
They all proclaim a God of might,
And testify a God of love.

3 The glorious sun, whose gentle beams
Enlivens all things here below ;
The lucid moon, with paler gleams,
Proclaim a God that made them so.

4 Survey the whole capacious earth,
The sea and land, rocks, hills, and plains ;
The God of nature gave them birth,
And by his law the whole maintains.

5 Behold the trees in verdure rise !
His wisdom shines in all their leaves :
Behold the birds that mount the skies,
And fish that fill the mighty seas !

6 They all unite to speak his pow'r,
From whom all life and being came ;
Then let us all the Lord adore,
And bow before his rev'rend name.

A. Kneeland.

6. L. M.

Persecution and Intolerance, absurd.

- 1 ABSURD and vain attempt ! to bind
With iron chains, the freeborn mind ;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wand'ring, by destructive flame !
- 2 Bold arrogance, to snatch from heaven,
Dominion not to mortals given !
O'er conscience to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.
- 3 Our blessed Master's law of love,
Does no such cruelties approve ;
Mild as himself, his doctrine yields
No arms, but those persuasion yields.
- 4 By proofs divine, and reasons strong,
It draws the willing soul along ;
And conquests to his church acquires,
By eloquence, which heav'n inspires.
- 5 O happy, who are thus compell'd
To the rich feast, by Jesus held !

May we this blessing know, and prize
The light, which liberty supplies.

Scott.

7. S. M.

Leaving earthly Enjoyments.

- 1 ADIEU, all earthly things,
My soul shall mount on high ;
Those courts with heav'nly music rings,
And pleasures never die.
- 2 For earthly charms no more,
My soul shall vainly strive ;
I've made the gospel all my store,
Thence all my joys derive.
- 3 I've sought this world around,
Some solid joy to find ;
There's none that grows on earthly ground,
That's fit to cheer the mind.
- 4 Then come, without delay,
My soul, with progress rise ;
And march with gladness on the way,
To yonder blissful skies.

H. Ballou.

8. L. M.

Emmaus. A Sacred Ode.

“ Abide with us, for it is towards evening.” Luke xxiv. 29.

- 1 ABIDE with us, the evening shades
Begin already to prevail ;
And as the ling'ring twilight fades,
Dark clouds in fields of azure sail.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 Abide with us—the night is chill ;
And damp and cheerless is the air ;
Be our companion, Stranger, still,
And thy repose shall be our care.
- 3 Abide with us—thy converse sweet
Has well beguil'd the tedious way ;
With such a friend we joy to meet,
We supplicate thy longer stay.
- 4 Abide with us—for well we know
Thy skill to cheer the gloomy hour,
Like balm thy honied accents flow,
Our wounded spirits feel their power.
- 5 Abide with us—and still unfold
Thy sacred, thy prophetic lore ;
What wondrous things of Jesus told !
Stranger, we thirst, we pant for more.

PAUSE.

- 6 Abide with us—and still converse
Of him who late on Calv'ry died :
Of him the prophecies rehearse,
He was our friend they crucified.
- 7 Abide with us—our hearts are cold,
We thought that Israel he'd restore ;
But sweet the truths thy lips have told,
And, Stranger, we complain no more.
- 8 Abide with us—we feel the charm,
That binds us to our unknown friend ;
Here pass the night secure from harm,
Here, Stranger, let thy wand'rings end.

- 9 Abide with us—to their request
The Stranger bows, with smiles divine ;
Then round the board the unknown guest
And weary travellers recline.
- 10 Abide with us—amaz'd they cry,
As suddenly, whilst breaking bread,
Their own lost Jesus meets their eye,
With radiant glory on his head !
- 11 Abide with us—thou heav'nly Friend,
Leave not thy foll'wers thus alone ;
Nor let our sweet communion end,
But lead us to thy heav'nly home.
- T. Raffles.

9. L. M.

Rain of Heaven. Psa. lxxii. 6. Isa. lv. 10, 11.

- 1 As show'rs on meadows newly mown,
Jesus shall shed his blessings down ;
Crown'd with whose life-infusing drops,
Earth shall renew her blissful crops.
- 2 Lands, that beneath a burning sky,
Have long been desolate and dry,
Th' effusions of his love shall share,
And sudden greens and herbage wear.
- 3 The dews and rains in all their store,
Wat'ring the pastures o'er and o'er,
Are not so copious as that grace
Which sanctifies and saves our race.
- 4 As in soft silence, vernal show'rs
Descend, and cheer the fainting flow'rs ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

So, in the secrecy of love,
Falls the sweet influence from above.

5 That heav'nly influence let us find,
In holy silence of the mind,
While ev'ry grace maintains its bloom,
Diffusing wide its rich perfume.

6 Nor let these blessings be confin'd
To us, but pour'd on all mankind,
Till all the wastes in verdure rise,
And a new Eden bless our eyes.

Rippon.

10. 8, 8, 6 M.

Immanuel is born. Luke. 1. 68,—70.

1 ARISE, and hail the happy day ;
Cast all low cares of life away,
And thought of meaner things ;
This day, to cure our deadly woes,
The Sun of Righteousness arose,
With healing in his wings.

2 If angels, on that happy morn
The Saviour of the world was born,
Pour'd forth their joyful songs ;
Much more should we of human race,
Adore the wonders of his grace,
To whom that grace belongs.

3 O then, let heav'n and earth rejoice,
Let ev'ry creature join his voice,
To hymn the happy day,
When satan's empire vanquish'd fell
And all the pow'rs of death and hell
Confess'd his sov'reign sway.

Howard's Coll.

11. 7s. M.

Christ risen, and Death vanquish'd.

- 1 ANGELS, roll the rock away ;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey ;
See, he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom.
- 2 Shout ye saints, in rapt'rous song,
Let the notes be sweet and strong ;
Hail the Son of God, this morn,
From his sepulchre new-born.
- 3 Pow'rs of heav'n, celestial choirs,
Sing and sweep your sounding lyres ;
Sons of men, in joyful strain,
Hail your mighty Saviour's reign !
- 4 Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
And the Saviour's triumph tell ;
Where, O death, is now thy sting ?
Where thy terror, vanquish'd king ?

Scott.

12. L. M.

On Earth Peace, Good will to Men.

- 1 AWAKE the song that gave to earth
Salvation in Immanuel's birth !
Angelic tongues the strain began !
'Twas peace on earth, good will to man.
- 2 Celestial Peace ! and is it ours
To strike the harp on Salem's tow'rs ?
To welcome back the Dove that brings
The balm of healing in her wings ?

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 She comes ! and lo, the orphan's wail
No longer loads the passing gale ;
Contentment sheds her sacred calm,
And nature owns the sov'reign charm.
- 4 She comes ! and banner, spear and plume,
That led to conquest and the tomb ;
Wreath'd with the olive, now adorn
The triumphs of the joyous morn.
- 5 She comes ! and with attentive ear,
The gospel's sound the heathen hear ;
Round blood-stain'd altars throng no more,
But suppliant bow, and God adore.
- 6 Father, if such the bliss that flows
Where peace delights to seek repose,
On earth may she for ever rest,
Each bosom with her presence blest.

N. Deering,

13. L. M.

God our Shepherd and Guardian.

- 1 As the good shepherd gently leads
His wand'ring flocks to verdant meads,
Where winding rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the flow'ry landscape flow.
- 2 So God, the guardian of each soul,
Does all our erring steps control :
When lost in sin's perplexing maze,
He brings us back to virtue's ways.
- 3 Though we should journey through the plains,
Where death in all his horror reigns,

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Our steadfast hearts no ill shall fear,
For thou, O God ! art with us there.

- 4 Thine ever-watchful providence
Is our support and our defence :
With thee we are of all possess'd,
And in thy favour, fully blest.
- 5 O bounteous God ! our future days
Shall be devoted to thy praise ;
And in thy house, thy sacred name
And wondrous grace shall be our theme.

Pope's Collection.

14. L. M.

Holy Resolution.

- 1 AH, wretched souls, who strive in vain !
Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin !
A nobler toil may we sustain,
A nobler satisfaction win.
- 2 We would resolve with all our heart,
With all our pow'rs to serve the Lord ;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
Whose service is a rich reward.
- 3 O be his service all our joy !
Around let our example shine ;
Till others love the blest employ,
And join in labours so divine.
- 4 Be this the purpose of our soul,
Our solemn, our determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
And in his kind commands rejoice.

- 5 O may we never faint nor tire,
 Nor wander from thy sacred ways !
 Great God, accept our souls' desire,
 And give us strength to live thy praise.
 Mrs. Steele.

15. C. M.

The Law of Love.

- 1 ALL nature feels attractive pow'r,
 A strong embracing force ;
 The drops that sparkle in the show'r
 The planets in their course.
- 2 Thus in the universe of mind,
 Is felt the law of Love ;
 The charity, both strong and kind,
 For all that live and move.
- 3 More perfect bond, the christian plan
 Attaches soul to soul ;
 Our neighbour is the suff'ring man,
 Though at the distant pole.
- 4 To earth below, from heav'n above,
 The faith in Christ profess'd,
 More clear reveals that God is love,
 And whom he loves is bless'd.

Drennan.

16. L. M.

" Affliction cometh not forth of the Dust." Job. v. 6.

- 1 AFFLICTION's faded form draws nigh,
 With wrinkled brow and tearful eye ;
 With sackcloth on her bosom spread ;
 And ashes scatter'd o'er her head.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 But deem her not a child of earth ;
From heav'n she draws her sacred birth !
Beside the throne of God she stands
To execute his dread commands.
- 3 Oft as in pleasure's paths we stray,
Perplex'd in sin's deceitful way,
With storms she thunders o'er our heads,
And sudden ruin round us spreads :
- 4 The messenger of grace, she flies
To train us for our sphere, the skies ;
And onward as we move, the way
Becomes more smooth, more bright the day.
- 5 Her weeds to robes of glory turn,
Her looks with kindling radiance burn ;
And from her lips these accents steal,
" God smites to bless, he wounds to heal !"
Drummond,

17. C. M.

The Light and Glory of God's Word.

- 1 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic as the sun ;
It gives a light to ev'ry age ;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
Its truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Let endless thanks, O God ! be thine,
For such a bright display,

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.

- 4 With steadfast zeal may we pursue
The paths of truth and love ;
Till glory break upon our view
In brighter worlds above,

Cowper.

18. C. M.

The vegetable Creation, an Emblem of the,
Resurrection of Man.

- 1 ALL nature dies, and lives again :
The flow'rs that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.
- 2 These, all resign their beauteous form,
At winter's stormy blast ;
And leave the naked leafless plain
A desolated waste.
- 3 Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain ;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring
And flourish green again.
- 4 So to the dreary grave consign'd,
Man sleeps in death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 5 O may the grave become to us
The bed of peaceful rest ;
Whence we shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 6 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
We'll wait Heav'n's high decree ;
Till the appointed period come
When death shall set us free.

Edinburgh Coll.

19. C. M.

Creation of Man.

- 1 A God, a God, the wide earth shouts !
A God ! the Heav'n's reply :
He moulded in his palm the world,
And hung it in the sky.
- 2 " Let us make man " :—with beauty clad,
And health in ev'ry vein ;
With reason thron'd upon his brow,
Stepp'd forth majestic man.
- 3 Around he turn'd his wond'ring eyes,
All nature's works surveys ;
Admires the earth, the skies, himself ;
And tries his tongue in praise.
- 4 Ye hills, and vales ! ye meads and woods !
Sun ! with o'erpow'ring glare,
Fair creatures, tell me, if ye can,
From whence, and what ye are ?
- 5 What parent pow'r, all great and good,
Do these around me own ?
Tell me, creation, tell me how
T' adore the vast unknown !

Darwin.

20. S. M.

Praise.

- 1 A joyful song to God,
Now let our voices raise ;
His wondrous works and boundless love
Demand our highest praise.
- 2 He gives us wholesome food
And richest draughts of wine ;
And life, thro' Christ's redeeming blood,
Immortal and divine.
- 3 So let us sing his praise
While life and being last ;
'Then taste those beatific joys
Which cannot be express'd.

S. Streeter.

21. S. M.

Christ the Branch of David, and the Morning Star.

- 1 ALL hail, mysterious King !
Hail David's ancient root ; (spring
Thou righteous Branch, which thence did
To give the nations fruit.—
- 2 Our weary souls shall rest
Beneath thy grateful shade ;
Our thirsting lips the sweets shall taste;
By thy bless'd fruit convey'd.
- 3 Fair morning star, arise !
With living glories bright ;
And pour on these awak'ning eyes
A flood of sacred light.

- 4 The horrid gloom is fled,
 Pierc'd by thy heav'nly ray ;
 Shine, and our wand'ring footsteps lead
 To everlasting day.

Doddridge, altered.

22. C. M.

Pillars in the Heavenly Temple.

- 1 ALL hail, victorious Saviour, hail !
 We bow to thy command,
 And own that David's royal key
 Well fits thy sov'reign hand.
- 2 Open the treasures of thy love,
 And shed thy gifts abroad ;
 Unveil to our rejoicing eyes
 The Temple of our God.
- 3 Therein as pillars let us stand,
 On an eternal base ;
 Uprear'd by thy almighty hand,
 And polish'd by thy grace.
- 4 There, deep engraven let us bear
 The title of our God ;
 And mark the New Jerusalem,
 As our secure abode.
- 5 In lasting characters inscribe
 Thy own beloved name ;
 That endless ages there may read
 The great Immanuel's claim.

Doddridge.

23. L. M.

The Voice of Nature.

- 1 ALMIGHTY goodness, pow'r divine,
The fields and verdant meads display ;
And bless the hand which made them shine,
With various charms profusely gay.
- 2 For man and beast, here daily food,
In wide diffusive plenty grow ;
And there, for drink, the crystal flood,
In streams sweet-winding gently flow.
- 3 By cooling streams and soft'ning show'rs
The vegetable race are fed ;
And trees and plants, and herbs and flow'rs,
Their Maker's bounty smiling spread.
- 4 The flow'ry tribes, all blooming rise
Above the faint attempts of art ;
Their bright inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 5 Ye curious winds, that roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of our God,
And bow before him and adore.

Mrs. Steele.

24. L. M.

God eternal and unchangeable.

- 1 ALL-POW'RFUL, self-existent God,
Who all creation dost sustain !
Thou wast, and art, and art to come,
And everlasting is thy reign.

- 2 Fix'd and eternal as thy days,
Each glorious attribute divine,
Through ages infinite, shall still
With undiminish'd lustre shine.
- 3 Fountain of being ! source of good !
Immutable thou dost remain ;
Nor can the shadow of a change
Obscure the glories of thy reign.
- 4 Nature her order shall reverse,
Revolving seasons cease their round,
Nor spring appear with blooming pride,
Nor autumn be with plenty crown'd.
- 5 Yon shining orbs forget their course,
The sun his destin'd path forsake,
And burning desolation mark
Amid the worlds his devious track.
- 6 Earth may with all her pow'rs dissolve,
If such the great Creator's will ;
But thou forever art the same,
I AM, is thy memorial still.

Walker's Coll.

25. H. M.

Kingdom of Christ. Dan. ii. 44. Psa. xxii. 27. lxxvii 3. 4.

- 1 ALL hail, redeeming Lord !
The wondrous things foretold
Of thee in sacred writ,
With joy our eyes behold :
Still does thy arm new trophies wear
And monuments of glory rear.

2 To thee the hoary head
 Its silver honours pays ;
 To thee the blooming youth
 Devotes his brightest days :
 And ev'ry age their tribute bring,
 And bow to thee, all conqu'ring King.

3 O haste, victorious Prince,
 That happy, glorious day,
 When souls like drops of dew
 Shall own thy gentle sway !
 O may it bless our longing eyes,
 And bear our shouts beyond the skies !

4 All hail, triumphant Lord !
 Eternal be thy reign ;
 Behold the nations sue
 To wear the gentle chain :
 When earth and time are known no more,
 Thy throne shall stand forever sure.

Wesley's Coll.

26. C. M.

Aspiration after the Christian Temper.

- 1 ALMIGHTY Maker ! Lord of all !
 Of life the only spring !
 Creator of unnumber'd worlds !
 Supreme, eternal King !
- 2 Drive from the confines of our hearts
 Impenitence and pride ;
 Nor let us in forbidden paths
 With thoughtless sinners glide.
- 3 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
 Sees for thy creatures fit ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

We'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.

4 With gen'rous pleasure let us view
The prosp'rous and the great ;
Malignant envy let us fly,
And odious self-conceit.

5 Let not despair, nor fell revenge,
Be to our bosoms known ;
O give us tears for other's woes,
And patience for our own !

6 Still let our days serenely pass,
Without remorse or care ;
And growing holiness, our souls
For life's last hour prepare.

Select Coll:

27. L. M.

Candour.

1 ALL-SEEING God ! 'tis thine to know
The springs whence wrong opinions flow ;
To judge, from principles within,
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

2 Where is the man, great Lord of all !
Thy servant to his bar shall call ;
Judge him for modes of faith thy foe,
And doom him to the realms of wo ?

3 Who with another's eye can read,
Or worship by another's creed ?
'Trusting thy grace, we form our own,
And bow to thy commands alone.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4 If wrong, correct ; accept, if right ;
While faithful we improve our light,—
Condemning none, but zealous still,
To learn and follow all thy will.

5 When shall our happy eyes behold
All people fashion'd in thy mould ;
And charity their lineage prove
Deriv'd from thee, O God of love !

Scott.

28. L. M.

The Example of Christ.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love ?
So let our conversation be :
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.
- 2 Whene'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life !
- 3 O how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.
- 4 To do his heav'nly Father's will
Was his employment and delight :
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright !
- 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Then if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

Mrs. Steele.

29. C. M

Acquiescence in the Will of God.

- 1 AUTHOR of good ! we rest on thee ;
Thine ever watchful eye,
Alone our real wants can see,
Thy hand alone supply.
- 2 O let thy fear within us dwell,
Thy love our footsteps guide !
That love shall vainer loves expel ;
That fear, all fears beside.
- 3 And since, by passion's force subdu'd,
Too oft with stubborn will,
We blindly shun the latent good,
And grasp the specious ill :
- 4 Not what we wish, but what we want,
Let mercy still supply :
The good, unask'd, O Father ! grant,
The ill, though ask'd, deny.

Merrick.

30. C. M.

Jesus owned Lord of all. Isa. xi. 10. Hab. ii. 14.
Rom. xi. 25, 26.

- 1 ALL hail the pow'r of Jesus' name !
Let angels prostrate fall :
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And own him Lord of all.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 Ye wand'ring seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small ;
Praise him, who saves you by his grace,
And own him Lord of all.
- 3 Ye gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall ;
Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
And own him Lord of all.
- 4 Babes, men, and sires, who know his love,
Who feel your sin and thrall,
Now joy with all the hosts above,
And own him Lord of all.
- 5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And own him Lord of all.
- 6 And when with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet shall fall !
We'll join the everlasting song,
And own him Lord of all.

Rippon's Coll.

31. 11s. M.

“ Prepare ye the Way of the Lord.” Luke iii. 4.

- 1 A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill :
“ The Lord is advancing : prepare ye the way !
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though tow'r-
ing above,
And be the low valley exalted on high ;

The rough place and crooked be smoothen'd
by love,

For Zion ! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.

3 The beams of salvation his progress illume;
The lone dreary wilderness sings to her God !
The rose and the mirtle there suddenly bloom,
The olive of peace spreads its branches a-
broad."

Drummond.

32. L. M.

Personal Virtues.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! rouse ev'ry pow'r,
Thy native dignity display :
Let lust and passion reign no more,
No longer own their lawless sway.
- 2 Thy temper meek and humble be,
Content and pleas'd with ev'ry state ;
From dire revenge and envy free,
And wild ambition to be great.
- 3 Confine thy roving appetites ;
From this vain world withdraw thine eyes.
Fix them on those divine delights,
Reserv'd for saints above the skies.
- 4 With eager zeal pursue the prize ;
Each fleeting hour of life improve ;
This course will speak thee truly wise.
'Till call'd to yon bless'd world above.

Brown.

33. C. M.

Zeal and Vigour in the Christian Race. Phil. iii. 12, 14.

- 1 AWAKE, each soul ! stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on :
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 That prize, with peerless glory bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
- 5 Then soul, with all thy waken'd powers,
Survey th' immortal prize ;
Nor let the glitt'ring toys of earth,
Allure thy wand'ring eyes.

Doddridge

34. C. M.

Triumph in Prospect of future Glory. Rom. xiii. 11.

- 1 AWAKE, ye saints ! and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high :
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
Which shows salvation nigh.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 On all the wings of time it flies ;
Each moment brings it near :
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature speed your course ;
Ye mortal pow'rs decay !
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

Doddridge.

35. C. M.

The Condescension of God.

- 1 AMIDST the heav'nly pow'rs sublime
God's throne is fix'd on high ;
And through eternity he hears
The praises of the sky.
- 2 Yet, looking down, he visits oft
The humble, hallow'd cell ;
And with the penitent who mourns,
'Tis his delight to dwell :
- 3 The downcast spirit to revive,
The sorrowful to cheer ;
And from the bed of dust, the man
Of contrite heart to rear.
- 4 With him dwells no relentless wrath
Against the human race :

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

The souls which he has form'd, shall find
A refuge in his grace.

Edinburgh Coll.

36. S. M.

The living Sacrifice.

- 1 AND will th' eternal King
So mean a gift reward?
That off'ring Lord! with joy we bring,
Which thy own hand prepar'd.
- 2 We own thy various claim,
And to thine altar move,
The willing victims of thy grace,
And bound with cords of love.
- 3 Descend, celestial fire!
The sacrifice inflame!
So shall a grateful odour rise
Through our Redeemer's name.

Doddridge,

37. C. M.

Christian Zeal and Diligence.

- 1 ARE not thy mercies sov'reign still,
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant us warmer zeal
To run the heav'nly road?
- 2 We need the influence of thy grace,
To speed us in thy way,
Lest we should loiter in our race,
Or turn our feet astray.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 Do not our hearts thy precepts love,
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow our spirits move,
Without enliv'ning grace!
- 4 But we shall love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When we have felt its quick'ning pow'r,
To draw us near the Lord.
- Watts.

38. L. M.

The happy State of the Christian.

- 1 As we advance in wisdom's ways,
Thy love demands new songs of praise;
Our pleasures, joys, and hopes increase,
And all within is settled peace.
- 2 Our foes with weaker pow'rs assail;
With strength increasing we prevail;
Above our ev'ry tempter rise,
And press with zeal towards the skies.
- 3 Look we at death! 'tis with delight;
A gentle sleep, and short the night;
Angels support the feeble head,
Our souls have nothing here to dread.
- 4 Think we of judgment! happy day!
Joyful the summons we obey;
It is to meet the God we love,
And take our glorious crowns above.
- 5 Transporting thought! celestial state!
For this we live, for this we wait;

And while we take the happy road,
Our songs of praise ascend to God.

Unknown.

39. 7s. M. six lines.

Commencement of Public Worship.

1 AT the portals of thy house,
Lord! we leave our mortal cares;
Nobler thoughts our souls engage,
Songs of praise and fervent prayers:
Pure and contrite hearts alone,
Find acceptance at thy throne.

2 Hapless men, whose footsteps stray
From the temple of the Lord!
Teach them Zion's heav'nly way,
To their feet thy light afford:
Let the world united join,
To extol thy love divine.

J. Taylor.

40. H. M.

The Lord's Day Morning.

1 AWAKE, our drowsy souls!
Shake off each slothful band!
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand.
Auspicious morn, Thy blissful rays,
Bright seraphs hail, In songs of praise!

2 At thy approaching dawn,
Reluctant death resign'd
The glorious Prince of life,
In the dark vault confin'd.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Th' angelic host Around him bends,
And, midst their shouts, The Lord ascends.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord !
Heav'n with hosanna rings ;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings.
Worthy art thou, Who once wast slain,
Thro' endless years To live and reign.

4 Gird on, great King, thy sword,
Ascend thy conqu'ring car,
While justice, truth and love
Maintain the glorious war.
Victorious thou, Thy foes shalt tread,
And sin and death In triumph lead.

5 Make bare thy potent arm,
And wing th' unerring dart,
With salutary pangs,
To each rebellious heart.
Then dying souls For life shall sue,
Num'rous as drops Of morning dew.
Rippon's Coll.

41. C. M.

Hearing the Voice of God's Rod.

1 ATTEND each soul, with rev'rent awe,
The dictates of thy God ;
Silent and trembling hear the voice,
Of his appointed rod.

2 Now let us search and try our ways,
And prostrate seek his face,
Conscious of guilt, before his throne
In dust our souls abase.

- 3 Teach us, O God! what's yet unknown,
And all our crimes forgive;
Those crimes we would no more repeat,
But to thy honour live.
 - 4 Our wither'd joys too plainly show
That all on earth is vain;
In God our wounded hearts confide,
True rest and bliss to gain.
 - 5 Father! we wait thy gracious call,
To leave this mournful land,
And bathe in rivers of delight
That flow at thy right hand.
- Doddridge.

42. C. M.

God the Refuge of the Afflicted.

- 1 AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave;
Though o'er our heads the billows roll,
We know the Lord can save.
- 2 When darkness, and when sorrows rose
And press'd on ev'ry side,
The Lord hath still sustain'd our steps,
And still hath been our guide.
- 3 Perhaps, before the morning dawn,
He will restore our peace;
For he who bade the tempest roar
Can bid the tempest cease.
- 4 In the dark watches of the night
We'll count his mercies o'er;

We'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And humbly plead for more.

- 5 Here will we rest, here build our hopes,
Nor murmur at his rod ;
He's more to us than all the world,
Our health, our life, our God.

Cotton.

43. C. M.

Serious Reflections on our Moral Condition,
[For the close of the year.]

- 1 AND now, my soul ! another year
Of my short life is past :
I cannot long continue here ;
And this may be my last.
- 2 Part of my doubtful life is gone,
Nor will return again ;
And swift my fleeting moments run—
The few which still remain !
- 3 Awake, my soul ! with all thy care
Thy true condition learn ;
What are thy hopes, how sure, how fair,
And what thy great concern ?
- 4 Now a new space of life begins ;
Set out afresh for heav'n :
Seek pardon for thy former sins,
'Through christ, so freely giv'n.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
And on his grace depend ;
With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
Nor doubt a happy end.

Exeter Coll.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

44. L. M.

The Christian Race.

- 1 AWAKE, our souls ; away our fears ;
Let every trembling thought be gone :
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on !
- 2 True 'tis a straight and pleasant road ;
Yet mortal spirits tire, and faint
When they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of ev'ry saint :
- 3 The mighty God, whose pow'rful hand
Has matchless works of wonder done ;
And shall endure, whilst endless years
Their everlasting circles run.
- 4 From him, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a rich supply ;
Whilst those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.
- 5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode,
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

Watts.

45. L. M.

Praise for Divine Goodness.

- 1 AWAKE, each soul ! awake, each tongue !
Our God demands a grateful song :
Let all our nobler pow'rs record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 Divinely free, his mercy flows,
Forgives our crimes, allays our woes;
He bids approaching death remove,
And crowns us with indulgent love.
- 3 He fills our longing souls with good,
Substantial bliss! immortal food!
Youth smiles renew'd in active prime,
And triumphs o'er the pow'r of time.
- 4 In him the poor oppress'd shall find
A friend, almighty, just and kind;
His glorious acts, his wondrous ways,
To all the world proclaim his praise.

Mrs. Steele.

46. L. M.

For the Dedication of a Place of Worship. Ps. lxxxvii. 5:

- 1 AND will the great eternal God
On earth establish his abode?
And will he from his radiant throne
Regard our temples as his own?
- 2 These walls we to thy honour raise;
Long may they echo with thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With choicest blessings of thy grace.
- 3 And in the great transcendant day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
That crowds were born to glory, here.

Doddridge.

47. L. M.

An Evening Hymn.

1 ANOTHER fleeting day is gone ;
Slow o'er the west the shadows rise ;
Swift the soft stealing hours have flown,
And night's dark mantle veils the skies.

2 Another fleeting day is gone;
Swift from the records of the year ;
And still, with each successive sun,
Life's fading visions disappear.

3 Another fleeting day is gone ;
To join the fugitives before ;
And we, when life's employ is done,
Shall sleep, in time to wake no more.

4 Another fleeting day is gone :
But soon a fairer day shall rise,
A day whose never-setting sun
Shall pour its light o'er cloudless skies,

5 Another fleeting day is gone ;
In solemn silence rest, my soul ;
Bow down before his awful throne,
Who bids the morn and evening roll,
Collyer's Coll.

48. L. M.

A Morning Hymn.

1 AWAKE, each soul ! and with the sun
The daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay the morning sacrifice,

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 By influence of the light divine,
Let our own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays;
In ardent love and cheerful praise.
- 3 Lord ! we our vows to thee renew,
Scatter our sins as morning dew ;
Guard our first springs of thought and will.
And with thyself our spirits fill.
- 4 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All we design, or do, or say ;
That all our pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 5 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd us while we slept :
Grant, Lord ! when we from death awake,
We may of endless life partake.

Bp. Ken.

49. L. M.

On the Death of a Child.

- 1 As the sweet flow'r, which scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
'Thus lovely seem'd the infant's dawn !
'Thus swiftly fled its life away !
- 2 Ere sin could blight, or sorrow fade,
Death timely came with friendly care ;
'The op'ning bad to heav'n convey'd,
And bade it bloom forever there.
- 3 It died before the infant soul
Had ever burn'd with wrong desire ;
Had ever spurn'd at heav'n's control,
Or ever quench'd its sacred fire.

- 4 It died to sin, to woe, and care ;
Yet for a moment felt the rod ;
Then springing on the viewless air
Spread its light wings and soar'd to God.

Belfast Select.

50. S. M.

Praise—Psa. lxxviii. 4. ciii. 1, 4.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song,
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his saving love ;
Sing of his rising pow'r ;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on your heav'nly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners sing ;
Sing on rejoicing ev'ry day,
In Christ your conqu'ring king.
- 4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
“ Ye blessed children come ;”
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wand'ers home.

Wesley's Coll.

51. L. M.

As thy Day is, so shall thy Strength be.

- 1 AFFLICTED souls, to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear :

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy day, thy strength shall be;

2 Let not thy heart despond and say,
“How shall I stand the trying day?”
He hath engag’d by firm decree,
That as thy day, thy strength shall be.

3 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong;
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy day, thy strength shall be.

4 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer’s name;
In fiery trials thou shalt see,
That as thy day, thy strength shall be.

5 When call’d to bear the mighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty;
Still as thy day, thy strength shall be.

6 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ’s presence shall thy fears subdue;
He comes to set thy spirit free,
And as thy day, thy strength shall be.

Unknown.

52. C. M.

The Grace and Love of Christ.

1 ALoud we sing the wondrous grace,
Christ to his murd’ers bare;
Which made the tort’ring cross its throne,
And hung its trophies there.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 "Father forgive," his mercy cried,
With his expiring breath,
And drew eternal blessings down
On those who wrought his death.
- 3 Jesus, this wondrous love we sing,
And while we sing admire ;
Breathe on our souls and kindle there,
'The same celestial fire.
- 4 Sway'd by thy dear example, we
For enemies will pray ;
By love, their hatred, and their curse
With blessings we'll repay—
- Unknown.

53. L. M.

A general Hymn of Praise.

- 1 BE thou exalted, O our God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell ;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell:
- 2 With joyful voice we'll sound thy praise,
O thou, from whom all beings came :
Our hearts are fix'd, our tongues shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name.
- 3 In thee, O God, are all the springs
Of boundless love, and grace unknown ;
The richest blessings nature brings.
Are gifts descending from thy throne.
- 4 High o'er the earth, thy goodness reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Thy truth to endless years remains,
Though lower worlds dissolve and die.

- 5 Be thou exalted, O our God,
Above the heav'ns where angels dwell,
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

Watts.

54. L. M.

Praise from all Mankind.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations ! bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign pow'r, which all things made,
Gave life to clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
He still supports our feeble frame ;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name !
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heav'ns our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 5 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

Watts.

55. 8, 8, 6 M.

Praise from all Nature. Psalms cxlviii.

- 1 BEGIN, my soul! th' exalted lay;
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th' Almighty's name;
Let heav'n, and earth, and seas, and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th' inspiring theme.
- 2 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your Maker, God;
Ye thunders, speak his pow'r;
Lo! on the lightning's rapid wings,
In triumph rides the King of kings,
Th' astonish'd worlds adore.
- 3 Ye deeps, whose roaring billows rise
To join the thunders of the skies,
Praise him, who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whisp'ring breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.
- 4 Wake, all ye soaring tribes, and sing;
Ye cheerful warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him, who shap'd your finer mould,
And tipp'd your glitt'ring wings with gold,
And tun'd your voice to praise.
- 5 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd—
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ;

Spread the Creator's name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch ring back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ogilvie.

56. S. M.

The Book of Nature and Scripture. Psalms xix.

- 1 BEHOLD! the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.
- 2 The darkness and the light,
Whose gen'ral voice is known;
Proclaim Jehovah's boundless might,
The orders of his throne.
- 3 Ye christian lands rejoice;
To you his word is giv'n;
Nor are you left from nature's voice
To learn the path to heav'n.
- 4 His statutes and commands
Are set before our eyes;
He puts his gospel in our hands,
Where our salvation lies.
- 5 His laws are just and pure,
His truth without deceit;
His promises forever sure,
And his rewards are great.
- 6 While with the heart and tongue,
We spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
Our Saviour and our God.

Watts, alt'd.

57. 7s. M.

Freedom from Errors, Guilt, and Folly. Ps. xix. 12, 14.

- 1 BLESS'D Instructor! from thy ways,
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Save from error's growth the mind,
Leave not, Lord! one root behind;
- 2 Purge us from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within our hearts' disguise;
Let us thence, by thee renew'd,
Each presumptuous sin exclude.
- 3 Let our tongues, from error free,
Speak the words approv'd by thee;
To thine all-observing eyes,
Let our thoughts accepted rise.
- 4 While we thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Bless'd Redeemer! bow thine ear;
God, our strength! propitious hear.

Merrick.

58. s. M.

Attraction of the Cross. John xii. 32.

- 1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high!
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony!
- 2 We see, and we admire,
In sympathy of love;
We feel the strong attractive pow'r
To lift our souls above.

3 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardour to confess
The energy divine.

4 In him our hearts unite ;
Nor share his griefs alone,
But from his cross pursue their flight
To his triumphant throne.

Doddridge.

59. S. M.

Christ the Light of the World.

1 BEHOLD the Prince of peace,
The chosen of the Lord,
God's well-beloved Son, fulfils
The sure prophetic word !

2 No royal pomp adorns
This king of righteousness :
But meekness, patience, truth and love,
Compose his princely dress.

3 The spirit of the Lord,
In rich abundance shed,
On this great Prophet gently lights,
And rests upon his head.

4 Jesus, thou light of men !
Thy doctrine life imparts :
O may we feel its quick'ning pow'r
To warm and glad our hearts.

5 Cheer'd by its beams, our souls
Shall run the heav'nly way :

The path which Christ hath mark'd and trod,
Will lead to endless day.

Needham.

60. L. M.

Christ the Light and Life of the World.

- 1 BEHOLD the light! now see it rise,
How fast it spreads! fills earth and skies;
While night and darkness flee apace,
Before the Saviour's day of grace.
- 2 The sun's bright beam shall now expire
In brighter rays and warmer fire;
Nature, regenerate and pure,
Shall rise to glory, and endure.
- 3 No winter shall these climes annoy,
No chilling blasts young buds destroy;
The tree of life its fruit shall yield,
And dying man of death be heal'd.
- 4 Seraphic raptures swell the theme,
And joys bewilder like a dream;
Then wait, each soul, the perfect day;
Yet walk the bright, the shining way.

H. Ballou.

61. L. M.

The better Part. Luke x. 43.

- 1 BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path we stand:
Father, divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide our doubtful footsteps right.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 Engage our roving treach'rous heart,
To choose the wise, the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that never fade away.
- 3 Then let the fiercest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwrecks shall we fear,
But all our treasures with us bear.
- 4 If thou, our Father, still be nigh,
Cheerful we live, and joyful die;
Secure when mortal comforts flee,
'To find a thousand worlds in thee.

Doddridge.

62. C. M.

Christian Charity.

- 1 BEHOLD, where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands !
His weeping foll'wers, gath'ring round,
Receive his last commands.
- 2 From that mild Teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell !
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its author well.
- 3 Bless'd is the man, whose soft'ning heart
Feels all another's pain ;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never rais'd in vain ;
- 4 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To ev'ry child of grief ;

His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unask'd relief.

5 To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow :
He views through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

6 To him protection shall be shown ;
And mercy from above
Descend on those who thus fulfil,
The perfect law of love.

Mrs. Barbauld.

63. C. M.

The Example of Jesus.

1 BEHOLD, where, in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues, all in Jesus meet,
With mildest radiance shine.

2 To spread the rays of heav'nly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

3 Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes ungrateful sought his life ;
He labour'd for their good.

4 To God he left his righteous cause,
And still his task pursu'd ;
While humble pray'r, and holy faith,
His fainting strength renew'd.

PSALMS AND HYMNS,

5 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his father's throne,
With soul resign'd, he bow'd and said,
"Thy will, not mine, he done!"

6 Be Christ our pattern, and our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!

Enfield.

64. C. M.

Christ's Resurrection the Pledge of ours, 1 Pet. i. 3—6.

1 BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
The Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His majesty ador'd.

2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.

3 What though his uncontroll'd decree
Command our flesh to dust;
Since Christ, our pledge and pattern, rose,
So all his foll'wers must.

4 There's an inheritance divine,
Reserv'd against that day;
'Tis incorrupted, undefil'd,
And fadeth not away.

5 We by thy pow'r, O God! are kept
'Till this deliverance come;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

We walk by faith as strangers here,
Till thou shalt call us homé.

Watts altered.

65. C. M.

Confidence founded in the Fear of God.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man who fears the Lord :
His well establish'd mind,
In ev'ry varying scene of life,
Shall true composure find.
- 2 Oft through the deep and stormy sea,
The heav'nly footsteps lie ;
But on a glorious world beyond,
His faith can fix its eye.
- 3 Though dark his present prospects be,
And sorrows round him dwell,
Yet hope can whisper to his soul,
That all shall issue well.
- 4 Full in the presence of his God,
Through ev'ry scene he goes ;
And fearing him, no other fear
His steadfast bosom knows.
- 5 No dangers can his soul alarm,
No gloomy views affright ;
For faith assures his humble heart,
Whatever is, is right.

Exeter Coll.

66. H. M.

The Gospel Jubilee.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
'The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

2 Behold the Son of God,
Commission'd from above,
'To all the human race,
'The messenger of love ;
'The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

3 The gospel trumpet sounds ;
Let all the nations hear,
And earth's remotest bounds
Before the throne appear ;
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

Rippon's Coll.

67. S. M.

The Birth of Christ. Luke ii. 14.

1 BEHOLD ! the grace appears,
The blessing promis'd long ;
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In this triumphant song :

2 " Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly peace on earth,

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth !"

3 In worship so divine,
Let saints employ their tongues ;
With the celestial host we join,
And loud repeat their songs.

4 Glory to God on high,
And heav'nly peace on earth ;
Good-will to men, to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth !

Watts.

68. S. M.

Support in Death. Ps. xxiii.

1 BEHOLD the gloomy vale,
Which thou, my soul ! must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale,
That leads thee to the dead.

2 Ye pleasing scenes, adieu !
Which I so long have known :
My friends, a long farewell to you !
For I must pass alone.

3 But see ! a ray of light,
With splendour all divine,
Breaks through these dreary realms of night,
And makes their horrors shine.

4 Where death, where darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay ;
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.

5 Great Shepherd ! lead me on ;
 My soul disdains to fear ;
 Death's gloomy phantoms all are flown,
 Now life's great Lord is near.

Doddridge.

69. C. M.

Faith in the Promise of Salvation.

- 1 Begin, our tongues, some heav'nly theme,
 And speak some lofty thing ;
 The mighty works, or mighty name,
 Of our eternal King !
- 2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
 Or sound his pow'r abroad ;
 Sing the bless'd promise of his grace,
 And the performing God.
- 3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord,
 To sinful, dying men ;
 His hand has writ the sacred word,
 With an unerring pen.
- 4 Engrav'd as in eternal brass,
 The gracious promise shines ;
 Nor shall the hand of time erase
 Those everlasting lines.
- 5 Then why these doubts and sad complaints ?
 If Christ and we are one,
 This truth is prov'd by all the saints,
 Who humbly love the Son.
- 6 By faith in this our souls have liv'd,
 And part of heav'n possess'd ;

We'll praise him then for grace receiv'd,
And trust him for the rest.

Watts.

70. C. M.

Praise to the God of Nature.

- 1 BEGIN, each soul, the lofty strain;
In solemn accents sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heav'n's Almighty King.
- 2 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll,
Your silver waves along,
Whisper to all your verdant shores
The subject of our song.
- 3 Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
The sacred sound retain,
And from your hollow winding caves,
Return it oft again.
- 4 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
To distant climes away,
And round the wide-extended world
The lofty theme convey.
- 5 Take the glad burden of his name,
Ye clouds, as you arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn
Or shade the ev'ning skies.
- 6 Whilst we, with sacred rapture fir'd,
The great Creator sing,
And utter consecrated lays
To heav'n's eternal King.

Mrs. Rowe.

71. S. M.

Christ the Tree of Life.

- 1 BEHOLD the living tree,
Th' inspired prophet saw ;
Whose fruit is to all nations free;
Unguarded by the law.
- 2 No flaming swords defend
The garden's sacred ground :
No dire denunciations rend
The ear, with piercing sound.
- 3 Come, and its fruit partake,
Its healing leaves apply ;
Its virtues will re-animate
And raise your spirits high.
- 4 'Tis for the nations' use
To heal their ev'ry wound ;
Its colours, and its balmy juice,
Make health and life abound.
- 5 'Tis Jesus Christ the Lord,
Prefigur'd by the tree ;
The gospel is the healing word,
That sets the sinners free.

Wallace.

72. C. M.

" He gave them Bread from Heaven to eat." John vi. 34.

- 1 BEHOLD, what joy, through Israel's host,
When first they manna view'd ;
They labour'd who should gather most,
And thought it pleasant food.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 But when they had it long enjoy'd,
From day to day the same,
Their hearts were by the plenty cloy'd,
Although from heav'n it came.
- 3 Thus gospel bread at first is priz'd,
And makes a people glad ;
But afterwards too much despis'd,
When easy to be had.
- 4 But should the Lord, displeas'd, withhold
The bread, his mercy sends ;
To have our houses fill'd with gold,
Would make but poor amends.
- 5 How tedious would the week appear,
How dull the sabbath prove ;
Could we no longer meet to hear
The precious truths we love !
- 6 Nor could believing parents bear
To leave their heedless youth,
Expos'd to ev'ry fatal snare,
Without the light of truth.

J. Newton.

73. C. M.

The perfect Law of Liberty.

- 1 BEHOLD that wise, that perfect law,
Which noblest freedom gives :
O may it all our souls refine,
And sanctify our lives !
- 2 Not with a transient glance survey'd,
And in an hour forgot,

But deep inscrib'd on ev'ry heart,
To reign o'er ev'ry thought.

- 3 Great Author of each perfect gift !
Thy gracious pow'r display,
That our ungrateful, wand'ring hearts
May hearken and obey.

Doddridge.

74. S. M.

Salvation by Christ. Psal. cxviii.

- 1 BEHOLD the Corner-Stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise !
- 2 The Jewish scribe and priest
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 3 The work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our eyes ;
This day declares it all divine ;
This day, did Jesus rise.
- 4 How glorious is the day,
By our Redeemer made !
Let us rejoice, and sing and pray.
Let all the church be glad.
- 5 Hosanna to the King
Of David's royal blood !
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

6 We bless thy holy word,
Which all this grace displays ;
And offer on thine altar, Lord,
Our sacrifice of praise.

Watts.

75. S. M.

Adoption.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God !

2 If in our Father's love
We share a filial part,
Send down thy spirit like a dove,
To rest upon our heart.

3 We would no longer lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne ;
Our faith shall Abba, Father, cry,
And thou the kindred own.

Watts abridged.

76. L. M.

Charity rewarded. Psal. xli.

- 1 BLEST is the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor in their distress ;
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,
Whose hand supports the fatherless.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hand can do ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

He, in the time of gen'ral grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head ;
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n ;
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

Watts.

77. C. M.

A blessed Gospel. Ps. lxxxix.

1 BLESS'D are the souls who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His promises exalt their hopes,
Nor Satan dare condemn.

3 The Lord our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

Watts.

78. S. M.

Brotherly Love. Ps. cxxxiii.

- 1 BLESS'D are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one ;
Whose kind designs to serve and please,
Through all their actions run !
- 2 Bless'd is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heav'nly hills
The saints are blest above ;
Where peace like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

Watts.

79. L. M.

Scripture Teachings, and their happy Consequences.

- 1 BRIGHT source of intellectual rays !
Father of spirits and of grace !
O dart, with energy unknown,
Celestial beamings from thy throne.
- 2 Thy sacred book we would survey,
Enlighten'd with that heav'nly day ;
And seek thine influence with the word,
To teach our souls to know the Lord.
- 3 So shall our children learn the road,
That leads them to their father's God ;
And form'd by lessons so divine,
Shall infant minds with knowledge shine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS:

- 4 So shall the haughtiest soul submit,
With children plac'd at Jesus' feet ;
The noisy swell of pride shall cease,
And thy sweet voice be heard in peace.
Doddridge.

80. S. M.

Living by Faith.

- 1 By faith may Jesus dwell
In our believing hearts ;
While he, that love, which none can tell,
In streams of grace, imparts.
- 2 Then may we comprehend,
With all the saints in light,
And see his boundless grace extend,
And know its depth and height.
- 3 Then fill'd with ev'ry grace
From strength to strength we'll go ;
While Jesus shews his smiling face,
In ev'ry scene of wo.
- 4 Soon we shall victors be,
And crowns of glory wear ;
In endless peace our Captain see,
And dwell forever there.

H. Ballou.

81. 8, 8, 6 M.

The Birth of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD that splendor ! hear the shout ;
Heav'n opens ! angels issue out,
And throng the nether sky :
What heav'nly tidings do they bring ?

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Rapt at th' approach of Israel's King,
'They speak the monarch nigh.

2 Why does the King approach our land ?
Comes he with thunder in his hand,
The merit of our crimes ?
Shepherds be glad ! he comes with peace,
Not wrath, but universal grace,
To bless e'en distant climes.

3 See heav'n's great heir, the woman's son !
Behold a manger is his throne !
Nay, see him born to die :
Yours is the guilt, but his the pain :
His are the sorrows, yours the gain :
Then let his praise be high.

4 Come, mighty King ! the grace enhance,
(A stable was thy palace once)
Dwell in these hearts of ours :
Teach us to praise the Father's love,
'Till bless'd, transported, fir'd above,
We sing with nobler pow'rs.

Unknown.

82. L. M.

The Pharisee and Publican. St. Luke xviii. 10.

1 BEHOLD, how sinners disagree,
The Publican and Pharisee ;
One doth his righteousness proclaim ;
The other owns his guilt and shame.

2 This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands ;
'That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

3 The Lord their diff'rent language knows,
And diff'rent answers he bestows ;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

4 Dear Father, let us never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee ;
We have no merit of our own,
But plead the merit of thy Son.

Watts

83. L. M.

Miracles in the Life, Death and Resurrection of Christ.

1 BEHOLD, the blind their sight receive !
Behold, the dead awake and live !
The dumb speak wonders ! and the lame
Leap like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of his Son ;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies ! the heav'ns in mourning stood ;
He rises by the pow'r of God !
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence and forever from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart ;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

Watts.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

84. L. M.

Types and Prophecies of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD the woman's promis'd seed !
Behold the great Messiah comes !
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room !
- 2 Abram the saint, rejoic'd of old,
When visions of the Lord he saw ;
Moses the man of God foretold,
This great fulfiller of the law.
- 3 The types bore witness to his name,
Obtain'd their chief design and ceas'd ;
The incense, and the bleeding lamb,
The ark, the altar, and the priest.
- 4 Predictions in abundance meet,
To join their blessings on his head ;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
And nations own the promis'd Seed.

Watts.

85. C. M.

Hope.

- 1 BORNE o'er the ocean's stormy wave,
The Beacon's light appears,
When yawns the Seaman's wat'ry grave,
And his lone bosom cheers.
- 2 Then, tho' the raging ocean foam,
His heart shall dauntless prove,
To reach secure his cherish'd home,
The haven of his love.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 So when the soul is wrapt in gloom,
To worldly grief a prey,
Thy beams, blest Hope, beyond the tomb,
Illumes the Pilgrim's way.
- 4 They point to that serene abode
Where virtuous faith shall rest ;
Protected by the suff'rer's God
And be forever blest.
- 5 Oh still, thro' sorrow's rayless night,
O'ershade our worldly way—
May pure Religion's holy light
Shine with o'erpow'ring ray.
- Sydney.

86. C. M.

Sabbath Morning. Psal. 122.

- 1 Behold the rising dawn appear,
Which calls our willing feet
To tread thy courts, O God, and here
Our solemn praise repeat.
- 2 Fair Zion's gates are our delight ;
Within her walls we stand ;
And all her happy sons unite
In friendship's sacred band.
- 3 We love the place where Zion's Lord
Is pleas'd to shew his face ;
Here he proclaims his holy word,
And here accepts our praise.
- 4 With rev'rend awe and godly fear,
We bow before thy throne ;
For thou the fervent pray'r wilt hear
Through thy beloved Son.

5 Peace be within this hallow'd place
And joy a constant guest ;
With holy gifts, and heav'nly grace
Be her attendants bless'd.

6 Our soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
For here our friends and brethren dwell,
And here our Saviour reigns.

Watts & Merrick, united & varied.

87. C. M.

“ Behold the Man.” !

1 BEHOLD the man !—thus Pilate spake,
Reluctant to comply ;
But all in vain, the clam'rous Jews
Demand that Christ shall die.

2 Come then, each soul, behold the man !
The silent suff'rer see ;
The pris'ner stands at Pilate's bar
To set the nations free.

3 Behold the Saviour, crown'd with thorns,
While cruel men deride ;
Behold they nail him to the tree,
And pierce his sacred side.

4 Amazing love ! he bleeds, he dies,
Our sins his murd'ers were !
These were the scourge, the thorns, the nails,
And these the pointed spear.

5 But Jesus died that we might live,
Hence pleasing thoughts arise ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

He rose a mansion to prepare,
For us beyond the skies !

- 6 And when we join th' enraptur'd throng,
We shall his beauties trace ;
And sing the wonders of his love,
The riches of his grace !

Unknown.

88. C. M.

The Sufferings of Christ.

- 1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind,
Nail'd to the shameful cross ;
How vast the love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for us !
- 2 Hark, how he groans ! while nations shake,
And earth's strong pillars bend ;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
And solid marbles rend !
- 3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries !
See where he bows his sacred head !
He bows his head, and dies !
- 4 But soon he'll break death's envious chains,
And in full glory shine :
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

Unknown.

89. C. M.

Christ precious in Life and Death.

- 1 BLESS'D Jesus, when our soaring thoughts
O'er all thy graces rove,

How are our souls in transport lost
In wonder, joy, and love !

2 Not softest strains can charm our ears,
Like thy beloved name ;
Nor aught beneath the skies inspire
Our hearts with equal flame.

3 Where'er we look, our wond'ring eyes
Unnumber'd blessings see ;
But what is life, with all its bliss,
When once compar'd with thee.

4 Hast thou a rival in our breast ?
Search, Lord, for thou canst tell ;
If aught can raise our passions thus,
Or please our souls so well.

5 No, thou art precious to our hearts ;
Our portion and our joy ;
Forever let thy boundless grace
Our sweetest thoughts employ.

6 When nature faints around our bed,
Let thy bright glories shine ;
And death shall all his terrors lose,
In raptures so divine.

Unknown.

90. L. M.

Praise to God for his Goodness. Ps. 103.

1 BLESS, O each soul, the living God,
Call home each thought that roves abroad ;
Let ev'ry pow'r within us join,
In work and worship so divine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 Bless, O each soul, the God of grace,
His favors claim our highest praise ;
Let not the wonders he hath wrought,
Be lost in silence and forgot.
- 3 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels ;
Redeems the soul from death, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.
- 4 Our youth decay'd, his pow'r repairs,
His mercy crowns our growing years ;
He satisfies our mouths with good,
And fills our souls with heav'nly food.
- 5 His pow'r he show'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands ;
But makes his truth and mercy known
To all the nations through his Son.

Watts abridg'd.

91. L. M.

All Nations invoked to praise the Creator.

- 1 CELESTIAL worlds ! your Maker's name
Resound through ev'ry shining coast :
Our God a nobler praise will claim,
When he unfolds his glories most.
- 2 Stupendous globe of flaming day,
Praise him in thy sublime career ;
He struck from night thy peerless ray,
Gave thee thy path, and guides thee there.
- 3 Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis giv'n
Night's sable horrors to illume,

Praise him who hung you high in heav'n,
With vivid fires to gild the gloom.

- 4 Lightnings, that round th' Eternal play,
Thunders, that from his arm are hurl'd,
The grandeur of your God convey,
Blazing or bursting on the world.
- 5 From clime to clime, from shore to shore,
Be the Almighty God ador'd :
He made the nations by his pow'r
And rules them with his sov'reign word.

Williams' Coll.

92. S. M.

Solemn Call to Praise. Ps. xciv.

- 1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing !
Jehovah is the Sov'reign God,
The universal King.
- 2 He form'd the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.
- 3 Come, worship at his throne ;
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his work, and his alone ;
He form'd us by his word.
- 4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor more provoke his rod ;
Come, make his heav'nly paths your choice,
And own your gracious God.

5 Thus you the joys will share,
Which from devotion rise ;
And heav'nly grace your souls prepare
For bliss that never dies.

Watts.

93. S. M.

The Pleasures of Religion.

- 1 COME, ye who love the Lord !
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from this place !
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.
- 3 God, your eternal Friend,
No present good denies ;
And when the scenes of time shall end,
Will call you to the skies,
- 4 There shall you see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 The sons of God have found,
Glory begun below :
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 6 Then let our sorrows cease,
And ev'ry tear be dry ;

We're trav'ling through the paths of peace
To fairer worlds on high.

Watts.

94. C. M.

Christian Equity.

- 1 COME let us search our ways and try,
Have they been just and right ?
Is the great rule of equity
Our study and delight ?
- 2 What we would have our neighbors do,
Have we still done the same ?
From others ne'er withheld the due,
Which we from others claim ?
- 3 Have we ne'er envied others good,
Nor envied others praise ?
In no man's path malignant stood,
Nor us'd detraction's ways ?
- 4 Have we not, deaf to his request,
Turn'd from another's wo ?
The scorn which wrings the suff'rer's breast,
Have we abhorr'd to show ?
- 5 Then may we raise our humble pray'r
To God, the just and kind ;
May thankful cast on him our care,
And hope his grace to find.
- 6 Religion's path they never trod,
Who equity condemn :
Nor ever are they just to God,
Who prove unjust to men.

95. C. M.

Christ's Invitation to Sinners, Mat xi. 28.—30.

- 1 COME unto me, all ye who mourn,
With guilt and fears oppress'd ;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.
- 2 Take up my yoke, and learn of me,
A meek and lowly mind ;
And thus your weary troubled souls,
Repose and peace shall find.
- 3 For light and gentle is my yoke ;
The burden I impose
Shall ease the heart which groan'd before,
Beneath a load of woes.

Scotch paraphrases.

96. 7s M.

Christ's Invitation. Matt. x. 28.

- 1 COME ! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice :
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrims, hither come !
- 2 Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roam'd the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste !
- 3 Ye, who toss'd on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain :
Ye, whose weeping waiting eyes
Watch to see the morning rise :

4 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care :
Who the stings of guilt can bear ?

5 Sinners, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for ev'ry wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Mrs. Barbauld.

97. 7s M.

Praise.

1 CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways !

2 Ye are trav'ling home to God,
In the ways the Fathers trod :
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 O, ye banish'd seed, be glad !
Christ our Advocate is made !
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our souls becomes.

4 Shout, ye little flock, and bless'd,
You on Jesus' throne shall rest ;
There your seat is now prepar'd,
There your kingdom and reward.

5 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand,
On the borders of your land :

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

- 6 Lord, obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

Cennick.

98. S. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 CHRISTIANS ! dismiss your fear,
Let hope and joy succeed ;
The welcome news with gladness hear ;
The Lord is ris'n indeed !

- 2 The shades of death withdrawn,
His eyes their beams display :
So wakes the sun, when rosy dawn,
Unbars the gates of day.

- 3 Angelic hosts above,
The rising Victor sing ;
And all the shining seats of love
With loud hosannas ring.

- 4 Ye pilgrims, too, below,
Your hearts and voices raise ;
Let ev'ry breast with gladness glow,
And ev'ry mouth be praise.

Unknown.

99. L. M.

Instruction of Piety. Ps. xxxiv.

- 1 CHILDREN in years and knowledge young,
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy !

Attend the counsels of my tongue ;
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

- 2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Refrain your feet from impious ways,
Your lips from slander and deceit.

Watts.

100. 8, 7s. M.

Consolation of Israel. Isa. xlix. 13. Luke. ii. 25, 26.

- 1 COME, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free ;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art ;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.

- 3 By thine own eternal spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

Hart.

101. L. M.

Acceptable Worship.

- 1 COME ! pay the worship God requires,
Inflam'd with pure and holy fires,
When love celestial warms the breast,
Our homage, and our vows, are blest.

- 2 When piety, and truth refin'd
Possess the temple of the mind,
With grateful flames the altars glow,
And God will visit man below.

Boyce.

102. C. M.

Praise to God and the Lamb.

- 1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus ;"
"Worthy the Lamb" our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and pow'r divine ;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb

Watts.

103. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 COME, sound the trembling lyre once more,
Attempt the Saviour's praise :
Let echo wake from shore to shore,
And answer to your lays.

- 2 Bid ev'ry cavern'd rock reply,
With echo's sweetest voice,
And woo the minstrels of the sky,
To listen and rejoice.
- 3 Sweet notes unnumber'd angels swell,
In the bright realms above :
No eye hath seen, no tongue can tell,
Th' extent of Jesus' love.
- 4 He claims the heathen for his own,
He lays oppression low ;
He is our Father's eldest Son,
To whom all knees must bow.
- 5 Let ev'ry human tongue proclaim,
'The Saviour is our friend ;
He never changes, still the same,
His mercy knows no end.

U. Magazine.

104. H. M.

The Kingdom of Christ, and its attendant Glories.

- 1 COME, sing a Saviour's pow'r,
And praise his mighty name ;
His wondrous love adore,
And chant his growing fame.
Wide o'er the world, a king shall reign,
And righteousness and peace maintain.
- 2 The sceptre of his grace,
He shall forever wield ;
His foes, before his face,
To strength divine, shall yield,
The conquest of his truth shall show
What an almighty arm can do.

3 His alienated sons,
By sin beguil'd, betray'd ;
Shall then be born at once,
And willing subjects made.
Such numbers shall his courts adorn,
As dew drops of the vernal morn.

4 His realm shall ever stand,
By lib'ral things upheld ;
And from his bounteous hand,
All hearts with joy be fill'd.
An universe with praise shall own
The countless honours of his throne.
Turner.

105. C. M.

God Worshipped as our Creator. Ps. c. 1—5.

1 COME, serve the Lord with love and joy,
And in his presence sing ;
Cheerful your hearts and tongues employ,
The Lord alone is King.

2 He forms his church by pow'r divine,
The work is all his own :
Let us in holy praises join
To God the Lord alone.

3 The holy gates we enter in,
And in his kingdom stand ;
Releas'd from foes, and sav'd from sin,
By his almighty hand.

4 Ye sons of Zion, rise and sing,
Who in his pastures feed ;
Give praises to your sov'reign King,
For he is God indeed.

- 3 We are his people, and his sheep,
Our shepherd is the Lord ;
He will our souls in safety keep,
And be his name ador'd.

Proud.

106. C. M.

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

- 1 COME holy spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys ;
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Dear Lord ! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate ?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great ?
- 5 Come holy spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Watts.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

107. L. M. 6 lines.

Jesus, who is the Christ.

- 1 COME, O thou universal good !
Balm of the wounded conscience, come !
The hungry, dying spirit's food !
The weary, wand'ring pilgrim's home ;
Haven to take the shipwreck'd in,
My everlasting rest from sin !
- 2 Come, O my comfort and delight !
My strength, and health, and shield, and sun ;
My boast, my confidence, and might,
My joy, my glory, and my crown ;
My gospel hope, my calling's prize,
My tree of life, my paradise.

Unknown.

108. L. M.

The Gospel Feast. Luke xiv. 17. 18. 21. 23.

- 1 COME, sinners, to the gospel feast,
Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind.
- 2 " Have me excus'd !" why will you say ?
From health, and life and liberty ;
From all that is in Jesus giv'n,
From pardon, holiness and heav'n.
- 3 Come then, ye souls, by sin oppress'd,
Ye weary wand'ers after rest,
Ye poor and maimed, halt and blind,
In Christ an hearty welcome find.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 4 See him set forth before your eyes !
Behold the bleeding sacrifice !
His boundless love doth all embrace,
We freely now are sav'd by grace.
- 5 Ye, who believe his record true,
Shall sup with him, and he with you,
Come to the feast, you're sav'd from sin,
And Jesus waits to take you in.
- Unknown.

109. L. M.

Before Sermon. 1 Pet. iv. 11, &c.

- 1 COME worship at our Father's feet ;
See in his face, what wonders meet !
Words are too feeble to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.
- 2 When shall we climb those higher skies,
Where storms and tempests never rise !
Where he unveils his lovely face,
And shines and reigns the God of grace ?
- 3 Nor earth, nor air, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heav'n his full resemblance bears ;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.
- Whitfield's Coll.

110. L. M.

The Heavenly Bridegroom. Ps. xxiv. 7—10.

- 1 COME in, thou blessed, honour'd Lord,
By earth, by heav'n, by all ador'd ;
We hail thee welcome ; take thy throne,
And in thy Zion reign alone.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 Our only Lord and God thou art,
Reign thou the sov'reign of the heart !
Thou King of glory, ever bless'd
By angels and by men confess'd.
- 3 Enter thy church, thou Lord divine,
And be the kingdom ever thine !
We shout thee welcome to thy seat,
And lay our honours at thy feet.
- 4 O happy church, thy bliss how great,
Thy King, in all his heav'nly state,
With thee forever will reside,
Thy husband he, and thou the bride.
- 5 O God, our grateful hearts rejoice,
Since thou hast made our souls thy choice ;
While here, our songs to thee shall rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

Proud.

111. C. M.

Intreating the Presence of Christ in his Churches..

- 1 COME, thou desire of all thy saints,
Our humble strains attend,
While with our praises and complaints,
Low at thy feet we bend.
- 2 When we thy wondrous glories hear,
And all thy suff'rings trace,
What sweetly awful scenes appear !
What rich unbounded grace !
- 3 How should our songs, like those above,
With warm devotion rise !

How should our souls on wings of love,
Mount upward to the skies.

4 But ah ! the song, how cold it flows !
How languid our desire !
How faint the sacred passion glows,
Till thou the heart inspire.

5 Come, Lord, thy love alone can raise
In us the heav'nly flame ;
Then shall our lips resound thy praise,
Our hearts adore thy name.

6 Dear Saviour, let thy glory shine,
And fill thy dwellings here ;
Till life, and love, and joy divine,
A heav'n on earth appear.

Mrs. Steele

112. 8, 7s, M.

Confidence in God.

1 CALM, my soul, behold thy Saviour !
This blest thought shall joy impart ;
Though by all the world forsaken,
That he bears me on his heart.

2 What though all the world are preaching,
“ Death shall reign forever more ;”
We're instructed by his teaching,
That its reign shall soon be o'er.

3 See in Christ all things created,
This was God's eternal plan ;
In him all are reinstated,
Sacred head of ev'ry man !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 4 O for such transcendent goodness,
May each soul in concert rise ;
In melodious grateful anthems,
Sound his praises to the skies.

S. Thompson.

113. C. M.

Christ's Compassion, and Fulness.

- 1 CHRIST, as our great physician, heals
Our maladies within ;
Relieves the pangs the conscience feels,
From recollected sin.
- 2 He sees our many pressing wants
With a propitious eye ;
And from his own abundance grants
A free and rich supply.
- 3 He sympathizes with our grief ;
He lends a gracious ear
To all our groans ; and gives relief,
Whate'er we feel or fear.
- 4 He manages our best affairs,
From his high throne above ;
And soothes our sorrows and our cares
With his endearing love.
- 5 The soul with sacred rapture saith
When Jesus is in view ;
This is the object of my faith,
And this its author too.

Unknown.

114. L. M.

Invitation to praise God.

- 1 COME Zion's daughters, shout and sing,
Israel, thy thankful praises bring,
Jerusalem, lift up thy voice,
And heav'n, and earth, in God rejoice.
- 2 The Lord Jehovah, mighty God,
Removes the judgments of his rod ;
Casts out our ev'ry hurtful foe,
And doth his great salvation show.
- 3 The King of Israel, Christ the Lord,
Doth in his church his name record ;
Her faithful sons shall faint no more,
But rise to joy, and God adore.
- 4 To God the Lord be praises giv'n,
By all on earth and all in heav'n
Our souls the joyful chorus join,
To give Jehovah praise divine.

Unknown.

115. C. M.

God is Love.

- 1 COME ye that know and fear the Lord,
And raise your thoughts above ;
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord
To sing that " God is love."
- 2 This precious truth, his word declares,
And all his mercies prove,
Jesus the gift of gifts, appears
To show that " God is love."

- 3 Behold his patience bearing long
With those who from him rove ;
Till mighty grace their hearts subdue;
To teach them " God is love."
- 4 The work begins, is carried on
By pow'r from heav'n above,
And ev'ry moment when begun
Declares that " God is love."
- 5 O may we all while here below,
'This blessing well improve,
Till nob'ler praise in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that " God is love."

Unknown.

116. C. M.

The Mercy of God.

- 1 COME, let our hearts on Mercy muse;
Our tongues of mercy sing ;
Who will refuse for mercy's gifts
A tribute song to bring.
- 2 'Twas mercy wak'd our infant eyes,
With light's all glad'ning ray,
Mercy has fed our countless wants,
Returning ev'ry day.
- 3 Each private comfort we possess,
By mercy is bestow'd,
And all the sweets of social life
From mercy still have flow'd.
- 4 Pardon, of all our wants the chief,
By mercy's hand is giv'n,

For mercy shed a Saviour's blood
To make us heirs of heav'n.

Unknown.

117. L. M.

"Blessed are they that mourn."

- 1 DEEM not that they are bless'd alone,
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The God, who loves our race, has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of wo and pain
Are earnest of serener years.
- 3 O there are days of sunny rest
For ev'ry dark and troubl'd night!
Grief may abide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.
- 4 And thou, who o'er thy friend's low bier,
Sheddest the bitter drops like rain,
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere,
Will give him to thy arms again.
- 5 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny;
Though with a pierc'd and broken heart,
And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.
- 6 For God hath mark'd each anguish'd day,
And number'd ev'ry secret tear;
And heav'n's long age of bliss shall pay
For all his children suffer here.

118. C. M.

Love to Christ.

- 1 Do we not love thee, O our Lord?
Behold each heart and see;
And turn each secret idol out,
That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Do we not love thee from our souls
Who came from realms above?
Whose grace and truth to us unfold
The motives of thy love.
- 3 Is not thy name melodious still
To each attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
A Saviour's voice to hear?
- 4 Thou know'st we love thee, dearest Lord;
But O, we long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys
That we may love thee more.

Unknown.

119. L. M.

Christian Privileges.

- 1 Dost thou thy children's name record
Free of thy holy city, Lord?
And are we sinners, call'd to share
The precious privileges there?
- 2 Shall we receive this grace in vain?
Shall we our great vocation strain?
Away, ye works in darkness wrought,
Away, each sensual, sinful thought!

- 3 Our souls, we charge them to excel,
In thinking right and doing well;
Deep let our searching pow'rs engage,
Unbias'd in the sacred page.
- 4 Heighten the force of good desire,
To deeds of shining worth aspire;
More firm in fortitude despise
The world's seducing vanities.
- 5 Strong and more strong our passions rule,
Advancing still in virtue's school;
Contending still with noble strife,
To imitate our Saviour's life.

Scott.

120. L. M.

The one Living and True God.

- 1 ETERNAL God! Almighty cause
Of earth, and seas, and worlds unknown!
All things are subject to thy laws;
All things depend on thee alone.
- 2 Thy glorious being singly stands,
Of all within itself possess'd;
By none controll'd in thy commands,
And in thyself supremely bless'd.
- 3 Worship to thee alone belongs,
Worship to thee alone we give;
Thine be our hearts and thine our songs,
And to thy glory may we live.
- 4 Spread thy great name through ev'ry land,
In ev'ry heart erect thy throne;

Subdue the world to thy command,
And as thou art, reign God alone.

Browne, alt'd.

121. L. M.

Eternal Life.

- 1 ETERNAL life! how sweet the sound,
To sinners who in bondage sigh:
Publish the bliss the world around;
Echo the joys, ye worlds on high.
- 2 Eternal life! how will it reign,
When mounting from this breathless clod,
The soul discharg'd from sin and pain,
Ascends t'enjoy its Father God!
- 3 Eternal life! how will it bloom
In beauty on that blissful day,
When rescu'd from th' impris'ning tomb,
The soul awakes to brighter rays.
- 4 Eternal life! O how refin'd
The joys! the triumphs how divine!
When we in body and in mind
Shall in the Saviour's image shine.
- 5 Holy and heav'nly is the soul,
Where dwells an hope so bright as this,
They wish and long to reach the goal,
And seize the prize of endless bliss.

Unknown

122. C. M.

Not of Works, &c.

- 1 Ev'ry attempt of man to gain
An everlasting life,

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Is legal pride, a fancy vain,
And antichristian strife.

2 When gospel grace inspires the breast,
No legal strife is there;
But joy, and peace, and love, and rest,
And heav'nly praise and pray'r.

3 Had I a thousand souls I'd cast
Them all on Christ my king;
And had I twice ten thousand tongues,
They all his praise should sing.

4 Cease, O my soul, forever cease,
From legal care and strife;
Jesus forever is thy peace,
Thy way, thy truth and life.

Unknown.

123. C. M.

Joy and Gratitude.

1 ETERNAL love! how large the sum
Of blessings from thy hand!
To banish sorrow and be blest
Is thy supreme command.

2 Joy is our duty, glory, health,
The sunshine of the soul;
The best return that we can make
To him who plans the whole.

3 Whatever, Lord, of earthly bliss
Thy sov'reign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 4 Give us a calm, a thankful heart,
From ev'ry murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make us live to thee.
- 5 Let the bless'd thought that we are thine,
Our life and death attend ;
Thy presence through our journey shine,
And crown our journey's end.
- Young & Rippon.

124. L. M.

The Divine Blessing implored.

- 1 ETERNAL source of life and thought !
Be all beneath thyself forgot,
Whilst thee, great Parent-mind, we own,
In prostrate homage round thy throne.
- 2 O may we live before thy face,
The willing subjects of thy grace ;
And through each path of duty move
With filial awe, and filial love !
- Doddridge.

125. L. P. M.

Life, Death, and Resurrection.

- 1 ETERNAL God, how frail is man !
Few are the hours, and short the span,
Between the cradle and the grave :
Who can prolong his vital breath ?
Who from the bold demands of death
Hath skill to fly or pow'r to save ?
- 2 But let no murm'ring heart complain,
That, therefore, man is made in vain,

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Nor the Creator's grace distrust ;
For though his servants, day by day,
Go to their graves, and turn to clay,
A bright reward awaits the just.

- 3 Jesus hath made thy purpose known,
A new and better life hath shown,
And we the glorious tidings hear :
Forever blessed be the Lord,
That we can read his holy word,
And find a resurrection there.

Watts.

126. C. M.

The Aged Christian's Reflections and Hopes.

- 1 ETERNAL Sire, enthron'd on high !
Whom heav'nly hosts adore ;
Who yet to suppliant dust art nigh :
Thy presence we implore.
- 2 O guide us down the steep of age,
And keep our passions cool ;
Teach us to scan the sacred page,
And practice ev'ry rule !
- 3 Our flying years time urges on ;
What's human must decay ;
Our friends, our youth's companions, gone,
Can we expect to stay ?
- 4 Ah ! no—then smooth the mortal hour ;
On thee our hope depends ;
Support us with almighty power,
While dust to dust descends,

Williams' Coll.

127. L. M.

The Year crowned with Goodness.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of ev'ry joy !
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.
- 2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole ;
By thee the sun is taught to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.
- 3 The flow'ry spring at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land ;
The summer suns with vigor shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.
- 4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts, redundant stores ;
And winters soften'd by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.
- 5 Seasons and months, and weeks and days,
Demand successive songs of praise ;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and ev'ning shade.
- 6 O may our more harmonious tongues ;
Hereafter join in nobler songs ;
And in these brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

Doddridge.

128. L. M.

Preserving Goodness.

- 1 ETERNAL God, we bless thy name,
The same thy pow'r, thy grace the same;
The tokens of thy friendly care,
Open and close and crown the year.
 - 2 Supported by thy guardian hand,
Amidst ten thousand deaths we stand !
And see, when we survey thy ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.
 - 3 Thus far thy arm has led us on,
Thus far we make thy mercy known ;
And whilst we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.
 - 4 Our grateful voice, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more ;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love,
- Doddridge.

129. C. M.

The Condescension of God.

- 1 ETERNAL pow'r, almighty God,
Who can approach thy throne ?
Accessless light is thy abode,
To angel-eyes unknown.
- 2 Before the radiance of thine eye
The heav'ns no longer shine,
And all the glories of the sky
Are but the shade of thine.

- 3 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To cast a look below,
To this vile world thy notice bend
These seats of sin and woe?
- 4 But Oh! to shew thy smiling face,
To bring thy glories near—
Amazing and transporting grace,
To dwell with mortals here!
- 5 How strange! how awful, is thy love!
With trembling we adore:
Not all th' exalted minds above,
Its wonders can explore.
- 6 While golden harps, and angel tongues
Resound immortal lays,
Great God, permit our humble songs
To rise and mean thy praise.

Mrs. Steele.

130. L. M.

Jesus Exalted as a Prince and Saviour.

- 1 EXALTED Prince of life, we own
The royal honours of thy throne:
'Tis fix'd by God's almighty hand
And seraphs bow at thy command.
- 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess
The sov'reign triumphs of thy grace;
Where beams of gentle radiance shine,
And temper majesty divine.
- 3 Wide thy resistless sceptre sway,
Till all thine enemies obey;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Wide may thy cross its virtue prove,
And conquer millions by its love.

- 4 Mighty to vanquish, and forgive !
Thine Israel shall repent and live ;
And loud proclaim thy healing breath,
Which works their life, who wro't thy death.
Doddridge.

131. C. M.

Prayer for kind Affections.

- 1 FAR from thy servants, God of grace,
Th' unfeeling heart remove ;
And form in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
The gen'rous pleasure know ;
Kindly to share in others joy
And weep for others woe.
- 3 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 Under the gentle sway of love,
Be ev'ry passion brought ;
O be the law of love fulfill'd
In ev'ry act and thought !

M. Jervis.

132. 8, 8, 6. M.

Prayer for Peace.

- 1 FATHER of peace, O turn once more
Thy looks of love along thy shore ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Behold a people mourns !
To thee, the merciful, belong
Glad incense and the grateful song,
Not agonizing groans.

- 2 Lest foreign hands should reap the soil,
The husbandman forbears his toil,
Lean famine hovers nigh :
While men are hurried to the shades,
Their works devouring flame invades,
And towns in ruin lie.
- 3 The blossoms of our youth are shed
Afar upon the unblest bed,
Which pain and want prepare ;
Aloud the aged matrons sigh,
And in thy temples lift their cry,
“ Our sons Jehovah spare.”
- 4 When shall we bend our swords to shares,
In joyful praise dissolve our pray'rs,
And breathe a purer vow ;
O send thine angel concord here,
With halcyon wing, to wipe each tear,
And wave the olive's bow.

W. Taylor.

133. C. M.

Walking by Faith.

- 1 FAITH builds upon the evidence
Of things beyond our sight ;
It pierces through the veil of sense
And dwells in heav'nly light.
- 2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's omnific word ;
And though their form and beauty fade,
They'll be again restor'd.

4 Abram obey'd the Lord's command,
From his own country driv'n,
By faith he sought a promis'd land,
But found his rest in heav'n.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye ;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joys on high.

Watts.

134. L. M.

Ordination of a Minister.

1 FATHER of mercies ! in thy house,
We pay our homage and our vows ;
While with a grateful heart we share
These pledges of our Saviour's care.

2 The Saviour, when to heav'n he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scatter'd his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

3 Hence sprang th' Apostle's honor'd name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame ;
Hence dictates the Prophetic sage,
And hence the Evangelic page.

- 4 In lower forms to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and Teachers rise ;
Who, though with feeblér rays they shine,
Still mark a long extended line.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run,
Through all the courses of the sun ;
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all these blessings flow ;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.
Doddridge.

135. L. M.

The Benefit of Afflictions. Ps. cxix. 71.

- 1 FATHER, we bless thy gentle hand ;
How kind was thy chastising rod !
That forc'd our conscience to a stand,
And brought our wand'ring souls to God !
- 2 Foolish and vain, we went astray,
Ere we had felt thy scourges Lord ;
We left our guide, and lost the way ;
But now we love and keep thy word:
- 3 'Tis good for us to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell ;
'Tis good to bear a Father's stroke,
That we may learn his statutes well.
- 4 The law that issues from thy mouth,
Shall bid our cheerful hearts rejoice ;

For we have trusted in thy word,
And made thy grace our only choice.

Watts.

136. C. M.

Spiritual and Eternal Joy.

- 1 FROM thee, O God, our joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies,
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of our souls
Shall death itself outbrave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There where the blessed Saviour reigns,
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
We'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years our wond'ring eyes,
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages we'll adore
The glories of thy love.

Watts.

137. L. M.

"What I do thou knowest not now ; but thou shalt know
hereafter." John xiii. 7.

Trust in the Goodness of God.

- 1 FRAIL mortal man cannot conceive
What for his future good is best ;
Why should he daily mourn and grieve,
And doubt that Providence is just ?

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 When all is wrapt in midnight gloom,
And reason can no cause assign ;
The soul still finds sufficient room
To trace the hand of love divine.
- 3 When God our earthly bliss removes,
He has some gracious end in view ;
He always chastens those he loves,
Yet makes them more than conq'ers too.
- 4 Let this our ev'ry fear control,
That all our Father's ways are right ;
And as eternal ages roll,
Shall still unfold with new delight.
- 5 Peace, ev'ry rising murmur, then ;
And let us dry our falling tears ;
Trust in the love of heav'n again,
And banish all our doubts and fears.

Unknown.

138. L. M.

Delight in Public Worship.

- 1 FAR from our thoughts vain world begone,
Let our religious hours alone ;
Fain would our eyes the Saviour see,
And wait a visit, Lord, from thee.
- 2 Our hearts grow warm with holy fire,
And kindle with a pure desire ;
Come, dear Redeemer, from above,
And feed our souls with heav'nly love.
- 3 Bless'd Saviour ! what delicious fare,
How sweet thy entertainments are !

Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace, in Jesus' love.

- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thou brightest, sweetest, fairest one,
That eyes have seen, or angels known.

Watts,

139. L. M.

God's Omniscience and Omnipresence.

- 1 FATHER of all! omniscient mind!
Thy wisdom who can comprehend?
Its highest point what eye can find,
Or to its lowest depths descend?
- 2 What cavern deep, what hill sublime,
Beyond thy reach, shall I pursue?
What dark recess, what distant clime,
Shall hide me from thy boundless view?
- 3 If up to heav'n's ethereal height,
Thy prospect to elude, I rise;
In splendour there, supremely bright,
Thy presence shall my sight surprise.
- 4 Thee, mighty God! my wond'ring soul,
Thee, all her conscious powers adore;
Whose being circumscribes the whole,
Whose eyes the universe explore.
- 5 Thine essence fills this breathing frame,
It glows in ev'ry vital part;
Lights up our souls with livelier flame,
And feeds with life each beating heart.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 6 To thee, from whom our being came,
Whose smile is all the heav'n we know,
Inspir'd with this exalted theme,
To thee our grateful strains shall flow.
Blacklock.

140. L. M.

Public Worship. Psal. lxxv.

- 1 For thee, O God, our constant praise
In Zion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.
- 2 O thou, who to our humble pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.
- 3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try;
For thou wilt purge the guilty stain,
And wash away the crimson dye.
- 4 Blest is the man, who near thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
Whilst we at humble distance taste
The vast delight thy worship gives.
Tate.

141. L. M.

Universal Praise. Psal. lxxvi. Rev. v. 19.

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise,
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
 Eternal truth attends thy word :
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise to set no more.

Watts.

142. 8, 7s. M.

Surrounding the Mercy Seat.

- 1 FAR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes and fond desires,
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Ev'ry heart to heav'n aspires.
 From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes ;
 Mercy from above, proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
- 2 Who may share this great salvation ?
 Ev'ry pure and humble mind ;
 Ev'ry kindred, tongue and nation,
 From the dross of guilt refin'd :
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none ;
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.
- 3 Ev'ry stain of guilt abhorring,
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
 Still thy providence adoring,
 Faithful subjects to thy laws.
 Lord ! with favour still attend us,
 Bless us with thy wondrous love ;
 Thou, our sun and shield, defend us ;
 All our hope is from above.

John Taylor.

143 L. M.

Religion, without Superstition.

- 1 FAR hence each superstition vain,
Wild offspring of the human brain !
The truths that fill thy hallow'd page,
Our happier choice, great God ! engage.
- 2 O, ever faithful to thy word,
Do thou thy vital strength afford ;
Thy help impart, Eternal Sire !
Nor let our hope in shame expire.
- 3 Sustain'd by thy almighty aid,
What dangers shall our souls invade ?
Nor errors cloud, nor arts of sin,
Our souls from thy obedience win.

Merrick

144. S. M.

Heaven.

- 1 FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 There sickness never comes ;
There grief no more complains ;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And purest pleasure reigns.
- 3 No strife, nor envy there
The sons of peace molest ;
But harmony, and love sincere,
Fill ev'ry happy breast.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4 No cloud those regions know,
Forever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal wo,
Can never enter there.

5 There night is never known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray;
But glory from th' eternal throne
Spreads everlasting day.

6 O may this prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love!
And lively faith and strong desire
Bear ev'ry thought above.

Mrs. Steele alt'd.

145. C. M.

The Glories of Redemption. Isa. i. 1—3.

1 FATHER, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise;
Known through the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies.

2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill;
And on the wings of ev'ry hour
We read thy patience still.

3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They show the labour of thy hands,
The impress of thy feet.

4 But when we view thy grand design
To save rebellious worms,

Where wisdom, pow'r and goodness shines;
In their most glorious forms :

5 Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe ;
We love, and we adore ;
The holy angels never saw
So much of God before.

6 O may we bear some humble part
In that immortal song ;
Wonder and joy shall tune our heart,
And love command our tongue.

Watts.

146. C. M.

Virtue the Source of Peace.

1 FORSAKE, each soul, the tents of sin,
How false her joys appear !
Noise and confusion dwell within ;
Peace is a stranger there.

2 The men who keep the laws of God,
His choicest blessings share ;
Or if he lifts his chast'ning rod,
'Tis with a father's care.

3 His mighty pow'r shall guard the just,
His wisdom point the way ;
His eye shall watch their sleeping dust,
His hand revive their clay.

4 Begin, ye saints, the joyful task,
His praise employ your tongue ;
And soon eternity will ask
A more exalted song.

Heginbottom

147. L. M.

Humility.

- 1 FOLLY builds high upon the sand ;
But lowly let our basis be ;
Firm as a rock our hope shall stand,
Deep founded in humility.
- 2 Content, when threat'ning ills obtrude,
Sweet meek-eyed patience arm our souls ;
And let a prudent fortitude
Teach us our passions to control.
- 3 O Lord, we long to know thee still,
To love and fear and trust thee more ;
To live submissive to thy will,
And whilst we feel thy grace, adore.
- 4 Our faith and love, obedient be,
O Saviour, to thy just commands !
Our ardent souls still follow thee,
And trust their int'rest in thy hands.
- 5 Let love and mercy all divine,
Justice descending from the skies,
Kindness and truth our hearts incline
Still to forgive our enemies.
- 6 Thus may we act the christian part,
The social, humane and divine ;
Whilst a wise zeal inspires each heart,
And we arise to joys sublime.

Smart alt'd.

148. C. M.

Universal Depravity. Ps. xiv.

- 1 Fools in their hearts believe and say,
“ That all religion’s vain ;
“ There is no God that reigns on high,
“ Or minds th’ affairs of men.”
- 2 From thoughts so dreadful and prophane,
Corrupt discourse proceeds ;
And by their impious hands are done
Abominable deeds.
- 3 The Lord, from his celestial throne,
Look’d down on things below,
To find the men that sought his grace,
Or did his justice know.
- 4 He saw that all were gone astray,
Their practice all the same ;
That none did fear his great command,
That none did love his name.
- 5 Their tongues are us’d to speak deceit,
Their slanders never cease ;
How swift to mischief are their feet,
Nor know the paths of peace !
- 6 Such seeds of sin, that bitter root,
In ev’ry heart are found ;
Nor will they bear diviner fruit
Till grace refine the ground.

Watts.

149. L. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 FATHER! ador'd in worlds above,
Thy glorious name be hallow'd still;
Thy kingdom come with pow'r and love,
And earth, like heav'n, obey thy will.
- 2 Lord make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake;
And let us in thy kindness share,
As fellow-men of ours partake.
- 3 Evils beset us ev'ry hour;
Thy kind protection we implore:
Thine is the kingdom, thine the pow'r;
Be thine the glory evermore!

Pope's Col.

150. C. M.

The Lord's Prayer.

- 1 FATHER in heav'n! thy sacred name
In hallow'd strains be sung;
Thy kingdom spread o'er all the earth;
Thy praise fill ev'ry tongue.
- 2 By happy spirits round thy throne,
As thy commands are done
So be thy perfect will obey'd
By all beneath the sun.
- 3 Our num'rous wants are known to thee;
Who canst alone supply;
O grant each day, our daily bread,
Nor other good deny!

4 Forgive our sins, as we forgive
The wrongs that others do;
Nor let temptations press around,
Lest we those sins renew.

5 Thou art our safety and defence,
When dangers threat'ning stand;
O turn aside impending ills,
With thy almighty hand!

6 Thy sceptre all creation sways;
Thy pow'r knows no control;
Thy matchless glory shall endure,
While endless ages roll.

Liverpool (Paradise-st.) Coll.

151. C. M.

The Universal Prayer.

1 FATHER of all! whose cares extend
To earth's remotest shore,
'Through ev'ry age let praise ascend:
Let ev'ry clime adore.

2 What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns us not to do,
This, teach us more than death to shun,
That, more than life pursue.

3 If we are right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay;
If we are wrong, O teach our heart
To find the better way!

4 Save us alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

At aught thy wisdom hath denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

5 Teach us to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults we see;
That mercy we to others show,
Let us receive from thee.

6 This day, be bread and peace our lot.
But, all beneath the sun,
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not;
And let thy will be done.

Pope.

152. L. M.

The Bounties of Providence acknowledged. Matt. iv. 45.

- 1 FATHER of light! we sing thy name,
Who kindlest up the lamp of day;
Wide as he spreads his golden flame,
His beams thy pow'r and love display.
- 2 Fountain of good! from thee proceeds,
In copious drops, the genial rain,
Which o'er the hills, and through the meads,
Revives the grass and swells the grain.
- 3 Through the wide world thy bounties spread;
Yet thousands of our guilty race,
Though by thy daily bounty fed,
Neglect thy law, reject thy grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful hearts
O'erlook the tokens of thy care;
But what thy lib'ral hand imparts,
Still own in praise, still ask in pray'r.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 5 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
And show'rs in richer drops shall fall,
When all our hearts and lives are thine,
And thou, O God! enjoy'd by all.

Doddridge.

153. C. M.

The Excellency of the Holy Scriptures.

- 1 FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here, may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here, the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimier sweets than nature knows,
Invite the longing taste.
- 4 Here, springs of consolation rise,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And thirsty souls receive supplies,
And sweet refreshment find.
- 5 O may thy gospel ever be
Our study and delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light!

Mrs. Steele.

154. C. M.

The Power of Faith.

- 1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves us from its snares;
Its aid in ev'ry duty brings,
And softens all our cares.
- 2 It quells the raging flames of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heav'nly things,
And feeds the pure desire.
- 3 The wounded conscience knows its pow'r,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.
- 4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids us seek our portion there,
Nor bids us seek in vain.
- 5 It shows the precious promise seal'd
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps our feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.
- 6 On that bright prospect may we rest,
Till this frail body dies;
And then on love's triumphant wings,
To endless glory rise.

Salisbury Coll.

155. C. M.

Trust in God through all the Changes in Life.

- 1 FATHER divine! before thy view,
All worlds, all creatures lie;
No distance can elude thy search,
No action 'scape thine eye.
- 2 From thee our vital breath we drew,
Our childhood was thy care;
And vig'rous youth and feeble age,
Thy kind protection share.
- 3 Whate'er we do, where'er we turn,
Thy ceaseless bounty flows;
Oppress'd with wo, when nature faints,
Thine arm is our repose.
- 4 To thee we look, thou Pow'r supreme;
O still our wants supply!
Safe in thy presence may we live,
And in thy favour die.

John Taylor.

156. C. M.

The Vanity of Human Life.

- 1 FRAIL life of man—how short its stay,
And various as the wind!
Heedless we sport our hours away,
Nor think of death behind.
- 2 See the fair cheek of beauty fade,
Frail glory of an hour!
And blooming youth with sick'ning head,
Droop like the dying flow'r.

3 Wealth, pomp, and honour we behold,
With an admiring eye,
Like summer's insects dress'd in gold,
That flutter, shine and die.

4 Then rise, our souls! and soar away
Above the thoughtless crowd,
Above the pleasures of the gay,
And splendours of the proud;

5 Where everlasting beauties bloom,
And pleasures all divine;
Where wealth that never can consume,
And endless glories shine,

Rev. Henry Moore.

157. L. M.

Acceptance with God.

1 FROM north to south, from east to west,
Advance the myriads of the bless'd;
From ev'ry clime of earth they come,
And find in heav'n a common home.

2 In one immortal throng we view,
Pagan and Christian, Greek and Jew;
But all their doubts and darkness o'er,
One only God they now adore.

3 Howe'er divided here below,
One bliss, one spirit, now they know;
Though some ne'er heard of Jesus' name,
Yet grace admits their humble claim.

Butcher.

158. H. M.

Divine Power and Grace. Ps. cxxxvi.

- 1 GIVE thanks to God most high,
The universal Lord,
The sov'reign King of kings,
And be his grace ador'd,
His pow'r and grace are still the same ;
And let his name have endless praise.
- 2 His wisdom fram'd the sun,
To crown the day with light ;
The moon and twinkling stars,
To cheer the darksome night.
Earth's utmost ends his pow'r obey :
His glorious sway the sky transcends.
- 3 He doth the wants supply
Of ev'ry thing which lives,
He hears affliction's cry,
And pities and forgives.
His mercies sure, just themes of praise,
To endless days unchang'd endure.
- 4 He sent his only Son,
To save us from our wo,
From error, sin, and death,
And ev'ry hurtful foe.
While earth and sky declare his praise,
His saints shall raise his honours high.
- 5 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God, the heav'nly King,
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.

His pow'r and grace are still the same;
And let his name have endless praise.

Watts alt'd.

159 L. M.

Divine Power and Grace. Ps. cxxxvi.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise,
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When lords and kings are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry worlds on high;
Wonders of grace to God belong:
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When sun and moon shall shine no more.
- 5 He sent his Son with pow'r to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 6 Through this short life he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heav'nly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When time and death shall be no more.

Watts.

160. L. P. M.

God the unfailing Source of Good.

- 1 GIVE to the Lord, in cheerful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs,
Whose goodness still unceasing flows ;
Repeat his name with grateful mind,
Who ever good and ever kind,
Nor change nor variation knows.
- 2 Sov'reign alone of earth and sky !
On thee, for ev'ry hour's supply,
Thy various creatures all depend ;
Man, whom thy light has giv'n to know
The source whence all his blessings flow,
Views in his God his kindest friend !
- 3 Yet still our notes we'll higher raise,
To celebrate in ardent praise
Eternal life through Jesus giv'n ;
Thy gracious messenger he came,
Forever blessed be thy name !
And pointed out the way to heav'n.

Exeter Coll.

161. C. M.

Sincerity and Hypocrisy.

- 1 God is a spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind :
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

The formal hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear,

3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Of pride, and empty sound.

4 Lord ! search our thoughts, and try our ways,
And make our souls sincere ;
Then may we stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

Watts.

162. C. M.

God the Creator and Preserver.

1 GREAT first of beings ! mighty Lord !
We praise thy glorious name ;
Produc'd by thy creating word,
Arose this mighty frame.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high command ;
'Twas instantly obey'd ;
And through thy goodness all things stand,
Which by thy skill were made.

3 By thee, through fields of azure, roll
Unnumber'd worlds above ;
Thy mighty hand sustains the whole ;
Each creature shares thy love.

4 By thee, the sun dispenses heat,
And beams of cheering day ;
By thee, the stars, in order set,
At night thy pow'r display.

5 By thee, the earth its products yields,
And countless myriads live ;
And trees and plants adorn the fields,
And their rich treasures give.

6 To thee, all-gracious Pow'r ! we bow,
And would ourselves resign ;
Accept the praise, accept the vow,
And make us wholly thine.

Brown alt'd.

163. L. P. M.

The Works and Word of God. Ps. xix.

1 GREAT God, the heav'n's well order'd frame
Declares the glories of thy name ;
There thy rich works of wonder shine :
A thousand starry beauties there,
A thousand radiant marks appear
Of boundless pow'r and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
The dawning and the dying light,
Lectures of heav'nly wisdom read ;
With silent eloquence, they raise
Our thoughts to the Creator's praise,
And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
Wide as the circuit of the sun ;
And ev'ry nation knows their voice
The sun in robes of splendor dress'd,
Breaks from the chambers of the east,
Moves round and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
He speaks the majesty of God :

All nature joins to show thy praise :
Thus God in ev'ry creature shines,
Bright in the book of nature's lines,
But brighter in the book of grace.

Watts.

164. L. M.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 GREAT God ! this sacred day of thine,
Demands our souls' collected pow'rs ;
May we employ in work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours !
- 2 Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly ;
Where God resides, appear no more :
Omniscient God ! thy piercing eye
Can ev'ry secret thought explore.
- 3 Thy word of life dispens'd to-day,
Invites us to a heav'nly feast ;
May ev'ry ear the call obey,
Be ev'ry heart an humble guest !
- 4 Thy gracious aid, O God ! impart ;
O may thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear and warm the heart !
Then shall the day indeed be thine.

Mrs. Steele.

165. C. M.

The Mystery and Benignity of Providence.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his vast designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Ye fearful souls ! fresh courage take :
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flow'r.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
But grace and truth unite their pow'r,
To make his mercy plain.

Cowper alt'd.

166. S. M.

Blessings of Providence and Grace.

- 1 GREAT God, at thy command
Seasons in order rise :
Thy pow'r and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 2 How balmy is the air,
How warm the solar beams !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

And to refresh the ground, the rains
Descend in gentle streams.

3 With grateful praise we own
Thy providential hand,
While grass for kine, and herb and corn,
For men, enrich the land.

4 But greater still the gift
Of thine incarnate Son:
By him forgiveness, peace and joy,
'Thro' endless ages run.

Unknown.

167. 7s M.

Penitential.

- 1 God of mercy! God of love!
Hear our sad repentant songs;
Listen to thy suppliant race,
'Thou to whom all grace belongs!
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time mispent;
Hearts debas'd by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent;
- 3 Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.
- 4 These, and ev'ry secret fault,
Fill'd with grief and shame we own:
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 5 God of mercy ! God of grace !
Hear our sad repentant songs ;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all grace belongs !

J. Taylor.

168. C. M.

God the Creator of Mankind.

- 1 God of our lives ! whose bounteous care,
First gave us pow'r to move ;
How shall our thankful hearts declare
The wonders of thy love !
- 2 While void of thought and sense we lay,
Dust of our parent earth,
Thy breath inform'd the sleeping clay,
And call'd us into birth.
- 3 Thine eye beheld in perfect view
The yet unfinish'd plan ;
Th' imperfect lines thy pencil drew,
And form'd the future man.
- 4 O may this frame, which rising grew,
Beneath thy forming hands,
Be studious ever to pursue
Whate'er thy will commands !

Dodsley's Poems, alt'd,

169. S. M.

Virtuous Desires. Ps. xxxv. 8, 9, 12, 20.

- 1 God, who is just and kind,
Will those who err instruct ;
And in the paths of righteousness,
Their wand'ring steps conduct.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2 The humble soul he guides ;
Teaches the meek his way ;
Kindness and truth he shows to all,
Who him in truth obey.

3 Give us the tender heart,
That mingles fear with love ;
And lead us through whatever path
Thy wisdom shall approve.

4 O, ever keep our souls
From error, shame and guilt !
Nor suffer the fair hope to fail,
Which on thy truth is built.

Patrick.

170. C. M.

Divine Providence, and the Folly of self-dependence.

1 God reigns ; events in order flow,
Man's industry to guide ;
But in a diff'rent channel go,
To humble human pride.

2 The swift, not always in the race,
Shall win the crowning prize ;
Not always wealth and honour grace
The labours of the wise.

3 Fond mortals do themselves beguile,
When on themselves they rest ;
Blind is their wisdom vain their toil,
By thee, O Lord, unblest'd.

4 'Tis ours, the furrows to prepare,
And sow the precious grain ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

'Tis thine to give the sun and air,
And send the genial rain.

5 Evil and good before thee stand,
Their mission to perform ;
The sun shines bright at thy command ;
Thy hand directs the storm.

6 In all our ways, we humbly own
Thy providential pow'r ;
Intrusting to thy care alone,
The lot of ev'ry hour.

Scott alt'd.

171. S. M.

“ By Grace are ye saved.” Ephes. ii. 5.

1 GRACE—'tis a pleasing sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contriv'd the way,
To save rebellious man ;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught our wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And fresh supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God,

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone
And well deserves the praise.

Doddridge.

172. L. M.

Mutability of the Creation, and Immutability of God.

- 1 GREAT Former of this various frame !
Our souls adore thine awful name,
And bow with rev'rence, while we praise
The ancient of eternal days.
- 2 Beyond an angel's vision bright,
Thou dwell'st in uncreated light ;
Which shines with undiminish'd ray,
While suns and systems pass away.
- 3 Our days a transient period run,
And change with ev'ry circling sun ;
And in the firmest state we boast,
A moth can crush us into dust.
- 4 But let all nature fall around,
Let death consign us to the ground,
Let the last gen'ral flame arise,
Consume the earth, dissolve the skies :
- 5 Calm as the summer's ocean, we
Can all the wreck of nature see :
While grace secures us an abode,
Unshaken as the throne of God.

Doddridge alt'd.

173. C. M.

The eternal Dominion of God.

- 1 GREAT God, how infinite art thou !
How weak and frail are we !
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And homage pay to thee.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere earth or heav'n was made:
'Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time all open lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the last awful day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
Great God! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through varying scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great God! how infinite art thou!
How frail and helpless we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And glory give to thee.

Watts, alt'd.

174. L. M.

To the Unknown God.

- 1 GREAT God! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through;
Our lab'ring pow'rs with rev'rence own,
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord ! thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal man to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace ;
Explore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

Kippis.

175. C. M.

The Omnipresence and Providence of God.

1 GREAT God, how vast is thine abode !
Mysterious are thy ways !
Unseen, thy footsteps in the air,
And trackless in the seas.

2 Yet the whole peopled world bespeaks
Thy being and thy pow'r,
Mid the resplendent blaze of day,
And awful midnight hour.

3 Nor all the peopled world alone,
Rich fields and verdant plains ;
But lonely wilds by man untrod,
Where silent horror reigns :

4 Tempests and winds that sweep the sky,
Caverns and mountains bare,
Earthquakes and storms, and swelling waves,
Thy grandeur all declare.

- 5 Through all creation's widest range,
The hand of heav'n is near :
Where'er we wander in the world,
Lo ! God is present there.

Jervis, alt'd.

176. C. M.

Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel.

- 1 GREAT God of grace ! arise and shine,
With beams of heav'nly light :
From this dark world of sin dispel
The long and doleful night.
- 2 Let no inferior being share
The honours due to thee ;
May ev'ry nation know thy name,
And thy salvation see.
- 3 No more may persecution dare
To lift her iron rod ;
No longer shed the blood of saints,
And plead a zeal for God.
- 4 With its own pure and native light,
Lord, may thy gospel shine !
May error fly like noxious mists,
Before this light divine.
- 5 While heav'n-born truth her charms reveals,
May love each breast inspire ;
Nor one base passion ever mix,
To quench this sacred fire.

Needham.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

177. C. M.

God our constant Benefactor.

- 1 GREAT God ! to thee our grateful tongues
United thanks would raise :
Inspire our hearts to raise the song
Which celebrates thy praise.
- 2 From thine almighty forming hand
We drew our vital pow'rs ;
Our time revolves at thy command,
In all its circling hours.
- 3 Thy pow'r, our ever-present guard,
From ev'ry ill defends ;
While num'rous dangers hover round,
Our help from thee descends.
- 4 Beneath the shadow of thy wings,
How sweet is our repose !
Thy morning light renews the springs
From whence our comfort flows.
- 5 In celebration of thy praise,
May we employ our breath ;
And walking steadfast in thy ways,
We'll triumph over death.

Flexman.

178. L. M.

Christian Zeal, tempered by Charity.

- 1 GREAT God ! whose all-pervading eye
Sees ev'ry passion in our soul ;
When sunk too low, or rais'd too high,
Teach us those passions to control.

- 2 Temper the fervours of our frame ;
Be charity their constant spring ;
And O let no unhallow'd flame
Pollute the off'rings which we bring !
- 3 Let love with piety unite
To mend the bias of our will ;
While hope and heav'n-eyed faith excite,
And wisdom regulates, our zeal :
- 4 That wisdom which to meekness turns,
Wisdom descending from above ;
And let our zeal, whene'er it burns,
Be kindled by the fire of love.

Watts.

179. L. M.

The Kingdom of Christ. Ps. lxxii. 1—9.

- 1 GREAT God ! whose universal sway,
The known and unknown worlds obey ;
Extend the kingdom of thy Son,
Till ev'ry land his rule shall own.
- 2 The sceptre well becomes his hands,
And wise and good are his commands ;
His laws protect the humble poor,
And bid oppression reign no more.
- 3 They form to righteousness the mind,
'To all that's candid, gentle, kind ;
Inspire with love the human breast,
And stormy passions soothe to rest.
- 4 As gentle rain on parching ground,
His gospel sheds its influence round ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Its grace on fainting souls distils,
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of darkness and of death,
Revive at its first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 His throne immoveable shall stand,
Upheld by thine almighty hand,
Till all shall love thee and adore,
And vice and mis'ry be no more.

Watts.

180 C. M.

Fruitful Seasons. Ps. lxxv.

1 God is the Lord, the heav'nly King,
Who makes the earth his care ;
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,
And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
Pour out, at thy command,
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,
To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
Permit the corn to spring ;
The vallies rich provision yield,
The grateful lab'ers sing.

4 The little hills on ev'ry side
Rejoice at falling show'rs ;
The meadows, dress'd in all their pride,
Perfume the air with flow'rs.

- 5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
 Promise a joyful crop ;
 The fields with verdure fill'd, again
 Revive the reaper's hope.
- 6 The various months thy goodness crowns,
 How bounteous are thy ways !
 The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
 And shepherds shout thy praise.

Watts.

181. C. M.

The Example of Christ.

- 1 God of our mercy and our praise,
 Thy glory is our song,
 We'll speak the honours of thy grace
 With a rejoicing tongue.
- 2 When Christ among the sons of men,
 In humble form was found,
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,
 They compass'd him around.
- 3 Their mis'ries his compassion mov'd,
 Their peace he still pursu'd :
 They render'd hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.
- 4 Their malice rag'd without a cause ;
 Yet with his dying breath
 He pray'd for murd'ers on his cross,
 And bless'd his foes in death.
- 5 O may his conduct all divine,
 To us a model prove :

Like his, O God! our hearts incline
Our enemies to love.

Watts.

182. L. M.

The Pleasures of Devotion.

- 1 God of our strength! to thee we cry;
To thee, our surest refuge fly:
O may thy light attend our way,
Thy truth afford its cheering ray.
- 2 Conduct us to thy hallow'd seat,
Where wisdom, truth, and mercy meet;
And there, in all their best array,
Our hearts their richest gifts shall pay.
- 3 Thy mercies, to our hearts reveal'd,
A theme of endless transport yield;
Thy love does all our bosoms fire,
Thy praise does all our songs inspire.
- 4 In all our cares, in all our woes,
On God our steadfast hopes repose:
To God our thanks shall still be paid,
Our sure defence, our constant aid.

Merrick.

183. 10s. M.

Devout Aspirations.

- 1 God, our kind Master, merciful and just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust:
His ear is open to the softest cry;
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye.

2 He reads the language of the silent tear,
And sighs are incense from an heart sincere ;
He marks the dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

3 O set us from all earthly bondage free ;
Still ev'ry wish that centres not in thee :
Bid our fond hopes, our vain disquiets cease,
And point our path to everlasting peace.

Mrs. Barbauld.

184. L. M.

Prayer for Assistance in Divine Worship.

1 GRANT us a visit, dearest Lord,
In gentle streams of grace descend ;
Open the treasures of thy word,
From ev'ry sin thy church defend.

2 Thy branches bend, thou Living Vine,
Clusters of fruit to us impart ;
O may our joys be all divine,
May heav'nly love fill ev'ry heart.

3 In unity may we abound,
Thy wisdom with our zeal combine ;
And joyful sing on heav'nly ground,
And keep the golden path divine,

4 O may our worship, Lord, to-day,
Accepted be in Jesus' name ;
Whether we preach, or sing, or pray,
May love be all the sacred flame.

H. Ballou

185. 7s. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 GRATEFUL notes and numbers bring,
While Jehovah's praise we sing;
Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Be thy glorious name ador'd!

CHORUS.

Men on earth, and saints above,
Sing the great Redeemer's love;
Lord, thy mercies never fail,
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

- 2 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in thy way:
'Till we come to reign with thee,
And all thy glorious greatness see!
Men on earth, &c.

- 3 Then, with angels, we'll again
Wake a louder, louder strain:
There, in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise.
Men on earth, &c.
Unknown.

186. H. M.

The House of Prayer.

- 1 GREAT Father of mankind,
We bless that wondrous grace,
Which could for gentiles find,
Within thy courts a place.
How kind the care our God displays,
For us to raise an house of pray'r!

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2 Once we were strangers here,
But now approach the throne ;
For Jesus brings us near,
And makes our cause his own.
Strangers no more, to thee we come ;
And find our home, and rest secure.

3 To thee our souls we join,
And love thy sacred name ;
No more our own, but thine,
We triumph in thy claim.
Our Father, King, thy cov'nant grace,
Our souls embrace, thy glories sing.

4 Here in thy house we feast
On dainties all divine ;
And whilst such food we taste,
With joy our faces shine.
Incense shall rise from flames of love,
And God approve the sacrifice.

5 May all the nations throng,
To worship in thy house ;
Wilt thou attend the song,
And hear their ardent vows !
Indulgent still, till earth conspire
To join the choir, on Zion's hill.

Doddridge

187. C. M.

The Perfections of God. Ps. cxi.

1 GREAT is the Lord ; his works of might
Demand our noblest songs ;
Let his assembled saints unite
Their harmony of tongues.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
He gives his children food ;
And, ever mindful of his word,
He makes his promise good.
- 3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
To seal his cov'nant sure ;
Holy and rev'rend is his name,
His ways are just and pure.
- 4 They that would grow divinely wise,
Must with his fear begin,
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
In hating ev'ry sin.

Watts.

188. L. M.

Humble Worship.

- 1 GREAT King of kings, eternal God,
Shall mortal creatures dare to raise,
Their songs to thy supreme abode,
And join with angels in thy praise ?
- 2 Man, O how far remov'd below !
Wrapt in the shades of gloomy night ;
His brightest day can only show
A few faint streaks of distant light.
- 3 But see ! the bright, the morning Star
Rising, shall chase the shades away ;
His beams, resplendent from afar,
Promise a sweet immortal day.
- 4 To him our longing eyes we raise,
Our guide to thee, the great Unknown,

Through him, O may our humble praise,
Accepted rise before thy throne.

Mrs. Steele.

189. S. M.

Gospel Worship and Order. Ps. xlviii. 1, 3, 12, 13, 14.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;
He makes the church his blest abode,
His most delightful seat.
- 2 Far as thy name is known,
The world declares thy praise ;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,
Their songs of honour raise.
- 3 Let strangers walk around
The city where we dwell ;
Compass and view thy holy ground,
And mark the building well.
- 4 The order of thy house,
The worship of thy court,
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,
And make a fair report.
- 5 How decent and how wise !
How glorious to behold !
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
And rites adorn'd with gold.
- 6 The God we worship now,
Will guide us till we die ;
Will be our guide whilst here below,
Our God above the sky.

Watts.

190. S. M.

The Spiritual Sense of the holy Word revealed.

- 1 GREAT GOD, we give thee praise
For all thy wondrous grace !
Thy kind and condescending ways
For our poor fallen race !
- 2 Thou hast thy love reveal'd,
Beyond what prophets knew ;
The holy book of truth unseal'd
To our astonish'd view.
- 3 We wander now no more,
Where sons of darkness lead ;
But truth in sacred light explore,
And wonder while we read.
- 4 The letter of thy word,
Before we hardly knew ;
And in our awful darkness, Lord,
Deem'd half the word untrue.
- 5 But now its inward sense
Is open'd to the mind :
We learn thy heav'nly doctrine thence,
And living waters find.
- 6 Lord, we adore thy name,
For light and truth divine !
From thee, the welcome mercies came,
And be the glory thine !

Proud.

191. C. M.

The God of Nature invoked.

- 1 HAIL, great Creator, wise and good !
To thee our songs we raise :
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.
- 2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view ;
And while we gaze, our hearts exult,
With transports ever new.
- 3 Thy glory beams in ev'ry star
Which gilds the gloom of night ;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.
- 4 The lofty hill, the humble vale,
With countless beauties shine :
The silent grove, the awful shade,
Proclaim thy pow'r divine.
- 5 Great nature's God ! still may these scenes
Our serious hours engage ;
Still may our grateful hearts consult
Thy works' instructive page !
- 6 And while, in all thy wondrous works,
Thy varied love we see ;
Still may the contemplation lead
Our hearts, O God ! to thee.

Gentleman's Magazine.

192. L. M.

The Perfections and Providence of God.

- 1 HIGH in the heav'ns, eternal God !
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.
- 2 Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep ;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large ;
Both man and beast thy bounty share ;
The whole creation is thy charge,
The righteous thy peculiar care.
- 4 O God ! how excellent thy grace,
Thence all our hope and comfort spring ;
In fear, in trouble, and distress,
We'll seek the shadow of thy wing.
- 5 The living bread thy word bestows,
Will fainting souls with strength renew,
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our view.
- 6 Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the goodness of the Lord ;
And in thy presence, we shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

Watts, alt'd.

193. C. M.

Heavenly Wisdom. Proverbs, iii. 13—17.

- 1 How happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice ;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice !
- 2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
And her rewards more precious are
Than all the gain of gold.
- 3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days ;
Her left, the prize of bright renown,
And boundless wealth displays.
- 4 She guides the young, with innocence,
In pleasure's path to tread ;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.
- 5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

Logan.

194. C. M.

The Prospect of the Christian.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose wishes climb
To mansions in the skies !
He looks on all the joys of time
With undesiring eyes.

- 2 He knows that all these glitt'ring things
Must yield to sure decay ;
And sees on time's extending wings
How swift they flee away.
- 3 To things unseen by mortal eyes,
A beam of sacred light
Directs his view, his prospects rise,
All permanent and bright.
- 4 His hopes, still fix'd on joys to come,
Those blissful scenes on high,
Shall flourish in immortal bloom,
When time and nature die.

Mrs. Steele.

195. L. M.

Meekness.

- 1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer's evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the bless'd,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
- 2 His heart no broken friendships sting ;
No storms his peaceful tent invade ;
He rests beneath th' Almighty's wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
- 3 Spirit of grace ! all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess ;
Repel each passion, rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.

Scott.

196. C. M.

The Mission of Christ. Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let ev'ry heart a throne prepare,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit largely pour'd,
Exerts its holy fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His sacred breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In wretched bondage held:
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace,
Enrich the humble poor.
- 5 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.
- 6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
'Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name!

Doddridge.

197. C. M.

The Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 HAIL, happy morn! whose early ray
Beheld the Saviour rise;
Welcome again, auspicious day!
To our rejoicing eyes.
- 2 On this bless'd morn, birth-day of hope!
Let not one soul be sad;
This is the day the Lord hath made,
And bids his saints be glad.
- 3 Come, and the wonders of the day,
In notes harmonious sing;
Tell to the world the conquest's gain'd
By your victorious King.
- 4 O happy souls, that feel the pow'r
Of his attractive love!
With him they die, with him they live,
And seek the things above.

Needham.

198. L. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 HOSANNA! let us join to sing
The glories of our rising king;
Recount his victories, and tell
How Jesus triumph'd when he fell.
- 2 Soon as the morning's earliest ray
Brings on the third, th' appointed day,
Behold an angel from the skies,
Roll back the stone, and Jesus rise!

- 3 With strength immortal, forth he comes,
And pow'r and life from God resumes;
The days of pain and sorrow past,
His triumph shall forever last.
- 4 Ye tribes of Adam! raise the song,
And with your noblest notes, prolong
The triumphs of that day of grace,
Which seal'd salvation to our race.
- 5 Salvation—joy-inspiring theme!
Best gift of him who reigns supreme,
Sweet balm of ev'ry human wo,
And source of boundless joy below.
- 6 Salvation—sons of men, record
The glories of your risen Lord;
The triumphs of the Saviour tell,
Who died and conquer'd when he fell!
Butcher.

199. S. M.

The happy Change.

- 1 How bless'd is man, O God!
When first with single eye,
He views the lustre of thy word,
The day-spring from on high.
- 2 Through storms that veil the sky
And frown on earthly things,
The sun of righteousness breaks forth,
With healing in his wings.
- 3 Struck by that light, his heart,
A barren soil no more,

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Sends shoots of righteousness abroad
Where follies sprung before.

4 The soul, so dreary once,
Once mis'ry's dark domain,
Feels happiness unknown before,
And owns a heav'nly reign.

Cowper, alt'd.

200. S. M.

Reliance on God, a Remedy for Care. 1 Peter v. 6, 7, 10.

1 How gracious is our God !
How kind his precepts are !
“ Come cast your burden on the Lord
And trust his constant care.”

2 Since he forever reigns,
We may securely dwell ;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guide his children well.

3 O why should anxious thoughts,
Oppress the sinking mind ?
Go fall before your Father's throne,
And sweet relief you'll find.

4 Devoutly fear his name,
And know no other fear,
In ev'ry scene of life and death
Your helper will be near.

Doddridge.

201. L. M.

A Happy Life.

1 How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Whose armour is his bonest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

- 2 Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepar'd for death,
Untied to this vain world by care
Of public fame, or private breath :
- 3 Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat :
Whose state can neither flatt'ers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great :
- 4 Who God doth late and early pray
More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
Whose heart, as open as the day,
Fears not to call his God his friend.
- 5 This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall :
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
He, having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir H. Wotton.

202. C. M.

A Prospect of the Resurrection.

- 1 How long shall death the tyrant reign
And triumph o'er the just?
How long the blood of martyrs slain
Lie mingled with the dust?
- 2 Lo ! we behold the scatt'ring shades,
The dawn of heav'n appears ;
The sweet immortal morning spreads
Its blushes round the spheres.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 We see the Lord of glory come,
And flaming guards around :
The skies divide to make him room,
The trumpet shakes the ground.
- 4 Hark ! hear the voice, "ye dead arise ;"
And lo ! the dead obey ;
And waking saints, with joyful eyes,
Salute th' expected day.
- 5 How will our joy and wonder rise,
When our returning King
Shall bear us homeward through the skies,
On love's triumphant wing!
- Watts.

203. C. M.

God the Salvation of his People. Jer. iii. 23.

- 1 How long shall dreams of earthly bliss
Our flatt'ring hopes employ ?
And mock our fond, deluded eyes,
With visionary joy ?
- 2 Why from the mountains and the hills
Is our salvation sought ?
While our eternal rock's disown'd,
And Israel's God forgot.
- 3 The living spring neglected flows
Full in our daily view,
Yet we with anxious, fruitless toil,
Our broken cistern hew.
- 4 These fatal errors, gracious God !
With gentle pity see ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

To thee our roving eyes direct,
And fix our hearts on thee.

Doddridge.

204. C. M.

Grace perfected into Glory. 1 Pet. v. 10, 11

- 1 How rich thy favours, God of grace !
How various, how divine !
Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as heav'n they shine.
- 2 God to eternal glory calls,
And points the wondrous way
To those bright realms of peace and joy,
Where reigns unclouded day.
- 3 The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend,
Which leads through suff'rings of an hour
To joys that never end.

Doddridge.

205. S. M.

Family Affection founded on Religious Principles.

Ps. cxxxiii.

- 1 How pleasing, Lord, to see,
How pure is the delight,
When mutual love, and love to thee,
A family unite.
- 2 From these celestial springs
Such streams of comfort flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honour can bestow.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3 All in their stations move,
And each performs his part,
In all the cares of life and love,
With sympathizing heart.

4 Form'd for the purest joys,
By one desire possess'd,
One aim the zeal of all employs
To make each other bless'd.

5 No bliss can equal theirs,
Where such affections meet:
While mingled praise and mingled pray'rs
Make their communion sweet.

6 'Tis the same pleasure fills
The breast in worlds above;
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

Watts.

206. 10 & 11s. M.

The unfailing Beneficence of God. Ps. cxxxvi. 1.

1 House of our God, with cheerful anthems ring,
While all our lips and hearts his goodness sing;
'The op'ning year his bounties shall proclaim,
And all its days be vocal with his name.

'The Lord is good his mercy never ending,
His blessings in perpetual show'rs descending.

2 Thou earth, enlighten'd by his rays divine,
Enrich'd with grass and corn, and oil and wine;
Crown'd with his goodness, let thy nations meet,
And lay their crowns at his paternal feet;
With grateful love, that lib'ral hand confessing,
Which through each heart diffuseth ev'ry blessing.

- 3 His mercy never fails; the dawn, the shade,
Still see new bounties through new scenes display'd;
Succeeding ages bless this sure abode,
And children lean upon their father's God,
The deathless soul through its immense duration,
Drinks from this source immortal consolation.
- 4 Burst into praise, my soul! all nature join;
Angels and men, in harmony combine!
While human years are measur'd by the sun,
Yea, while eternity its course shall run,
His goodness in perpetual show'rs descending,
Exalt in songs and raptures never ending!
- Doddridge.

207. C. M.

Christian Virtues.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean:
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well form'd,
Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 Not of himself he highly thinks,
Nor acts the boaster's part:
His modest tongue the language speaks
Of his still humbler heart.
- 3 Not in base scandal's arts he deals,
For truth dwells in his breast:
With grief he sees his neighbour's faults,
And thinks and hopes the best.
- 4 What blessings bounteous heav'n bestows,
He takes with thankful heart;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.

5 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confin'd;
The good he loves of ev'ry name,
And prays for all mankind.

6 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above;
Nothing beneath the sov'reign good
Can claim his highest love.

Needham.

208. L. M.

The Glory and Defence of the Church.

1 HAPPY the Church! thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace!
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God.

2 Thy walls are strength, and at thy gates
A guard of heav'nly angels waits;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Built on the counsels of his love.

3 Thy foes in vain designs engage,
Against thy walls in vain they rage:
Like rising waves, with anger roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

4 Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the pow'r of earth or hell;
Since God defends this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

- 5 God is our sun, God is our shield,
Light and protection he will yield;
And we, beneath the genial rays,
Will sing his love, and speak his praise.
Watts.

209. C. M.

Love to God.

- 1 HAPPY the mind where graces reign,
And love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
Affliction's bitter cup is sweet,
When mix'd with heav'nly love.
- 4 Soon as we drop this mortal clay,
And leave this dark abode,
On wings of love we'll soar away,
'To see our father, God.
- 5 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In realms of endless peace.

Watts, alt'd.

210. S. M.

The Sound of the Gospel Trumpet to a perishing World.

- 1 HEAR what a Saviour's voice,
To sinners, does proclaim;
"O all ye ransom'd souls rejoice,
In your Redeemer's name!"
- 2 Where sin and death have reign'd,
And all their pow'r employ'd;
There is his grace and truth maintain'd,
And heav'nly light enjoy'd.
- 3 The needy, starving poor
Are fill'd with living bread;
The op'ning of the prison door
Proclaims the captive freed.
- 4 The thirsty, panting soul,
That longs for springs of grace,
Beholds celestial waters roll,
And floods of righteousness.
- 5 Our God, our Saviour too,
We would thy love proclaim;
Partake of what is brought to view,
And sing thy glorious name.

Turner.

211. C. M.

Attendance on Divine Worship. Ps. cxxii.

- 1 How did our hearts rejoice to hear
Our friends devoutly say,
Within thy courts let us appear,
And keep the solemn day.

- 2 Our souls shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains :
There our best friends, our kindred dwell,
There God our Saviour reigns.
- 3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest ;
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

Watts.

212. C. M.

At the Dedication of Children.

- 1 How large the promise ! how divine,
To Abrah'm and his seed !
“ I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.”
- 2 The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure ;
The angel of the cov'nant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
To our great fathers giv'n ;
He takes young children to his arms,
And calls them heirs of heav'n.
- 4 Our God, how faithful are his ways !
His love endures the same ;
Nor from the promise of his grace,
Blots out the children's name.

Watts.

213. 6, 6, 8. M.

The Pleasures of Public Worship.

- 1 How does my heart rejoice
To hear the public voice,
“Come, let us seek our God to-day!”
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We’ll haste to Zion’s hill,
And there our vows and honours pay.
- 2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorn’d with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength enclose thee round;
In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel’s joyful sound.
- 3 There God hath fix’d his throne,
There makes his pleasure known,
Reveals his grace and justice there.
He bids the saints rejoice,
While sinners hear his voice,
And learn his holy name to fear.
- 4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of ev’ry guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.
- 5 My tongue repeat her vows,
“Peace to this sacred house,”
For here my friends and brethren dwell;

And since my glorious God
Makes this his bless'd abode,
My soul shall ever love thee well.

Watts.

214. C. M.

Instruction to the Young, from Scripture.

- 1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.
- 3 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light ;
That guides us all the day ;
And through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

Watts.

215. S. M.

The Blessedness of Gospel Times. Isa. v. 2—7.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice,
How sweet the tidings are !
“ Zion, behold thy Saviour King !
He reigns and triumphs here.”

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought but never found !

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heav'nly light ;
Prophets and kings desir'd it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad ;
Let ev'ry nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

Watts.

216. C. M.

Rich Treasure in earthen Vessels.

1 How rich thy bounty, King of kings,
Thy favours, how divine !
The blessings which thy gospel brings,
How splendidly they shine !

2 Gold is but dross, and gems but toys ;
Should gold and gems compare,
How mean ! when set against those joys
Thy poorest servants share !

3 Yet all these treasures of thy grace
Are lodg'd in urns of clay,

And the weak sons of mortal race
 'Ih' immortal gifts convey.

4 Feebly they lisp thy glories forth,
 Yet grace the vict'ry gives;
 Quickly they moulder back to earth,
 Yet still the gospel lives.

5 Such wonders, pow'r divine effects;
 Such trophies, God can raise;
 His hand from crumbling dust erects
 His monuments of praise.

Salisbury Coll.

217. C. M.

Message of Christ.

1 High let us swell our tuneful notes,
 And join th' angelic throng;
 For angels no such love have known,
 To wake a cheerful song.

2 Good-will to guilty men is shown,
 And peace on earth is giv'n;
 For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes,
 With messages from heav'n.

3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
 His rising beams adorn:
 Let heav'n and earth in concert join:
 'The promis'd child is born.

4 Glory to God in highest strains,
 In highest worlds be paid;
 His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
 And by our lives display'd.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 5 When shall we see those blissful realms,
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir,
Their own immortal strains?

Unknown.

218. L. M.

Psalm cxxxiii.

- 1 How pleasing is the scene, how sweet !
When kindred souls in friendship join ;
Whose joys and cares united meet
In bands of amity divine,
- 2 Less fragrant was the ointment pour'd
On Aaron's consecrated head,
When balmy sweets profusely shower'd,
Down to his sacred vesture spread.
- 3 Not flow'ry Hermon e'er display'd,
(Impearl'd with dew) a fairer sight ;
Nor Zion's beauteous hills, array'd
In golden beams of morning light.
- 4 'Tis here the Lord indulgent sheds
His kindest gifts, a heav'nly store ;
With life immortal crowns their heads,
When earth's frail comforts please no more.

Mrs. Steele.

219. L. M.

Christ our Intercessor.

- 1 HE lives, the great Redeemer lives ;
What joy the blest assurance gives !
And now before his father God,
Pleads the full merits of his blood.

- 2 Repeated crimes awake our fears,
And justice, arm'd with frowns appears ;
But in the Saviour's lovely face,
Sweet mercy smiles, and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then ye dark despairing thoughts !
Above our fears, above our faults,
His pow'rful intercessions rise ;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In ev'ry dark, distressful hour,
When sin and satan join their pow'r ;
Let this dear hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend !
On him our humble hopes depend !
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and 'must prevail.

Unknown

220. C. M.

Salvation not of Works.

- 1 How vast the benefits divine,
Which we in Christ possess ;
We're sav'd from guilt and ev'ry sin,
And call'd to holiness.
- 2 'Tis not for works which we have done,
Or shall hereafter do,
But he of his abounding love
Salvation does bestow.
- 3 The glory, Lord, from first to last,
Is due to thee alone :

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Aught to ourselves we dare not take,
Or rob thee of thy crown.

4 Our glorious surety undertook
Redemption's wondrous plan;
And grace was given us in him
Before the world began.

5 [Safe in the arms of sov'reign love
We ever shall remain ;
Nor shall the rage of earth or hell
Make thy dear counsels vain.]

Unknown.

221. C. M.

Christ's Resurrection.

1 HOSANNA to the Prince of light,
Who cloth'd himself in clay ;
Enter'd the iron gates of death.
And tore the bars away.

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose ;
He took the tyrant's sting away
And spoil'd our hellish foes.

3 See how the conqu'ror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies ;
With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 Raise your devotion, mortal tongues,
To reach his bless'd abode :
Sweet be the accents of our songs,
To our incarnate Lord.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 5 Bright angels, strike your loudest strings,
Your sweetest voices raise ;
Let heav'n, and all created things,
Sound our Immanuel's praise.

Watts.

222. L. P. M.

Eternal Praise for divine Goodness.

- 1 I'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.
- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On God alone: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train,
His truth forever stands secure ;
He saves th' oppress'd ; he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord hath sight to give the blind ;
The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
He sends the contrite spirit peace :
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants his children sweet release.
- 4 He loves his children ; knows them well ;
His love their joyful lips can tell ;
Their gracious God forever reigns :
Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
In this exalted work engage :
Praise him in everlasting strains !

Watts a't'd

223. 8, 8, 6 M.

Contentment and Resignation.

- 1 If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts the jewel lies ;
Nor need we roam abroad :
The world has little to bestow ;
From virtuous hearts our joys must flow,
Hearts that delight in God.
- 2 To be resign'd, when ills betide,
Patient, when favours are denied,
And pleas'd with favors giv'n ;
This is the wise, the virtuous part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance reaches heav'n.
- 3 Thus through life's changing scenes we'll go,
Its chequer'd paths of joy and wo,
With holy care we'll tread ;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.
- 4 For conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath ;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

Cotton, alt'd.

224. L. M.

The Mercy of God through Christ. Heb. ii.

- 1 IMMORTAL God ! on thee we call,
The great original of all ;
By thee we are, to thee we tend,
Our sure support, our glorious end.
- 2 We praise thy free, thy heav'nly grace,
Which pitied our revolted race,
And Jesus, our victorious Head,
The Captain of salvation made.
- 3 He, thine eternal love decreed,
Should many sons to glory lead ;
And rich supplies through him are giv'n
To fit us for the joys of heav'n.
- 4 Jesus for us, O gracious name !
Encounter'd agony and shame :
Jesus the glorious and the great,
By dreadful suff'rings made complete.
- 5 A scene of wonders here we see,
Worthy thy Son, and worthy thee ;
'This theme shall now inspire our tongues,
And raise in heav'n our noblest songs.

Doddridge.

225. S. M.

The Right and Duty of Private Judgment.

- 1 IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,
And dreads the curious eye ;
But sacred truths the test invite,
'They bid us search and try.

2 May we, O Lord! maintain
A meek inquiring mind ;
Assur'd we shall not search in vain,
But hidden treasures find.

3 With understanding bless'd,
Created to be free,
Our faith on man we dare not rest,
Subject to none but thee.

4 Give us the light we need,
Our minds with knowledge fill ;
From baneful error guard our creed,
From prejudice our will.

5 The truth thou shalt impart,
May we with firmness own ;
Abhorring each evasive art,
And fearing thee alone.

Scott.

226. C. M.

Resignation to the Divine Will.

1 IN all thy dealings, gracious God !
We own thy sov'reign pow'r ;
And humbly kiss thy chast'ning rod,
In sorrow's darkest hour.

2 For sore affliction's sharpest sting,
In mercy oft is giv'n,
Our thoughtless, erring steps, to bring
The safest road to heav'n,

3 Alike thy providence supplies
Each blessing which we share ;

Though clouds obscure our morning skies,
The ev'ning may be fair.

4 Since, then, our lot of good or ill
Is sent with wise design,
We'll bow submissive to thy will,
And own thy pow'r divine.

5 To thee, O God ! resign'd we pray,
Whate'er the path may be,
O guide our feet that peaceful way,
Which leads to heav'n and thee !

Exeter Coll.

227. C. M.

“ Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.”
Eccl. xii. 1.

1 In the soft season of thy youth,
In nature's smiling bloom,
Ere age arrive, and trembling wait,
Its summons to the tomb;

2 Remember thy Creator, God ;
For him thy pow'rs employ ;
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope,
Thy confidence, thy joy.

3 He shall defend and guide thy course
Through life's uncertain sea ;
Till thou art landed on the shore
Of bless'd eternity.

4 Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose
The path of heav'nly truth.
The earth affords no lovelier sight
Than a religious youth.

Gibbons.

228. C. M.

To be ashamed of Jesus, is absurd and dangerous.

- 1 Is there on earth a nobler name
Than Jesus to be found ?
Who can assert a higher claim,
Or more with truth abound ?
- 2 The Son of God, adorn'd with grace,
Commission'd from above,
He bears to our rebellious race
The messages of love.
- 3 Behold his gentle spirit feel
The suff'rings of mankind ;
And with a word the sorrows heal
Of body and of mind.
- 4 How noble were the truths he taught,
How pure the life he led !
And shall another Lord be sought,
And we disown our Head ?
- 5 Forbid it, Lord ! nor let us yield
To this unworthy shame ;
But each, with holy courage fill'd,
Rejoice in Jesus' name.

Exeter Coll.

229. C. M.

Praise to God, as the First and the Last.

- 1 I AM the first, and I the last ;
Time centres all in me :
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

- 2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love ;
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above !

Edinburgh Coll.

230. C. M.

Desire of all Nations. Hag. ii. 7. Job. xiv. 15.

- 1 INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely prince of grace ;
Thine uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet
To thee their pray'rs and vows ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Thy name, as precious ointment shed,
Delights the church around ;
Sweetly the sacred odours spread
Through all Immanuel's ground.
- 4 Millions of happy spirits live
On thine exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.
- 5 Thou art their triumph and their joy ;
They find their all in thee ;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
In vast eternity.

Rippon's Coll.

231. S. M.

“As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.”

- 1 In God's eternity,
There shall a day arise,
When all that's born of man shall be
With Jesus in the skies.
- 2 As night before the rays
Of morning flees away,
Sin shall retire before the blaze
Of God's eternal day.
- 3 As music fills the grove,
When stormy clouds are past,
Sweet anthems, of redeeming love,
Shall all employ at last.
- 4 Redeem'd from death and sin,
Shall Adam's num'rous race,
A ceaseless song of praise begin,
And shout redeeming grace.

H. Ballou.

232. C. M.

Asking the Way to Zion. Jer. i. 5.

- 1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Zion's hill ;
And thither set your steady face,
With a determin'd will.
- 2 Invite the strangers all around,
Your pious march to join ;
And spread the sentiments you feel
Of faith and love divine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 Come, let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favour there,
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And pour our fervent prayer.
- 4 Come, let us join our souls to God,
In everlasting bands ;
And seize the blessings he bestows
With eager hearts and hands.
- 5 Come, let us prove without delay,
The cov'nant of his grace ;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Its memory efface.
- 6 Thus may our rising offspring haste
To see their father's God ;
Nor e'er forsake the happy path
Their youthful feet have trod.

Doddridge.

233. L. M.

The Pleasures of Public Worship.

- 1 In social temples here we meet,
Our God to worship as we please :
We find the blest occasion sweet,
And happy in supreme degrees.
- 2 In this our highly favour'd land,
No civil pow'r can interfere :
Nor issue edicts of command
To mar our sacred pleasures here.
- 3 We sit beneath the gospel vine,
And in its cooling shade repose ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Refresh our spirits with its wine
And in the pleasure lose our woes.

4 In it we have unfading health ;
Our sins, our pains, our sorrows heal'd ;
It opens stores of boundless wealth,
In the eternal cov'nant seal'd.

5 Then let us tune the joyful string ;
And speak of mercy in our song ;
To God our thankful off'rings bring,
To whom our praises all belong.

Wallace.

234. S. M.

The Day of Rest.

1 In songs of highest praise,
We shout the day divine ;
Which, dawning now with heav'nly rays,
Shall soon with lustre shine.

2 Dark clouds shall pass away,
And light shall fast increase
Till us, the pow'r of perfect day,
From darkness shall release.

3 This is the day of rest,
Prefigur'd by the law ;
This day shall make all nations blest,
This day the prophets saw.

4 This day shall finish sin,
(Ye saints, you voices raise)
Shall gather all the outcasts in
To sing eternal praise.

H. Ballou.

235. H. M.

God All in All.

1 I sing the gospel day,
When Christ shall finish sin;
His wondrous love display,
And conquer'd rebels bring:
They prostrate fall, and humbly own,
That God alone—is all in all.

2 The Saviour, Christ, must reign
Till all his foes submit;
And being freed from pain,
Shall worship at his feet;
Shall prostrate fall, and humbly own,
That God alone—is all in all.

3 Then death itself shall die,
And life triumphant reign;
No more shall sinners sigh
In darkness, guilt and pain.
Prostrate they fall, and humbly own,
That God alone—is all in all.

4 Then Christ shall subject be
To him who reigns above;
And ev'ry creature see
Complete in heav'nly love:
Shall prostrate fall, and humbly own,
That God alone—is all in all.

Kneeland.

236. C. M.

A Hymn of Praise.

- 1 INDULGENT Father! how divine,
How rich thy bounties are!
Through nature's ample round they shine,
Thy goodness to declare,
- 2 But in the nobler work of grace,
What sweeter mercy smiles,
Reflected from the Saviour's face,
And ev'ry fear beguiles!
- 3 Such wonders, Lord! while we survey,
To thee our thanks shall rise,
When morning ushers in the day,
Or ev'ning veils the skies.
- 4 When glim'ring life resigns its flame,
Thy praise shall tune our breath;
The sweet remembrance of thy name
Shall gild the shades of death.
- 5 But O how bless'd our songs shall rise,
In sweet seraphic lay,
When all thy glories meet our eyes
Through an eternal day;

Sowden.

237. C. M.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 INDULGENT God! whose bounteous care
O'er all thy works is shown,
O let our grateful praise and pray'r
Ascend before thy throne!

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 What mercies hath this day bestow'd !
How largely hast thou bless'd !
Our cup with plenty overflow'd,
With cheerfulness our breast,
- 3 Now may sweet slumbers close our eyes,
From pain and sickness free ;
And let our waking thoughts arise
To meditate on thee.
- 4 So bless each future day and night
In their alternate round ;
And after death, in realms of light,
May we with Christ be found !

Gentleman's Magazine.

238. L. M.

God our Father.

- 1 Is there a lone and dreary hour
When worldly pleasures lose their pow'r ;
Our Father ! let us turn to thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.
- 2 Is there a time of racking grief,
Which scorns the prospect of relief ;
Great Father ! break the cheerless gloom,
And bid each heart its calm resume,
- 3 Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all our souls' employ—
Kind Father ! still our hopes will roam,
Until they rest with thee, their home.
- 4 The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn, or twilight's sweet serene,

The sick, nay, e'en the dying hour,
Shall own a Father's grace and pow'r.

Unknown.

239. L. M.

Anticipations of Eternity.

- 1 In that great day, when Jesus comes
To raise his children from their tombs,
He'll take them to the seats above,
To dwell with him, and feel his love,
- 2 Sweet recollection will begin,
How grace has sav'd them from their sin :
How mercy led them all the way,
To the blest realms of endless day.
- 3 Then will they to perfection know,
All they have waited for below ;
Error and darkness then shall fly,
And heav'n reveal a cloudless sky,
- 4 Then shall the saints with joy approve
The paths of providential love ;
And, with united wonder, trace
The methods of redeeming grace,
- 5 They will with pleasure then review
The weary steps they trod below ;
And in celestial accents tell,
The Saviour hath done all things well.
- 6 The flock will then the shepherd own,
And be his joy, and glorious crown,
While mutual love and friendship reign,
And smile through all the happy train.

Unknown.

240 C. M.

Christ, the Resurrection, and the Life. John xi. 24, 26.

- 1 "I AM (saith Christ) your glorious head,
(May we attention give)
The resurrection of the dead,
The life of all that live.
- 2 "By faith in me the soul receives
New life, though dead before,
And he that in my name believes,
Shall live to die no more,
- 3 "The sinner, sleeping in his grave,
Shall at my voice awake ;
And when I once begin to save,
My work I ne'er forsake."
- 4 Fulfil thy promise, gracious Lord,
On us assembled here ;
Put forth thy spirit with the word,
And cause the dead to hear.
- 5 Preserve the pow'r of faith alive,
In those who love thy name :
For sin and satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.
- 6 To thee we look, to thee we bow,
On thee for help we call ;
Our life and resurrection thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

Unknown.

241. L. M.

Christ the Bright and Morning Star.

- 1 IN glory bright the Saviour reigns,
And endless grandeur there sustains ;
We view his beams and from afar
Hail him the bright, the Morning-Star.
- 2 Blest Star ! where'er his lustre shines,
He all the soul with grace refines :
And makes each happy saint declare,
He is the bright, the Morning-Star.
- 3 Sweet Star ! his influence is divine ;
Life, peace, and joy attending shine ;
Death, hell, and sin, before him flee ;
The bright, the Morning-star is he.
- 4 Great Star ! in whom salvation dwells,
His beam the thickest clouds dispels ;
The grossest darkness flies afar,
Before this bright, this Morning-Star.
- 5 Most glorious Star, be thou our guide,
Nor from our souls thy splendour hide ;
Let nothing thy sweet beams debar,
Thou only bright and Morning-Star.
- 6 Eternal Star ! our songs shall rise,
When we shall meet thee in the skies ;
And, in eternal anthems, there
Praise thee, the bright, the Morning-Star.

Unknown.

242. C. M.

The unceasing Goodness of our Heavenly Father.

- 1 **JEHOVAH** God ! thy gracious pow'r,
On ev'ry hand we see ;
O may the blessings of each hour,
Lead all our thoughts to thee,
- 2 If on the wings of morn we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,
Thy love our path surround.
- 3 Thy pow'r is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies ;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.
- 4 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see ;
And all the blessings we receive,
Proceed alone from thee.
- 5 In all the varying scenes of time.
On thee our hopes depend ;
Through ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
Our Father and our friend !

Thompson.

243. C. M.

The Coming and Kingdom of Christ. Ps. xcvi.

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come !
The long predicted King ;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 Joy to the earth ; the Saviour reigns !
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
To earth's remotest bound.
- 4 Thus God displays his truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

Watts, alt'd.

244. L. M.

Praise to the God of the Seasons.

- 1 JEHOVAH bids the morning ray
Smile in the east, and bring the day ;
He guides the sun's declining wheels
Beyond the range of western hills.
- 2 Seasons and times obey his voice ;
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice
To see the earth made soft with show'rs,
Laden with fruit, and dress'd with flow'rs.
- 3 'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high,
He gives the thirsty land supply ;
His silent dews enrich the ground,
And shed the hopes of harvest round.
- 4 The desert grows a fruitful field ;
Abundant fruit the vallies yield ;

The vales resound with cheerful voice,
'Till distant hills repeat their joys.

- 5 His works pronounce his pow'r divine ;
On ev'ry field his glories shine ;
Through ev'ry month his gifts appear,
And joy and goodness crown the year.
Dublin Coll.

245. S. M.

The Love of our Saviour, prompting to Christian Love.

1 JESUS, the friend of man,
Invites us to his board ;
'The welcome summons we obey,
And own our gracious Lord.

2 Here we show forth his love.
Which spake in ev'ry breath,
Prompted each action of his life,
And triumph'd in his death.

3 One faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know ;
Brethren we are ; let ev'ry heart
With kind affections glow.

4 Here let our pow'rs unite,
His honour'd name to raise ;
Let grateful joy fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

5 Warm'd with our Master's love,
And thy unmeasur'd grace,
Lord ! let our thankful hearts expand,
And all mankind embrace.

Watts, partly.

246. 10s. M.

"We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."
1 John iii. 2.

- 1 JESUS, all hail ! thou risen Saviour, hail !
At thy command, the tall archangel sounds,
The sun retires, the moon and stars turn pale,
And seas, and earth, and skies no more are found.
- 2 Rous'd at thy word, the slumb'ring nations rise,
The dead who live not till the trump be blown,
Lift up to thee their supplicating eyes,
And they who pierc'd thee, weep at mercy's
throne :
- 3 On all their sins the cleansing fountain rolls,
Their robes are wash'd in thine all-saving blood ;
The fount of life supplies their thirsty souls,
And ev'ry nation drinks the living flood.
- 4 Bath'd in the crimson stream of life divine,
With tears of joy, in ecstasy they cry ;
" The east, the west, the south, the north are
thine,
From everlasting thine, we shall not die."
- 5 " All souls are mine ; all live to God in me,
The first the last, the last the first proclaim ;
Jew, Gentile, Greek, Barbarian, bond or free,
Are one new man, and bear Immanuel's name."

Unknown.

247. L. M.

The Union of Christ and his Church.

- 1 JESUS, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Accept the well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

- 2 Let ev'ry act of homage be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee ;
Like the blest hour, when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- 3 The gladness of that happy day,
Our hearts would wish it long to stay ;
Let not our faith forsake its hold,
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.
- 4 May ev'ry minute, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys ;
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name,
At the great supper of the Lamb.

Watts.

248. C. M.

Christ the Head of his Church.

- 1 JESUS, we sing thy matchless grace,
That calls such worms thy own :
Gives us among thy saints a place,
And brings us near thy throne.
- 2 When join'd to thee, our vital head,
Our virtues grow and thrive ;
From thee divided, each is dead,
Though it may seem to live.
- 3 Thy saints on earth, and those above,
All join in sweet accord ;
The body one, in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

- 4 O may our humble faith receive
 Thy spirit with delight!
 Then time and death in vain shall strive
 The bond to disunite.

Doddridge.

249. L. M.

King of Nations. Ps. xlvii. 6, 7. lxxii. 10—14.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
 Does his successive journies run ;
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 His truth shall endless glory shed,
 And praises throng to crown his head ;
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With ev'ry morning sacrifice.
- 3 People and realms of ev'ry tongue,
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song :
 And infant voices shall proclaim
 Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
 The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains ;
 The weary find eternal rest,
 And all the sons of want are blest.
- 5 Where he displays his healing pow'r,
 Death and the curse are known no more ;
 In him the tribes of Adam boast
 More blessings than their father lost.
- 6 Let ev'ry creature rise and bring
 Petuliar honors to their King ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

Watts.

250. C. M.

Christ precious to them that believe. Gal. iv. 26. Rom. x. 11.
1 Pet. ii. 7.

1 JESUS! we love thy charming name,
'Tis music to the ear;
Fain would we sound it out so loud,
That earth and heav'n might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to our souls,
Our transport and our trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All our capacious pow'rs can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to our eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy grace shall dwell upon our hearts,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm for all our wounds,
The cordial for our fear.

5 We'll speak the honours of thy name
With our last lab'ring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in our arms,
The antidote of death.

Doddridge.

251. C. M.

The Reign of Christ. Ps. lxxii.

- 1 JESUS his empire shall extend ;
 Beneath his gentle sway,
Kings of the earth shall humbly bend,
 And his commands obey.
- 2 From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
 All nations shall be blest ;
We hear the noise of war no more,
 He gives his people rest.
- 3 As rain descends in gentle show'rs
 In the returning spring,
And calls to life each fragrant flow'r,
 Which makes the turtle sing :
- 4 So Jesus, by his heav'nly grace,
 Descends on man below ;
His blessings on the human race,
 In gentle currents flow.
- 5 Long as the sun shall rule the day,
 Or moon shall cheer the night,
The Saviour shall his sceptre sway
 With uncontrolled might.
- 6 All that the reign of sin destroy'd
 The Saviour shall restore ;
And, from the treasures of the Lord,
 Shall give us blessings more.

H. Ballou.

252. L. M.

Jesus, the Sun of Heaven.

- 1 JESUS, thou Sun of love divine,
Thy rays through boundless nature shine ;
In thee with bright effulgence meet,
Wisdom and love, and light and heat.
- 2 Through heav'n thy glory is display'd
In one bright day without a shade :
Angels from thee supremely prove
The nameless, endless joys of love.
- 3 With thee they dwell in fervid light,
Nor feel nor fear the shades of night ;
Thy heav'nly beams will never fail,
But one eternal day prevail.
- 4 Be darkness known on earth no more,
But truth display'd from shore to shore ;
Till men of ev'ry land shall see
Thy glory, Lord, and worship thee.
- 5 'Tis done—the Sun of love appears,
The shades withdraw, the morning clears :
Now love and truth prevail again,
And one eternal day shall reign.

Proud.

253. C. M.

“ A King shall reign in Righteousness.” Isa. xxxii. 1—2.

- 1 JESUS, our King, his sceptre sways,
In righteousness divine ;
Princes, in judgment, 'tend his ways,
And glories in him shine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 This man shall be our hiding-place,
A covert from the storm ;
And by the riches of his grace
Secure from ev'ry harm.
- 3 As in a dry and barren place,
Rivers of waters flow ;
Jesus, the riches of his grace,
Makes fainting mortals know.
- 4 As shadows of a tow'ring rock
In yonder weary land,
Is Jesus to his fainting flock ;
He guards them with his hand.
- 5 Clearness of light he will bestow,
Our dimness take away ;
And make us all his goodness know
In an eternal day.
- 6 There we shall hear the joyful sound,
Salvation in the Lord ;
And on the fair celestial ground,
Our thankful songs record.

H. Ballou.

254. C. M.

Praise.

- 1 JOIN ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
And sing Jehovah's praise ;
Come, shout the wonders of his love,
The vict'ries of his grace !
- 2 Far as the circuit of the sun
He makes his mercy known ;

To ev'ry soul thro' ev'ry land
He sends his blessings down.

- 3 So let his sweetest praises sound,
By all, thro' ev'ry clime ;
While moon and stars reflect their light,
Or suns propitious shine.

S. Streeter.

255. H. M.

Close of Service.

- 1 KIND Lord, before thy face,
Again, with joy, we bow,
For all the gifts and grace,
Thou dost on us bestow ;
Our tongues would all thy love proclaim,
And chant the honours of thy name.

- 2 Here, in thine earthly house,
Our joyful souls have met ;
Here paid our solemn vows,
And felt our union sweet :
For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honours of thy name.

- 3 Thy truth like ointment shed,
Hath breath'd a choice perfume ;
'Thy light, divinely spread,
Hath broke the darksome gloom :
For this our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honours of thy name.

- 4 Now may we dwell in peace,
Till here again we come ;

And may our love increase,
Till thou shalt guide us home :
Then shall our tongues thy love proclaim,
And chant the honours of thy name.

Turner.

256. C. M.

God's Dominion and Decrees.

- 1 KEEP silence all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod !
The muse stands trembling while she sings
The honours of her God !
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown
Hang on his firm decree ;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave to be.
- 3 Unnumber'd ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought,
Whate'er through endless years should rise
Stood present to his thought.
- 4 His mighty voice bids ancient night
Her sable realms resign ;
And lo ! ten thousand globes of light
In fields of azure shine.
- 5 His wisdom, with resistless sway,
Guides the vast moving frame
While all the ranks of beings pay
Deep rev'rence to his name.

Watts.

257. S. M.

The Influence of Love.

- 1 Love is the strongest tie
That can our hearts unite ;
Love makes our service liberty,
Our ev'ry burden light.
- 2 We run in God's commands
When love directs the way ;
With willing hearts, and active hands,
Our Maker's will obey.
- 3 Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest ;
The gloomy desert wears a smile
When love inspires the breast.
- 4 Let love forever grow,
And banish wrath and strife :
So shall we witness here below
The joys of social life.
- 5 When we ascend the skies,
And see the Saviour's face,
Love will to full perfection rise,
And reign thro' all the place.

Unknown.

258. C. M.

God kind and merciful. Psal. cxlv. 14—19.

- 1 LET ev'ry tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all !
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or want assails the breast ;
Thy love can smooth th' invader's frown,
And gives the mourner rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth :
Holy and just are all his ways,
And all his words are truth.
- 4 He knows the pain his servants feel,
He hears his children cry ;
And their best wishes to fulfil,
His grace is ever nigh.
- 5 His mercy never will remove
From men of heart sincere,
From those, whose humble, fervent love,
Is join'd with holy fear.

Watts, alt'd.

259. 7s. M.

Praise to God the sovereign King.

- 1 LIFT your voice, and joyful sing
Praises to your heav'nly King ;
For his mercies far extend,
And his bounty knows no end.
- 2 Honour pay to heav'n's high Lord,
And his wondrous deeds record ;
'Through the various realms of earth,
Praise him all of human birth.
- 3 Him, whose wisdom thron'd on high,
Built the mansions of the sky ;

And the orbs that gild the pole
Bade through boundless ether roll.

- 4 Him, who o'er this earthly ball,
Looks with equal eye on all,
And to ev'ry thing which lives,
Rich supplies of blessings gives.
- 5 To the great eternal King
Raise your voice, and joyful sing;
For his mercies wide extend,
And his bounty knows no end.

Merrick.

260. L. M:

The House of God.

- 1 Lo! God is here: let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face:
Let all within us feel his pow'r,
Let all within us seek his grace.
- 2 Lo! God is here: him day and night
United choirs of angels sing:
To him, enthron'd above all height,
Heav'n's hosts their noblest praises bring.
- 3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill:
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sov'reign will.

Salisbury Coll.

261. C. M.

Unprofitableness under Gospel Privileges.

- 1 LONG have we sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord !
Yet still how weak our faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word !
- 2 Oft we frequent thy holy place,
And hear almost in vain ;
What faint impressions of thy grace
Our languid pow'rs retain.
- 3 How cold and feeble is our love !
How negligent our fear !
How low our hope of joys above !
How few affections there !
- 4 Great God ! thy gracious aid impart
To give thy word success ;
Write all its precepts on the heart,
And deep its truths impress.
- 5 O speed our progress in the way
That leads to joys on high ;
Where knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die !

Watts.

262. 8, 7s. M.

The divine Blessing implored.

- 1 LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Hope and comfort from above ;
Let us, each thy peace possessing,
Triumph in redeeming love.

- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound.

Toplady's Coll. alt'd.

263. L. M.

“ There remaineth a rest for the people of God.”

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath ! hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house ;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs, which in thy temple rise.
- 2 Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope, and strong desire.
- 3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor death, shall reach the place ;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which dwell upon immortal tongues.
- 4 No gloomy cares shall there annoy,
No conscious guilt disturb our joy ;
But ev'ry doubt and fear shall cease,
And perfect love give perfect peace.
- 5 When shall that glorious day begin,
Beyond the reach of death or sin ;
Whose sun shall never more decline,
But with unfading lustre shine !

Doddridge.

264. H. M.

Delight in Public Worship. Ps. lxxxiv.

- 1 LORD of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love,
Thine earthly temples, are !
To thine abode each heart aspires,
With warm desires to see our God.
- 2 O, happy souls that pray,
Where God appoints to hear !
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there !
They praise thee still ; and happy they,
Who love the way to Zion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heav'n appears :
O glorious seat, when God our king
Shall thither bring our willing feet !

Watts.

265. C. M.

Universal Goodness of God.

- 1 LORD ! thou art good ; all nature shows,
Its mighty Author kind ;
Thy bounty through creation flows,
Full, free, and unconfin'd.
- 2 Whate'er our eyes behold, proclaims
Thine infinite good-will ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

It shines in stars, it flows in streams,
And bursts from ev'ry hill.

3 It fills the wide extended main,
And heav'ns which spread more wide ;
It drops in gentle show'rs of rain,
And rolls in ev'ry tide.

4 Long hath it been diffus'd abroad,
Through years and ages past ;
And its rich stores, all bounteous God !
Forever still shall last.

5 Through the vast whole it pours supplies ;
Spreads joy through all its parts :
O may such love attract our eyes,
And captivate our hearts !

6 High admiration, let it raise,
And strong affections move ;
Employ our tongues in songs of praise,
And fill our hearts with love !

Browne, alt'd.

266. C. M.

Instruction to the Young, from a Review of past Dis-
pensations of Providence.

1 LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God perform'd of old ;
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
His works of pow'r and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through ev'ry rising race.

- 3 Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs ;
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.
- 4 Thus shall they learn, in God alone,
Their hope securely stands ;
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practice his commands.

Watts.

267. L. M.

The Properties of Christian Charity.

- 1 LET men of high conceit and zeal,
Their fervour and their faith proclaim ;
If charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a sounding name.
- 2 Knowledge is apt to bloat the mind,
And zeal to set the world on fire ;
But charity is calm and kind,
And gentle thoughts will still inspire.
- 3 Patient and meek, she suffers long,
And slowly her resentments rise ;
Soon she forgets the greatest wrong,
And rage retires, and malice dies.
- 4 She envies none their better state,
But makes her neighbour's bliss her own ;
Nor vaunts herself with mind elate,
But still a modest air puts on.
- 5 This is the grace that reigns on high,
And will forever brightly burn,

When hope shall in fruition die,
And faith to sight triumphant turn.

Browne.

268. S. M.

Christian Unity.

1 LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile, and Jew, and bond, and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found,
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Envy and strife be gone,
And only kindness known,
While all one common Father have,
One common Master own.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above ;
Where springs of purest pleasure rise,
And ev'ry heart is love.

Beddome.

269. C. M.

Fore-knowledge and Providence of God.

1 LET the whole race of creatures lie
Abas'd before the Lord !
Whate'er his pow'rful hand has form'd,
He governs with a word.

2 Ten thousand ages ere the skies
Were into motion brought ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

All the long years and worlds to come,
Stood present to his thought.

3 There's not a sparrow, or a worm,
O'erlook'd in his decrees :
He raises monarchs to a throne,
Or sinks with equal ease.

4 If light attend the course we go.
'Tis he provides the rays ;
And 'tis his hand that guides the sun,
If darkness cloud our days.

5 Trusting thy wisdom, God of love !
We would not wish to know
What, in the book of thy decrees
Awaits us here below.

6 Be this alone our fervent pray'r ;
Whate'er our lot shall be,
Or joys, or sorrows—may they form
Our souls for heav'n and thee !

Watts.

270. C. M.

Devout Contemplation of Creation.

1 Look round, O man ! survey this globe ;
Think of creating pow'r ;
See nature give a diff'rent robe
To ev'ry herb and flow'r.

2 See various beings fill the air,
And people earth and sea ;
What grateful changes form the year ;
How constant night and day !

3 Now raise thine eye ; th' expanse above,
 A pow'r unbounded shows ;
 See round the sun the planets move,
 And various worlds compose.

4 Then turn into thyself, O man !
 With wonder view thy soul ;
 Confess his pow'r who laid each plan,
 And still directs the whole.

5 And let obedience to his laws
 Thy gratitude proclaim,
 To him, the first almighty cause ;
 Jehovah is his name,

Liverpool, Old Coll.

271. C. M.

The Goodness of God to those who love and trust in him.

1 LORD, how resplendent shines thy grace
 Through sorrow's darkest sky,
 To those who humbly seek thy face,
 And on thy love rely.

2 If wealth take wings and fly away,
 They still have stores divine ;
 A treasure that shall ne'er decay,
 A pure exhaustless mine.

3 When death has slain their earthly joys,
 Not hopeless they deplore ;
 They look to those eternal skies,
 Where friends shall part no more.

4 And when, with conscious guilt oppress'd,
 They own their sins to thee ;

Thou dost revive the fainting breast
With pardon full and free.

- 5 O Lord, to thee our hearts we'll bring,
Fix'd in thy love and fear;
Then shall our sorrows lose their sting,
And dry be ev'ry tear.

Liverpool, Paradise st. Coll.

272. L. M.

God Omnipotent. Ps. cxxxix.

- 1 LORD ! thou hast search'd and seen us thro',
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
Our rising and our resting hours,
Our hearts and flesh with all their pow'rs.
- 2 Our thoughts, before they are our own,
Are to our God distinctly known ;
He knows the words we mean to speak,
Ere from our op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within his circling pow'r we stand ;
On ev'ry side we find his hand ;
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
We are surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge ! vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
Our souls, with all the pow'rs they boast,
Are in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 O may these thoughts possess each breast,
Where'er we rove where'er we rest !

Nor let our weaker passions dare
Consent to sin ; for God is there.

Watts.

273. L. M.

Faith in God, in the Darkness of Providence.

- 1 LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of providence ;
Too deep to sound with mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense !
- 2 Now clouds obscure thine awful face,
And gath'ring darkness hides thy smile ;
Yet through the clouds we see thy grace,
And trust in thy compassion still.
- 3 Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight ;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
And faith can cheer the darkest night.
- 4 Father ! if thou, with lifted rod,
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still may we lean on thee, our God,
And may thine arm support us through.

Watts, alt'd.

274. C. M.

God's gracious Regard to his frail Creatures.

- 1 LORD ! we adore thy wondrous name,
And make that name our trust,
Which rais'd at first this curious frame
From mean and lifeless dust.

- 2 Awhile these frail machines endure,
The fabric of a day ;
Then know their vital pow'rs no more,
But moulder back to clay.
- 3 Yet, Lord ! whate'er is felt or fear'd
This thought is our repose,
That he, by whom this frame was rear'd,
Its various weakness knows.
- 4 Thou dost behold with pitying eye,
While struggling with our load ;
In pains and dangers thou art nigh,
Our father and our God !
- 5 Gently supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace ;
Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
And ev'ry frailty cease.

Doddridge.

275. C. M.

Instruction and Consolation from the Scriptures.

- 1 LORD ! we would make thy word our joy,
Our lasting heritage ;
May this our noblest pow'rs employ,
Our warmest thoughts engage.
- 2 'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,
That guides us all the day ;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 3 Thy precepts oft would we survey ;
And keep thy laws in sight,

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Through all the bus'ness of the day,
To guide our actions right.

4 Thy truth's a land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise,
There seeds of endless bliss are sown,
There boundless glory lies.

5 The best relief that mourners have,
It makes our sorrows bless'd ;
It shows a home beyond the grave ;
And an eternal rest.

Watts, alt'd.

276. C. M.

The Man approved of God. Ps. xv.

1 LORD, who's the happy man that may,
To thy bless'd courts repair :
And while he bows before thy throne,
Shall find acceptance there ?

2 'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves ;
Whose tongue disdains to speak the word
His honest heart disproves.

3 Who never will a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound ;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whisper'd round.

4 Who vice, though dress'd in pomp and pow'r,
Can treat with just neglect ;
And piety, when cloth'd in rags,
Religiously respect.

- 5 Who, though he promise to his loss,
Has ever faithful prov'd :
The man who thus thy law fulfils,
That man shall ne'er be mov'd !

Tate, alt'd.

277. C. M.

Hymn for those who have returned from abroad.

Ps. cvi.

- 1 LET songs of praise from all below,
To thee, O God, ascend.
Whose bounties unexhausted flow,
Whose mercies know no end.
- 2 But chief by them that debt be paid,
'Midst dangers circling round,
Who still in thy almighty aid
Have sure protection found.
- 3 The wand'ring exile, doom'd to stray
O'er dreary deserts wide ;
Who fearless takes his timely way,
With God, his guard and guide :—
- 4 The sailor, on the swelling sea,
When storms impending low'r,
Or tempests rage ; who trusts in thee,
And owns thy mighty pow'r.
- 5 The wretch, who, press'd by countless woes,
That no cessation see,
Still bids his steadfast hope repose,
Almighty Lord ! on thee.
- 6 All, all shall join to bless thy name,
Whose heav'nly aid they prove ;

As all have felt, let all proclaim
'Thy boundless pow'r and love.

New Select.

278. P. M.

Hymn for Easter.

1 LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die.
Vain were the terrors that gather'd around him,
And short the dominion of death and the grave:
He burst from the fetters of darkness that bound
him,
Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
'The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not die.

2 Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
'The being he gave us, death cannot destroy.
Sad were the life we must part with to-morrow,
If tears were our birth-right and death were our
end;
But Jesus hath cheer'd the dark valley of sorrow,
And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift then your voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die.

Christian Disciple.

279. C. M.

Human Frailty.

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour;
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender, transient flow'r,
'That e'en in blooming, dies.

- 2 The once-lov'd form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And wither'd all her joys.
- 3 But wait the interposing gloom,
And lo, stern winter flies ;
And dress'd in beauty's fairest bloom,
The flow'ry tribes arise.
- 4 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 5 Then cease, fond nature ! cease thy tears ;
Religion points on high ;
There everlasting spring appears,
And joys that cannot die.

Mrs. Steele.

280. S. M.

The Promise is to you and your Children.

- 1 LORD, what our ears have heard,
Our eyes, delighted, trace ;
'Thy love in long succession shown
To ev'ry rising race.
- 2 Our children, thou dost claim,
And mark them out for thine ;
Ten thousand blessings to thy name
For goodness so divine.
- 3 Thee, let the fathers own,
And thee, the sons adore ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Join'd to the Lord in solemn vows,
To be forgot no more.

4 Thy cov'nant may they keep,
And bless the happy bands,
Which closer still engage their hearts
To honour thy commands.

5 How great thy mercies, Lord !
How plenteous is thy grace !
Which in the promise of thy love,
Includes our rising race.

6 Our offspring, still thy care,
Shall own their father's God,
To latest times thy blessings share,
And sound thy praise abroad.

Salisbury Coll.

281. C. M.

The Blessings of Nature and Grace.

1 Let heathens to their idols haste,
And worship wood or stone ;
But our delightful lot is cast
Where the true God is known.

2 In this enlighten'd, pleasant land,
Our happy portion lies ;
Where nature's ever bounteous hand
All human want supplies.

3 Therefore, our souls shall bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give us light,
And consolation still afford,
In sorrow's dismal night.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 4 We strive each action to approve
To thine all-seeing eye ;
No danger shall our hopes remove,
For thou art ever nigh.
- 5 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead ;
Where pleasures dwell without alloy,
And joys that never fade.
- Watts and Tate, varied.

282. C. M.

Gospel Invitation.

- 1 LET ev'ry mortal ear attend,
And ev'ry heart rejoice ;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Rivers of love and mercy here,
In a rich ocean join ;
Salvation in abundance flows,
Like floods of milk and wine.
- 3 The happy gates of gospel grace
Stand open night and day ;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

Watts.

283. H. M.

Christ crucified.

- 1 LET earth and heav'n agree,
Angels and men be join'd,

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

To celebrate with me,
The Saviour of mankind :
To praise the all-atoning Lamb,
And bless the sound of Jesus' name.

2 Jesus ! transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heav'n ;
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have,
But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus ! harmonious name !
It charms the hosts above ;
They evermore proclaim,
And wonder at his love ;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heav'n to see our Jesus' face.

4 O, unexampled love !
O, all-redeeming grace !
How swiftly didst thou move
To save a fallen race ;
What shall we do to make it known,
What thou for all mankind hast done ?

5 O, for a trumpet's voice,
On all the world to call
To bid their hearts rejoice ;
In him who died for all !
For all, our Lord was crucified,
For all, for all, our Saviour died !

Unknown.

284. L. M.

Devout Profession of Sincerity.

- 1 LET sorrow, Lord, our bosoms fill,
When impious men transgress thy will ;
Teach us to mourn when lips profane
Take thy all-glorious name in vain.
- 2 With long forbearance may we treat
The works of malice and deceit ;
And ever from their friendship flee,
Who dare to scorn thy laws and thee.
- 3 Lord ! search our souls, try ev'ry thought,
If our own hearts deceive us not
Of walking in a vain disguise,
We seek the trial of thine eyes.
- 4 Doth secret mischief lurk within ?
Do we indulge some unknown sin ?
O, turn our feet whene'er we stray,
And lead us in thy perfect way.

Watts.

285. S. M.

Devotion.

- 1 LET pure devotion rise,
And kindle to a flame,
Ascend like incense to the skies,
In our Redeemer's name,
- 2 How perfect and how free
Our heav'nly father's love,
He gave his only Son that we
Might dwell with him above.

PSALMS AND HYMNS

3 His word, like drops of dew,
Descends on ev'ry heart,
Subdues and fashions us anew,
And bids our sins depart.

4 His grace our faith sustains,
And dissipates our fear;
Binds all our wounds, abates our pains,
And gives us comforts here.

5 He bids our willing eyes
Look through the gloomy shade,
To joys immortal in the skies,
That never cloy, nor fade.

Wallace.

286. C. M.

Kingdom of Christ.

1 Lo ! what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes !
'The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies.

2 From the third heav'n where God resides,
'That holy, happy place,
The New-Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace,

3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,
Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King.

4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Men, the dear objects of his grace,
And he, the loving God.

- 5 His own soft hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye,
And pains and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long !
Shall this bright hour delay ?
Fly swifter round ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day,

Watts.

287. L. M.

First and Second Adam. Rom. v. 14.

- 1 LORD, what was man when made at first,
Adam, the offspring of the dust,
That thou shouldst set him and his race,
But just below an angel's place !
- 2 That thou shouldst raise his nature so,
And make him Lord of all below :
Make ev'ry beast and bird submit,
And lay the fishes at his feet.
- 3 But O ! what brighter glories wait
To crown the second Adam's state !
What honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born !
- 4 See him below his angels made :
See him in dust among the dead,
To save a ruin'd world from sin ;
But he shall reign with pow'r divine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
The mis'ries that attend the fall,
New made and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's feet.

Watts.

288. L. M.

Gratitude.

- 1 LORD ! when our thoughts delighted rove ,
Amidst the wonders of thy love,
Sweet hope revives each drooping heart,
And bids our doubts and fears depart,
- 2 Be all our hearts and all our ways
Devoted to thy fervent praise ;
And let our glad obedience prove
How much we owe, how much we love.

Mrs. Steele.

289. L. M.

The great Jubilee of Eternity. From sundry Scriptures.

- 1 LOUD let the tuneful trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round :
Let ev'ry soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.
- 2 Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten-thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet you fall,
Your gracious God forgives them all.
- 3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4 The rich inheritance of heav'n,
Your joy, your boast, is freely giv'n;
Fair Salem your arrival waits,
With golden streets and pearly gates.

5 Her blest inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great,
The joy still rises with the debt.

6 O happy souls, that know the sound!
Celestial light their steps surround,
And show the Jubilee begun,
Which through eternal years shall run.

Doddridge.

290. C. M.

Message of the Angels.

1 MORTALS, awake, with angels join,
And chant the solemn lay;
Joy, love and gratitude combine
To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heav'n the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran
And strung and tun'd the lyre.

3 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And glory leads the song;
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

4 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
Glory to God on high;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Good will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die.

- 5 O for a glance of heav'nly love,
Our hearts and songs to raise ;
Sweetly to bear our souls above,
And mingle with their lays.

Unknown.

291. S. M.

The Power and Grace of God.

- 1 My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great ;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heav'ns are rais'd
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace,
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His pow'r subdues our sins ;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 5 Our days are like the grass,
Or like the morning flow'r ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

6 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure !
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Watts.

292. S. M.

Glad Tidings of the Gospel.

1 My fellow sinners, hear
The words of truth and grace,
The joyful sound the gospel brings
To all the human race.

2 This gospel, rich and free,
To all mankind good news,
It will extend to all our race ;
Gentiles as well as Jews.

3 Th' apostles of our Lord
Proclaim'd in language bold,
The Saviour of the world is come,
By prophets long foretold.

4 High let our praises rise,
Up to the courts above,
And join the anthems in the skies
Of universal love.

Unknown.

293. 6, 6, 4, M.

Praise.

1 MAY all our pow'rs of mind,
To God our Father kind,
An anthem raise ;
Whose cloud of glory bright,

With beams of heavenly light,
Dispels the gloom of night;
O sing his praise.

2 The God of truth and grace
Unveils his radiant face,
And breaks the pow'r
Of superstition's chain;
His grace shall ever reign,
And righteousness maintain,
While we adore.

3 As the blest morning ray
Drives darkness far away,
Behold his love
Our night of sin illumines,
Our hatred all consumes,
Each heart with grace perfumes,
In courts above.

4 All creatures shall combine,
To sing this grace divine,
And sound his fame,
Who saves the world from sin,
And righteousness brings in;
O let us now begin,
To praise his name!

H. Ballard.

294. C. M.

Progressive Virtue.

1 MERE human pow'rs shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 They with unweary'd feet shall tread
The path of life divine ;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.
- 3 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar ;
The wings of faith and love ;
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heav'n above.

Watts.

295. H. M.

The Resurrection.

- 1 My life's a shade, my days
Apace to death decline ;
My Lord is life, he'll raise
My dust again, e'en mine ;
Sweet truth to me, I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.
- 2 My peaceful grave shall keep
My bones, till that sweet day
I wake from my long sleep,
And leave my bed of clay,
Sweet truth, &c.
- 3 My Lord, his angels shall
Their golden trumpets sound ;
At whose most welcome call
My grave shall be unbound.
Sweet truth, &c.
- 4 I said sometimes with tears,
" Ah me, I'm loath to die !"

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Lord, silence thou those fears,
My life's with thee on high.
Sweet truth, &c.

5 What means my trembling heart,
To be thus shy of death?
My life and I sha'nt part,
Though I resign my breath.
Sweet truth, &c.

Unknown.

296. C. M.

Delight in Ordinances.

- 1 My soul, how lovely is the place
To which thy God resorts!
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,
Though in his earthly courts.
- 2 There the great Monarch of the skies
His saving pow'r displays;
And light breaks in upon our eyes
With kind and quick'ning rays.
- 3 With his rich gifts, the heav'nly Dove
Descends and fills the place,
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
And sheds abroad his grace.
- 4 There mighty God, thy words declare
The secrets of thy will;
And still we seek thy mercies there,
And sing thy praises still.

Watts.

297. L. M.

The Greatness of God.

- 1 MY God! my King! O may thy praise
Fill all the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
And after death exalt my song!
- 2 May ev'ry op'ning morning bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And ev'ry setting sun still see
New works of duty done for thee!
- 3 Thy works with boundless glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let land to land aloud proclaim
The matchless honour of thy name.
- 4 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds!
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways;
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

Watts.

298. C. M.

A Living and a Dead Faith.

- 1 MISTAKEN souls, that dream of heav'n,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,
And yet are slaves to lust!
- 2 Vain are our fancies' airy flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
Naught but a living pow'r unites
To Christ the living Head.

- 3 'Tis faith that purifies the heart ;
 'Tis faith that works by love ;
 That bids all sinful joys depart,
 And lifts the thoughts above.
- 4 'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell,
 By a celestial pow'r,
 This is the grace that shall prevail
 In that decisivè hour.
- 5 Faith must obey our Father's will
 As well as trust his grace,
 And strive to keep his favour still,
 By growing holiness.

Watts, alt'd.

299. H. M.

The Efficacy of the Gospel. Isa. lv. 10, 11.

- 1 MARK the soft-falling snow,
 And the diffusive rain !
 To heav'n, from whence it fell,
 It turns not back again !
 But waters earth through ev'ry pore,
 And calls forth all her secret store.
- 2 Array'd in beauteous green
 The hills and vallies shine,
 And man and beast are fed
 By providence divine :
 The harvest bows its golden ears,
 The copious seed of future years.
- 3 So, saith the God of grace,
 My gospel shall descend,

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls shall feel its pow'r,
And bear it down to millions more.

Doddridge.

300. S. M.

Obedience to God our Father.

- 1 My Father ! I adore
That all-commanding name ;
O may it virtue's strength restore,
And raise devotion's flame !
- 2 I bow at thy commands,
And filial homage pay ;
With heart and life, with tongue and hands,
I'll cheerfully obey.
- 3 No more will I transgress,
As I too oft have done ;
But ev'ry sinful thought suppress,
Each sinful action shun.
- 4 My Father, thus I'll claim,
And prove myself his son ;
And while I bear the filial name,
The filial duties own.
- 5 Do thou the strength impart,
This purpose to fulfil :
Lord, write thy laws upon my heart,
That I may do thy will.

Belknap's Coll. alt'd.

301. C. M.

The Everlasting Covenant. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.

- 1 My God, the cov'nant of thy love
Abides forever sure ;
And in its matchless grace we feel
Our happiness secure.
- 2 What though our house be not with thee,
As nature could desire ;
To higher joys than nature gives,
Our nobler views aspire.
- 3 Since thou, the everlasting God,
Our Father art become ;
Jesus our Guardian and our Friend,
And heav'n our final home ;
- 4 We welcome all thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love ;
And when thy providence is dark,
We wait the light above.
- 5 Thy cov'nant in the darkest gloom,
Shall heav'nly rays impart ;
And when our eyelids close in death,
Shall cheer the trembl'ing heart.

Doddridge.

302. C. M.

The Way and End of the Righteous and the Wicked.
Ps. xxxvii.

- 1 My God, the steps of pious men
Are order'd by thy will ;
Though they should fall they rise again,
Thy hand supports them still.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 The Lord delights to see their ways ;
Their virtue he approves :
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
Nor leave the men he loves.
- 3 The heav'nly heritage is theirs,
Their portion and their home ;
He keeps them now, and makes them heirs
Of blessings long to come.
- 4 The haughty sinner have I seen,
Not fearing man nor God ;
Like princely laurel fair and green,
Spreading its arms abroad ;
- 5 And lo ! he vanish'd from the ground,
Destroy'd by hands unseen ;
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found,
Where all that pride had been.
- 6 But mark the man of righteousness,
His sev'ral steps attend ;
True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
And peaceful is his end.

Watts.

303. L. M.

Things below, and Things above.

- 1 My soul, forbear on transient things
Thy hopes and fond desires to place ;
Their gain no solid comfort brings,
And weary is the doubtful chase.
- 2 Let faith direct my longing eyes
To realms of lasting good above,

Where pleasures ever-blooming rise,
And all is peace, and joy, and love.

3 Thence sin, and pain, and death, and night,
Far off forever shall retire ;
And from God's throne, the friendliest light
Shall beam, and utmost bliss inspire.

4 Compar'd with this, how fades away
The brightest scenes of earthly joy !
Mount up, my soul, to native day,
Nor rest thy hopes beneath the sky.

Browne, alt'd.

304 S. M.

Obligation to Gratitude and Praise.

1 My Maker, and my King !
To thee my all I owe ;
Thy sov'reign bounty is the spring,
Whence all my blessings flow.

2 Thou ever good and kind !
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.

3 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on my early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form my lips to praise.

4 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live :
My God ! thy benefits demand
More praise than life can give.

5 O let thy grace inspire
 My soul with strength divine ;
 Let all my pow'rs to thee aspire,
 And all my days be thine !

Mrs. Steele, alt'd.

305. C. M.

Breathing after the Liberty of the Truth.

- 1 **MAKER** of earth, shall man despise
 The riches of thy grace ;
 And wild untutor'd passions rise,
 His glory to deface ?
- 2 When shall the pow'r of love divine,
 Its light and heat display ;
 To make thy glories brighter shine,
 And bring the promis'd day ?
- 3 When shall that monster of deceit
 Be bound with chains of light ;
 And truth and love in one agree
 To speak the Saviour's might ?
- 4 When shall thy sons in union join,
 And gospel armour wear ;
 Gird on the sword of truth divine,
 And to the cross repair ?
- 5 Hasten, O God, the happy day,
 When Adam's exil'd race
 Shall bow, and own, without delay,
 The sceptre of thy grace.
- 6 While seraphim surround thy throne,
 And saints that reign on high,

Shall join with harps the choral song,
In strains that never die.

D. Pickering.

306. C. M.

Praise to God in every Scene.

- 1 My soul shall bless thee, O my God !
Through all my mortal days ;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ ;
'Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And doubles all my joy !
- 3 When gloomy care, or keen distress
Invades my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest.
- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honours of my God ;
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread his praise abroad.
- 5 When death is past, in purer strains
My grateful praise I'll pay ;
The theme demands a nobler song,
And an eternal day.

Heginbotham.

307. C. M.

Reflections on the past Circumstances of the Year.

- 1 MARK how the swift-wing'd minutes fly,
And hours still hasten on !
How swift the circling months run round !
How soon the year is gone !
- 2 Let us indulge the serious thought ;
The year that's past review :
What good, what evil, have we wrought ?
What work have we to do ?
- 3 How is our debt of love increas'd
To that sustaining Pow'r,
Who hath upheld our feeble frame,
And brought us to this hour !
- 4 For all thy favours, O our God !
Thy goodness we adore :
Thou hast our cup with blessings fill'd,
And made that cup run o'er.
- 5 For thy great mercy's sake, forgive
The guilt that marks the year ;
And may we more than ever strive
To keep our conscience clear.
- 6 What shall befall in future life
We would not, Lord ! inquire :
To be prepar'd for all thy will,
Be this our chief desire.

Exeter Coll.

308. C. M.

The Death of Kindred improved.

- 1 Must friends and kindred droop and die,
Must helpers be withdrawn,
While sorrow with a weeping eye,
Recounts our comforts gone ?
- 2 Be thou our comfort, mighty God !
Our helper and our Friend :
Nor leave us in the dang'rous road,
Till all our trials end.
- 3 O may our feet pursue the way
Our pious fathers led ;
With love and holy zeal obey
The counsels of the dead !

Watts.

309. L. M.

Retirement and Meditation.

- 1 My God ! permit us not to be
Still strangers to ourselves and thee ;
Amidst ten thousand thoughts we rove,
Forgetful of our highest love.
- 2 Why should our hopes be fix'd on earth,
And thus debase our heav'nly birth ?
Why should we cleave to things below,
And let our God and Father go ?
- 3 Call us away from flesh and sense ;
Thy gracious word can draw us thence :
We would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 4 Be earth with all her scenes withdrawn;
Let vanity and noise be gone;
In secret silence of the mind,
Our heav'n, and there our God, we find.
Watts.

310. S. M.

Prayer in Sickness.

- 1 My Sov'reign, to thy throne,
With humble hope I press;
O bow thine ear, to hear the groan
Of anguish and distress!
- 2 My life bow'd down with pain,
Mourns its decaying bloom;
Lord, clothe these bones with flesh again,
And save me from the tomb.
- 3 Without one murmur'ing word,
Thy chast'ning I receive;
But with submission ask, O Lord!
A merciful reprieve.
- 4 My supplicating voice,
Unwearied I will raise:
Say to thy servant's soul, 'Rejoice!
And fill my mouth with praise.

Scott.

311. C. M.

Voluntary Obedience.

- 1 Nor by the terrors of a slave,
Do saints perform thy will;
But with the noblest pow'rs they have,
Thy blest commands fulfil.

2 They find access at ev'ry hour
To God within the veil ;
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,
And joys that never fail.

3 O happy men ! O glorious state
Of thy abounding grace ;
To dwell so near their Father's seat,
And see his smiling face !

Watts.

312. C. M.

"We are come to Mount Zion."

1 Nor to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke,
Not to the thunders of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke.

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold th' innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light !
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight !

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heav'n !
And God, the Judge of all, declares
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

5 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

All join in Christ the living head,
And of his grace partake !

- 6 In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest ;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be forever blest.

Unknown.

313. C. M.

Triumph over Affliction.

- 1 Now we can read our title clear
To mansions in the skies,
We'll bid farewell to ev'ry fear,
And wipe our weeping eyes.
- 2 Though death against our souls engage,
And all its darts be hurl'd ;
Still we can smile at satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Should cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
Yet we shall safely reach our home,
Our God, our heav'n, our all.
- 4 There shall we bathe the weary soul
In seas of heav'nly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across the peaceful breast.

Watts.

314. L. M.

Leaving the Vanities of Time.

- 1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth ?
Why grasp at transitory toys
So near to heav'n's eternal joys ?
- 3 Should aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God ?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large ;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above ;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

Unknown.

315. C. M.

Submission in Affliction. Job. i. 21.

- 1 NAKED as from the earth we came
And enter'd life at first ;
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.
- 2 Whate'er we fondly call our own,
Belongs to heav'n's great Lord ;
The blessings lent us for a day
Are soon to be restor'd.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 'Tis God who lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave ;
He gives, and when he takes away,
He takes but what he gave.
- 4 Peace, all our rebel passions then !
Let each repining sigh
Be silent at his sov'reign will,
And ev'ry murmur die.
- 5 And ever blessed be his name
Whose goodness swell'd our store !
His justice but resumes its own,
And we will still adore.

Watts, alt'd.

316. P. M.

Angels proclaiming the Birth of Christ.

- 1 No war nor battle's sound
Was heard the world around ;
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;
But peaceful was the night,
In which the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
- 2 The shepherds on the lawn,
Before the point of dawn,
In social circle sat ; while all around
The gentle fleecy brood,
Or cropp'd the flow'ry food,
Or slept, or sported on the verdant ground.
- 3 When lo ! with ravish'd ears,
Each swain delighted hears
Sweet music, offspring of no mortal hand ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Divinely warbled voice,
Answ'ring the stringed noise,
With blissful rapture charm'd the list'ning band.

4 They saw a glorious light
Burst on their wond'ring sight,
Harping in solemn choir, in robes array'd,
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glitt'ring ranks, with wings display'd.

5 Sounds of so sweet a tone,
Before were never known,
But when of old the sons of morning sung
While God dispos'd in air
Each constellation fair,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung.

6 Hail, hail, auspicious morn !
The Saviour Christ is born :
(Such was th' immortal seraph's song sublime.)
Glory to God in heav'n !
To man sweet peace be giv'n,
Sweet peace and friendship to the end of time !

Milton, alt'd by Rev. Dr. Gardiner.

317. C. M.

There is no Peace to the Wicked.

1 No peace our starving souls can find,
In sin's deceitful way ;
No pleasant fruits to cheer the mind,
Nor light, a single ray.

2 A guilty conscience gnaws within,
And we are drown'd with grief ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Our souls abhor that monster sin,
Dear Saviour ! grant relief.

3 O, why should men in sin remain ?
Why walk the tiresome way ?
Lord, may each sinner grace obtain,
And go no more astray.

4 Hast thou not promis'd in thy word,
That sin shall finish'd be ?
Fulfil thy testimonies, Lord,
And set the sinner free.

H. Balkou.

318. 10s. M. 6 lines.

Idolatry reprov'd. Ps. cxv.

1 NOT to our names, thou only just and true,
Not to our worthless names is glory due :
'Thy pow'r and grace, thy truth and justice
claim,
Immortal honours to thy sov'reign name ;
Shine through the earth, from heav'n thy blest
abode,
Nor let the heathens say, where is your God ?

2 Heav'n is thy higher court ; there stands thy
throne,
And through the lower worlds thy will is done !
God fram'd this earth ; the starry heav'ns he
spread ;
But fools adore the gods their hands have made ;
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

- 3 Be heav'n and earth amaz'd ! 'Tis hard to say,
Which are more stupid, or their gods or they ;
O, christian, trust the Lord ; he hears and sees ;
He knows thy sorrow, and restores thy peace ;
His worship does a thousand comforts yield ;
He is thy help, and he thy heav'nly shield.

Watts.

319. L. M.

All Things work together for Good to them that love God.

- 1 Not from dark fate's relentless tomb,
Nor from the dust our troubles come ;
No fickle chance presides o'er grief,
To cause the pain, or send relief.
- 2 Look up, and see, ye sorr'wing saints !
The cause and cure of your complaints :
Know, 'tis your heav'nly Father's will ;
Bid ev'ry murmur then be still.
- 3 He sees we need the painful yoke ;
Yet love directs his heaviest stroke :
He takes no pleasure in our smart,
But wounds to heal the broken heart.
- 4 Blest trials those that cleanse from sin,
And make the soul all pure within,
Wean the fond mind from earthly toys
To seek and taste celestial joys.

Bristol Coll.

320. L. M.

Glory and Grace in Immanuel. 1 Cor. i. 31.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, each soul! awake, each tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace:
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his former works out done.
- 3 The spacious earth, and spreading flood,
Proclaim the wise, the pow'rful God,
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling star:
- 4 But in his looks a glory stands,
The noblest labour of thy hands:
The pleasing lustre of his eyes
Outshines the wonders of the skies.
- 5 Grace, 'tis a sweet, a charming theme;
Our thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name!
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heav'ns, reflect it to the ground!
- 6 O, may we live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties we behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold!

Watts.

321. S. M.

Rejoicing in the Hope set before us.

1 Now let our voices join
To form a sacred song ;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.

2 How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair !
No lurking gins t' entrap our feet ;
No fierce destroyer there.

3 But flow'rs of paradise
In rich profusion spring ;
The sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.

4 See Salem's golden spires
In beauteous prospect rise ;
And brighter crowns than mortals wear,
Which sparkle through the skies.

5 All honour to his name,
Who marks the shining way ;
To him, who leads the wand'ers on
To realms of endless day.

Doddridge.

322. L. M.

Jesus hath done all Things well.

1 Now shall our souls with pleasure raise,
To our dear Lord a song of praise :
We'll sing his love, his goodness tell,
Our Saviour hath done all things well.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 With pitying eyes he view'd our case,
And came to save our ruin'd race ;
He conquer'd sin and death and hell ;
Our Jesus hath done all things well.
- 3 He will accomplish his design,
And all things in himself combine ;
Nor sin on earth forever dwell,
For Jesus will do all things well.
- 4 His work, how great ! his plan, how vast !
But when it all appears at last,
It will our highest praise excel ;
For Jesus will do all things well.
- 5 When the creation is restor'd,
And God shall be by all ador'd,
How loudly will the triumph swell,
Our Jesus hath done all things well.
- 6 Sin, death, and hell, will Christ destroy,
And fill the universe with joy ;
His love shall then each voice compel,
To shout, " he hath done all things well."
Unknown.

323. L. M.

Praise.

- 1 Now to the Lord who built the skies
Let grateful songs of praise arise ;
By all that dwell beneath the sun,
Now be his grace in concert sung.
- 2 Far as the rolling planets move
He spreads his mercy and his love ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

'Thro' ev'ry land, and ev'ry clime,
His wondrous works of goodness shine.

- 3 So let his goodness be express'd,
From north to south, from east to west,
And ev'ry living thing adore
His sacred name, forevermore.

S. Streater.

324. C. M.

God's tender Care of Zion.

- 1 Now let our inward joys arise,
And burst into a song ;
Almighty love inspires our hearts,
And pleasure tunes our tongue.
- 2 God on his thirsty Zion's hill
Some mercy drops has thrown,
And solemn oaths have bound his love
To show'r salvation down.
- 3 Why do we then indulge our fears,
Suspensions and complaints ?
Is he a God, and shall his grace
Grow weary of his saints ?
- 4 Can a kind Mother e'er forget
A tender infant son,
And 'mongst a thousand roving thoughts,
Her suckling have no room ?
- 5 Yet, saith the Lord, should nature change,
And mothers monsters prove,
Zion still dwells upon the thought
Of everlasting love.

- 6 Deep on the palms of both my hands
I have engrav'd her name ;
My pow'r shall raise her ruin'd walls,
And build her broken frame.

Watts.

325. L. M.

A Call to Thanksgiving and Praise.

- 1 Now to our God let praises rise,
From all that dwell below the skies ;
Throughout the earth his love proclaim,
With joys eternal in his name.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God alone,
No rival fills th' eternal throne ;
We are the creatures of his hand ;
Our form and frame his praise demand.
- 3 We are the people of his care,
His sheep who feed in pastures fair,
The objects of his tender love,
Supply'd with blessings from above.
- 4 Into his earthly temple come,
And raise the anthem and the song ;
Let gratitude the lay inspire,
The bosom glow with sacred fire.
- 5 For God in endless goodness reigns,
And mercy, truth, and love maintains ;
Nor time, nor years, nor measur'd space,
Confines the blessings of his grace.

Turner.

326. C. M.

“ Seek first the Kingdom of God.”

- 1 Now let a pure ambition rise,
And ardour fire our breast,
To reign in worlds above the skies,
In heav'nly glories drest.
- 2 Behold Jehovah's royal hands,
A radiant crown display,
Whose gems with vivid lustre shine,
While suns and stars decay.
- 3 Then seek no more for transient good,
Nor longer call it thine,
But strive to gain superior joys,
Immortal and divine.
- 4 Ye hearts, with youthful vigour warm,
The glorious prize pursue ;
Nor shall ye want the goods of earth,
While heav'n is kept in-view.

Doddridge.

327. L. M.

Image of the Invisible. Heb. i. 3.

- 1 Now, in the form of Jesus, we
God's bright displays of glory see ;
Beaming with mild and heav'nly rays,
He all his Father's grace displays.
- 2 Blest image of th' eternal God,
Here his rich glories shine abroad ;
With purest lustre they combine
His pow'r, his truth, and love divine.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 Of all creation the first-born ;
Of all that heav'n's bright courts adorn,
He as a Prince and Sov'reign reigns,
Almighty pow'r his throne sustains.
- 4 It pleas'd the eternal Fulness well,
In Christ the Lord alone to dwell ;
From this rich Fountain freely flows
Complete relief for all our woes.

Peacock.

328. C. M.

Blessings on him that cometh in the Name of the Lord.

- 1 Now blessing, honour, glory, praise,
By angel hosts are sung ;
The saints below their voices raise—
Their harps with gladness strung.
- 2 Ador'd be him, who comes to bless
The nations with his love ;
To shew his truth and righteousness,
And ev'ry cloud remove.
- 3 How blest is he who comes to reign
In Zion's happy land :
Jerusalem is built again
And shall forever stand.
- 4 No more this kingdom shall decay,
No more the temple fall ;
Here Jesus reigns with boundless sway,
The King and Lord of all.

Proud.

329. C. M.

The universal Extent of Christ's Kingdom. Isa. ii. 2.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops, the mount of God,
In latter days shall rise
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
Up to the mount of God they say,
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land ;
The King, who reigns in Salem's tow'rs,
Shall the whole world command.
- 4 Among the nations he shall judge
His judgments truth shall guide ;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.
- 5 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife,
Disturb those happy years ; [swords,
To plough-shares men shall beat their
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 6 No longer hosts, encount'ring hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
They'll lay the martial trumpet by,
And study war no more.

Scotch Paraphrase.

330. C. M.

Universal Praise.

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God the sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Whilst angels shout their lofty praise,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth their voices raise,
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 3 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 4 In Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

Watts.

331. C. M.

Praise. Ps. cvii. 3. Isa. xxxv. 3—6.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues to sing
'The dear Redeemer's praise!
'The glories of our God and King,
'The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
'That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

- 3 He speaks, and, list'ning to his voice,
 New life the dead receive ;
 The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
 The humble poor believe.
- 4 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
 Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
 Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
 And leap, ye lame for joy !

Wesley's Cell.

332. L. M.

Opening of Service.

- 1 O God of grace, before thy throne,
 Thy suppliants bow with holy fear ;
 These thou art pleas'd to call thine own
 Invoke thy sacred presence here.
- 2 Kind Source of Light ! thy blessing grant,
 Bestow on us thy cheering rays ;
 Supply our vary'd mental want,
 And thus inspire our hearts to praise.
- 3 Send thy good spirit from above,
 To dissipate the darksome gloom ;
 Sweet emanation of thy love !
 To these desiring bosoms come.
- 4 Give to thy word successful course,
 And spread the triumphs of thy name ;
 May truth exhibit all her force,
 And put the lying lip to shame.

- 5 And while we worship at thy feet,
Where veiled angels do adore,
Give us in fellowship to meet,
To sing thy grace, and speak thy pow'r.
Turner.

333. S. M.

God's distinguishing Goodness to Man. Ps. viii.

- 1 O LORD ! our heav'nly King !
Thy name is all divine ;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.
- 2 When to thy works above
We raise our wond'ring eyes,
And see the moon, fair queen of night,
In peerless splendour rise :
- 3 When we survey the stars
That fill the vaulted sky,
Lord ! what is man, that he should stand
In thy regard so high ?
- 4 Or what the son of man,
That thou shouldst love him so ?
Next to thine angels is he plac'd,
And lord of all below.
- 5 Thine honours crown his head,
While subject beasts obey ;
And birds that cut the air with wings,
And fish that cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are !
 How wondrous are thy ways !
 Of dust and worms thy pow'r can frame
 A monument of praise.

Watts.

334. C. M.

The Times of refreshing. Isa. xxv. 6.

- 1 ON Zion, his most holy mount,
 God will a feast prepare ;
 And Israel's sons, and Gentile lands,
 Shall in the banquet share.
- 2 Marrow and fatness are the food
 His bounteous hand bestows :
 Wine on the lees, and well refin'd,
 In rich abundance flows.
- 3 See to the vilest of the vile
 A free acceptance giv'n !
 See rebels, by adopting grace,
 Transform'd, and heirs of heav'n !
- 4 The pain'd, the sick, the dying now
 To ease and health restor'd,
 With eager appetites partake
 The plenties of the board.
- 5 But O, what draughts of bliss unknown,
 What dainties shall be giv'n,
 When, with the myriads round the throne,
 We join the feast of heav'n.

- 6 There joys immeasurably high
 Shall overflow the soul,
 And springs of life that never dry,
 A thousand channels roll.

Rippon's Coll.

335. C. M.

A Prayer.

- 1 O THOU, whose pow'r the mountains form'd,
 And made the sea his bed ;
 Who sat his raging waves their bound,
 And all his caverns hid.
- 2 The mountains thy commands obey,
 The seas thy pow'r confess ;
 Thou dost their caverns deep survey,
 And ev'ry dark recess.
- 3 O'er mountains of our sins, O Lord,
 Wilt thou thy hand extend,
 And to thy gracious, pard'ning word
 Their lofty summits bend.
- 4 And o'er the raging seas of guilt,
 May thy rich grace abound,
 While in the blood which Jesus spilt,
 Each angry wave is drown'd.
- 5 In darkest caverns of the heart,
 Wilt thou thy light display ;
 And to the visual pow'r impart,
 Thy own eternal day.

H. Ballou.

336. C. M.

Prudence.

- 1 O, 'TIS a lovely thing to see
The man of prudent heart !
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act a useful part.
- 2 When envy, strife, and war begin
In little angry souls ;
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals !
- 3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
No furious passions rise ;
Nor malice moves their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalts their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence mix'd with love ;
Good works employ their day ;
They join the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.
- 5 Such was the Saviour of mankind ;
Such pleasures he pursu'd ;
His manners gentle and refin'd,
His soul divinely good.

Watts.

337. S. M.

Lord's Supper. Rom. xii. 4, 5. Luke xxiv.

- 1 OUR heav'nly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both, our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

2 God pities all our griefs ;
 He pardons ev'ry day ;
 Almighty to protect our souls,
 And wise to guide our way.

3 Jesus, our living Head,
 We bless thy faithful care ;
 Our advocate before the throne,
 And our forerunner there.

4 Here fix each roving heart !
 Here wait our warmest love !
 Till the communion be complete
 In nobler scenes above.

Doddridge.

338. H. M.

Glory of the Church in the Latter Day.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
 And raise thy hands on high ;
 Tell all the earth thy joys,
 And boast salvation nigh :
 Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
 While rays divine stream all abroad.

2 He gilds the mourning face
 With beams that cannot fade ;
 His all-resplendent grace
 He sheds upon thy head ;
 The nations round, thy form shall view,
 With lustre new divinely crown'd.

3 In honour to his name
 Reflect that sacred light,
 And loud his grace proclaim
 Who makes thy darkness bright ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Pursue his praise till sov'reign love
In worlds above the glory raise.

4 There, on his holy hill,
A brighter sun shall rise,
And with his radiance fill
Those fairer, purer skies ;
While round his throne ten thousand stars
In nobler spheres his influence own.

Doddridge.

339. L. M.

Immortal Praise due to God.

- 1 O FOR a sweet inspiring ray
To animate our feeble strains,
From the bright realms of endless day,
The blissful realms where Jesus reigns.
- 2 There low before his glorious throne,
Adoring saints and angels fall ;
And with delightful worship own
His smiles their bliss, their heav'n, their all.
- 3 Immortal glories crown his head,
While sounding hallelujahs rise,
And love, and joy, and triumph spread,
Through all the regions of the skies.
- 4 He smiles, and seraphs tune their songs
To boundless rapture, while they gaze ;
Ten-thousand thousand joyful tongues
Resound his everlasting praise.

Unknown.

340. L. M.

Prayer for Peace.

- 1 O HASTE the time, thou Prince of peace,
When war no more shall lift the shield ;
But wrath and strife, and lust of spoil,
To thee their sanguine trophies yield.
- 2 Repress the horrid waste of life,
Destroy the warrior's trade in blood ;
And say to all the tribes of earth,
Be still and know that I am God.
- 3 Jehovah, speed the promis'd day,
When love shall hold unbounded reign ;
And union sheathe the flaming sword,
That hangs o'er desolation's plain.
- 4 Ah ! come, ye happy moments, come,
When the whole earth shall own one Lord ;
And thou the King, the God of peace,
In peace forever be ador'd.

Unknown.

341. C. M.

Victory over Death. 1 Cor. xv. 55, &c.

- 1 O FOR an overcoming faith
To cheer our dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster death,
And all his frightful pow'rs.
- 2 Joyful with all the strength we have,
Our quiv'ring lips should sing,
" Where is thy boasted vict'ry, grave ?
And where the monster's sting ?"

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure ;
Death hath no sting beside ;
The law gives sin its damning pow'r ;
But Christ our ransom, died.
- 4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conqu'rors when we die,
Through Christ our living head.
- Watts.

342. C. M.

Blissful Prospects beyond the Grave.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks we stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where our possessions lie.
- 2 O the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to our sight !
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight !
- 3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow ;
There rocks, and hills, and brooks and vales,
With milk and honey flow.
- 4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day :
There God the sun forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

- 5 No chilling winds, or pois'nous breath
Can reach that healthful shore :
'There sickness, sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

Unknown.

343. S. M.

Joy and Peace in Christ.

- 1 O CHRIST, what gracious words,
Are ever, ever thine ;
Thy voice is music to the soul,
And life and peace divine.
- 2 Good, everlasting good,
Glad-tidings full of joy,
Flow from thy lips, the lips of truth,
And flow without alloy.
- 3 The broken heart, the poor,
The bruis'd, the deaf, the blind ;
The dumb, the dead, the captive wretch,
In thee compassion find.
- 4 Lord Jesus speed the day,
The promis'd day of grace,
To all the poor, the dumb, the deaf,
The dead of Adam's race.
- 5 One song shall then employ
The blessed, blessing whole ;
And human nature shout thy name,
The life of ev'ry soul.

Unknown.

344. L. M.

Universal Praise.

- 1 O how transporting, how divine,
When sweetest sounds in concord join,
And hearts and harps unite to sing
The praises of th' incarnate King.
- 2 Might sinners only mourn and sigh
Before the Majesty on high,
And prostrate in his presence plead,
'Twould be a favour rich indeed.
- 3 But oh! stupendous stoop of grace!
Hear and adore ye fallen race,
For ye may hymn th' eternal King,
And of his great salvation sing.
- 4 O may this grace our hearts inspire
With love's all-animating fire!
While in sweet sounds we spread the fame
Of our adored Saviour's name.
- 5 Adoring praise! 'tis heav'n's employ,
Bright seraphs wish no higher joy;
Amidst the ever blissful throng,
All, all is love, and sacred song.
- 6 Sav'd from the guilt and pow'r of sin,
May we on earth our heav'n begin,
And join that choir in noblest strains,
Where harmony forever reigns.

Unknown

345. S. M.

The Grace and Love of Christ.

- 1 O THE transcendent love
A sinless Saviour shows !
For enemies his bowels move,
His heart with pity glows.
- 2 Jesus invited near
The vilest of our race ;
He bids the greatest sinner hear
The gospel of his grace.
- 3 Let Pharisees exclaim,
And all this grace despise ;
But we will love the Saviour's name,
'Tis wondrous in our eyes.
- 4 Yes, to life's utmost end
Thy sov'reign grace we'll show,
And own thee for the sinner's friend,
And sin's eternal foe.

Unknown.

346. S. M.

Praise for spiritual and temporal Blessings.

- 1 O BLESS the Lord, our souls !
Let all within us join,
And aid our tongues to bless his name,
Whose favours are divine.
- 2 O bless the Lord our souls !
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3 'Tis he forgives our sins,
'Tis he relieves our pain ;
'Tis he that heals our sicknesses,
And gives us strength again.

4 He crowns our lives with love,
When rescu'd from the grave ;
He who redeems our souls from death,
From ev'ry ill can save.

5 He fills the poor with good ;
He gives the suff'ers rest :
The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
And mercy for th' oppress'd.

6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known ;
But sent the world his truth and grace
By his beloved Son.

Watts.

347. L. M.

Praise to the One Supreme.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King !
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's rock we praise.

2 O let us to his courts repair
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

3 For God the Lord enthron'd in state,
Is with unrival'd glory great ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

His mercy, highest heav'n transcends,
His truth, beyond the clouds extends.

- 4 Be thou, O God ! exalted high ;
And as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth display'd
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

Tate, transposed.

348. L. M.

Acceptable Worship.

- 1 O HOW delightful is the road
That leads us to thy temple, Lord !
With joy we visit thine abode,
And seek the treasures of thy word.
- 2 O heav'nly treasures ! glorious light !
From ancient sages long conceal'd ;
Till Christ restor'd the feeble sight,
And God's unchanging word reveal'd.
- 3 For thee, O Lord ! our thoughts prepare
The sacrifice thy love demands ;
A soul repentant and sincere,
A grateful heart, and lib'ral hands.

J. Taylor.

349. P. M.

Praise to the Supreme Ruler and Judge.

- 1 O SING to the Lord a new song !
The universe join in the strain ;
Each day the glad tribute prolong,
His wonders, his glory maintain.

Let gratitude bless the kind pow'r
 From whom our salvation descends :
 How great is the God we adore !
 How rich are the blessings he sends !

2 In beauty of holiness bow :
 O worship with fear and with love !
 How solemn his temples below !
 How glorious his presence above !
 Proclaim to the nations around,
 Our God, the omnipotent, reigns,
 Whose righteousness space cannot bound,
 Whose purpose unalter'd remains !

3 O let the wide heavens rejoice,
 The earth with her myriads be glad !
 The ocean shall join his loud voice
 And woods in rich verdure be clad ;
 Rejoice ! for the Lord is at hand ;
 Prepare ! for his judgment is nigh :
 Before him all nations shall stand ;
 No guilt from his justice shall fly.

J. Taylor.

350. L. M.

Divine Light and Guidance implored.

1 O SOURCE of uncreated light !
 By whom the worlds were rais'd from night :
 Come, visit ev'ry sinner's mind ;
 Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy matchless energy :
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make us temples worthy thee.

- 3 Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love bestow :
And lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way.

Dryden.

351. C. M.

Divine Condescension. Ps. viii.

- 1 O THOU to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame ;
Through all the world how great art thou
How glorious is thy name.
- 2 When heav'n, thy glorious work on high,
Employs our wond'ring sight ;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light ;
- 3 Lord, what is man, that he is bless'd
With thy peculiar care !
Why on his offspring is conferr'd,
Of love so large a share !
- 4 Him next in pow'r thou didst create
To thy celestial train ;
Ordain'd with dignity and might
O'er all thy works to reign.
- 5 All, his imperial will obey :
The beast that treads the plain ;
The bird that wings its airy way ;
The fish that skims the main.

- 6 O thou to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame!
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name!

Tate, alt'd.

352. 10s. M.

Divine Light implored.

- 1 O THOU, whose pow'r o'er moving worlds pre-
 sides!

Whose voice created and whose wisdom guides!
 On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
 And cheer the clouded mind with light divine!

- 2 'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
 With silent confidence, and holy rest;
 From thee, great God! we spring; to thee we
 tend;

Path, motive, guide, original, and end.

Dr. Johnson.

353. C. M.

Petition.

- 1 O GOD! when we, to praise thy name,
 With trembling souls aspire;
 Imbue us with a heav'nly flame,
 And sanctify the lyre.

- 2 By day, thy bounteous sun reveals
 The face of nature fair—
 Then ev'ry eye with gladness sees
 Thy pow'r and goodness there.

- 3 The vault of heav'n thou deck'st at night
 With stars of beauty rare:

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

We gaze, and fill'd with vast delight,
Behold thy glory there.

4 When awful thunders rend the sky,
And tempests move the air;
What sinful wretch would dare deny
He hears thy footsteps there!

5 We look into our souls, where dwelt
The blackness of despair—
And own with rev'rence, we have felt
Thy wondrous mercy there.

6 O grant us (when our days are gone)
Our hearts' ambitious pray'r;
To kneel with rev'rence at thy throne,
And worship ever there.

D. Pepoon.

354. C. M.

Confidence in our Heavenly Father.

1 O God! on thee we all depend,
On thy paternal care;
Thou wilt the Father and the Friend
In ev'ry scene appear.

2 With open hand and lib'ral heart,
Thou wilt our wants supply:
Thy heav'nly blessings still impart,
And no good thing deny.

3 Thou know'st, O God! what's good and fit,
And wisdom guides thy love;
To thine appointments we submit,
And ev'ry choice approve.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 4 In thy paternal love and care,
With cheerful hearts we trust ;
Thy tender mercies boundless are,
And all thy thoughts are just.
- 5 We cannot want while God provides ;
What he allots is best ;
And heav'n, whate'er we want besides,
Will give eternal rest.

Browne.

355. L. M.

Trust and Resignation implored.

- 1 O God ! to thee we raise our eyes ;
Calm resignation to implore ;
O let no murmur'ing thought arise,
But humbly, let us still adore !
- 2 With meek submission may we bear
Each needful cross thou shalt ordain ;
Nor think our trials too severe,
Nor dare thy justice to arraign.
- 3 For though mysterious now thy ways
To erring mortals may appear,
Hereafter we thy name shall praise,
For all our keenest suff'rings here.
- 4 Thy needful help, O God ! afford,
Nor let us sink in deep despair ;
Aid us to trust thy sacred word,
And find our sweetest comforts there.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 5 There faith unveils a brighter scene,
Where all life's painful conflicts cease,
Where no dark clouds shall intervene,
Nor sorrows e'er disturb our peace.

Exeter Coll.

356. L. M.

Supplication to the Searcher of Hearts.

- 1 O HEAR US, Lord ! to thee we call,
And prostrate at thy footstool fall :
O Lord, our pray'r propitious hear,
And bow to our requests thine ear !
- 2 Searcher of hearts ; our thoughts review !
With kind severity pursue,
'Through each disguise, thy servants' mind,
Nor leave one stain of guilt behind.
- 3 To thee our inmost heart is known :
Regard us from thy lofty throne ;
Nor e'er to our desiring eye
'Thy heav'nly presence, Lord, deny.

Merrick.

357. C. M.

" God is our Refuge and Strength." Ps. xlv.

- 1 ON God supreme our hope depends,
Whose omnipresent sight
E'en to the pathless realms extends
Of uncreated light.
- 2 Plung'd in th' abyss of deep distress,
To him we rais'd our cry ;
His mercy bade our sorrows cease,
And fill'd our hearts with joy.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 'Though earth her ancient seat forsake,
By pangs convulsive torn ;
Though her self-balanc'd fabric shake,
And ruin'd nature mourn :
- 4 Though hills be in the ocean lost,
With all their trembling load ;
No fear shall e'er disturb our trust,
Or shake our faith in God.
- 5 Nations remote, and realms unknown,
In vain resist his sway ;
For lo ! Jehovah's voice is shown,
And earth shall melt away.
- 6 Let war's devouring surges rise,
And swell on ev'ry side ;
The Lord of hosts our safeguard is,
And Jacob's God our guide.

Wesley.

358. C. M.

The Pilgrimage of Life.

- 1 Our country is Immanuel's ground ;
We seek that promis'd soil :
The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
And oft are bath'd in tears ;
Yet nought but heav'n our hopes can raise
And nought but sin our fears.
- 3 Our pow'rs are oft dissolv'd away
In ecstasies of love ;

And while our bodies wander here,
Our souls are fix'd above.

- 4 We purge our mortal dross away,
Refining as we run ;
And while we die to earth and sense
Our heav'n is here begun.

Mrs. Barbauld.

359. L. M. 6 lines.

Imploring divine Mercy. Ps. cxxx.

- 1 Our of the depth of sad distress,
The gloomy mazes of despair,
To heav'n we raise our warm address ;
Deign, O our God ! to hear our pray'r :
O let thine ear indulge our grief,
For thine indulgence is relief !
- 2 Shouldst thou, O God ! minutely scan
Our faults, and as severely chide ;
No mortal seed of sinful man
Could such a scrutiny abide :
But mercy shines in all thy ways,
Bright theme of universal praise !
- 3 With longing eyes we seek the Lord,
Before his throne our souls attend :
Firmly on his eternal word
Our faith is fix'd, our hopes depend :
On wings of love our souls shall rise
In contemplation to the skies.
- 4 Ye pious minds ! on God rely ;
With full assurance in him trust :

He sends redemption from on high,
And raises sinners from the dust :
He will forgive the contrite heart,
And life, eternal life, impart.

Denham, alt'd.

360. L. M.

Waiting for Heaven.

- 1 O COULD we soar to worlds above,
That bless'd abode of peace and love !
How gladly would we mount and fly
On angels' wings to joys on high !
- 2 But ah ! still longer must we stay,
Ere darksome night is chang'd to day,
More crosses, sorrows, conflicts bear,
Expos'd to trials, pains, and care.
- 3 Then let these troubles still abound,
Let thorns and briars strew the ground ;
Let storms and tempests dreadful come
Till we arrive at heav'n our home.
- 4 Our Father knows what road is best,
And how to lead to peace and rest ;
To him we'll cheerful give our all,
Go where he guides, and wait his call.
- 5 When he commands our souls away,
Not kingdoms then should tempt our stay,
With rapture we shall wake, and rise
To join our friends above the skies.

Front.

361. C. M.

A Communion Hymn.

- 1 O God! accept the sacred hour
Which we to thee have giv'n;
And let this hallow'd scene have pow'r
To raise our souls to heav'n.
- 2 Still let us hold till life departs,
The precepts of thy Son,
Nor let our thoughtless, thankless hearts
Forget what he has done.
- 3 His true disciples may we live,
From all corruption free,
And humbly learn like him to give
Our pow'rs, our wills to thee.
- 4 And oft along life's dang'rous way,
To smooth our passage through,
Wilt thou, on this thy holy day,
For us this scene renew.

Unknown.

362. L. M.

On the dangerous Sickness of a Minister.

- 1 O THOU, before whose gracious throne
We bow our suppliant spirits down!
Thou know'st the anxious cares we feel,
And all our trembling lips would tell.
- 2 Thou only canst assuage our grief,
And give our sorr'wing hearts relief;
In mercy then thy servant spare,
Nor turn aside thy people's pray'r.

- 3 Avert thy desolating stroke,
Nor smite the shepherd of the flock ;
Restore him, sinking to the grave,
Stretch out thine arm, make haste to save !
- 4 Bound to each soul by tender ties,
In ev'ry heart his image lies ;
Thy pit'ing aid, O God ! impart,
Nor rend him from each bleeding heart.
- 5 But if our supplications fail,
And pray'rs and tears cannot prevail,
Be thou his strength, be thou his stay :
Support him through the gloomy way,
- 6 Around him may thine angels stand,
Waiting the signal of thy hand,
To bid his happy spirit rise,
And bear him to their native skies.

Rippon's Coll.

363. L. M.

The Resurrection of Christ.

- 1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Saviour is gone up on high :
The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal charriot waits,
And angels chant their solemn lay :
" Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !
Ye everlasting doors give way ! "
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' etherial scene :
The world and hell his pow'r o'erthrew ;
And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 4 Who is this King of glory ! Who ?
The Christ, with God's own pow'r possess'd ;
And made our King and Saviour too ;
Thanks be to God, forever bless'd !

Edward Taylor.

364. C. M.

Morning and Evening Meditation.

- 1 PARENT of life, in ev'ry age,
Thy blessings we implore ;
Thy goodness glows in ev'ry page
Of nature, we explore.
- 2 Thy morning light and evening smiles,
Conspire to make us blest ;
Thy word our solitude beguiles,
And gives our spirits rest :
- 3 It points to realms of light and peace,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Proclaims the year of sweet release,
And breaks the pris'ner's chain.
- 4 O glorious rest ! from toil and pain,
Where pilgrims meet in love,
We'd sleep the sleep of death, to gain
The mansion, far above.
- 5 There ransom'd souls shall meet with joy,
On that celestial shore ;
And drink of bliss without alloy,
And feel their sins no more.

D. Pickering.

365. C. M.

God's universal Blessings.

- 1 PARENT of nature, God supreme,
Thy works are great and good !
All nature manifests thy name,
The sky, the earth, the flood.
- 2 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine
The dark return of night ;
Thou hast prepar'd the sun to shine,
And ev'ry feebler light.
- 3 By thee, each region of the earth
In perfect order stands :
The glowing south, the frozen north
Obey thy fix'd commands.
- 4 At thy command, the solid rock
Pour'd water from its side ;
And thou didst lead thy chosen flock
Through Jordan's parting tide.
- 5 If nature owns its sov'reign Lord,
We would obey thy will ;
And whilst we trust thy faithful word,
We sing thy praises still.

Unknown

366. C. M.

Praise to the Redeemer.

- 1 PLUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

- 2 With pit'ing eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief
He saw, and (O amazing love !)
He came to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break,
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.
- 5 Angels assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Watts.

367. L. M.

Patience.

- 1 PATIENCE, O what a grace divine,
Sent from the God of peace and love !
That leans upon its Father's hand,
As through the wilds of life we rove.
- 2 By patience we serenely bear
The troubles of our mortal state ;
And wait contented our discharge,
Nor think our glory comes too late.
- 3 Though we in full sensation feel
The weight, the wounds our God ordains,
We smile amidst our heaviest woes,
And triumph in our sharpest pains.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4 O for this grace to aid us on,
And arm with fortitude the breast,
'Till life's tumultuous voyage is done,
We reach the port of endless rest !

5 Faith into vision shall be brought,
Hope shall in full enjoyment die ;
And patience in possession end
In the bright world of bliss on high.

Rippon's Coll.

368. L. M.

Psalm. cl.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord ; let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy ;
'The spacious firmament around
Shall echo back the joyful sound.

2 Recount his works in strains divine ;
His wondrous works how bright they shine !
Praise him for his almighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

3 Awake the trumpet's piercing sound,
To spread your sacred pleasures round ;
While sweeter music tunes the lute,
The warb'ling harp, and breathing flute.

4 Ye virgin train, with joy advance
To praise him in the graceful dance ;
To praise awake each tuneful string,
And to the solemn organ sing.

5 Let the loud cymbal sounding high,
To softer, deeper notes reply ;
Harmonious let the concert rise,
And bear the rapture to the skies.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 6 Let all whom life and breath inspire,
Attend and join the blissful choir ;
But chiefly you who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

Mrs. Steele.

369. 8,7s. M.

The God of Mercy adored.

- 1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy ;
He whose hand upholds all nature,
He whose word can all destroy !
Saints, with pious zeal attending,
Now the grateful tribute raise ;
Solemn songs to heav'n ascending,
Join the universal praise.
- 2 Here indulge each grateful feeling ;
Lowly bend with contrite souls
Herè his milder grace revealing,
Here no awful thunder rolls :
Lo ! th' eternal page before us
Bears the cov'nant of his love,
Full of mercy to restore us,
Mercy beaming from above.
- 3 Ev'ry secret fault confessing,
Deed unrighteous, thought of sin,
Seize, O seize the proffer'd blessing,
Grace from God, and peace within !
Heart and voice with rapture swelling,
Still the song of glory raise ;
On the theme immortal dwelling,
Join the universal praise.

J. Taylor.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

370. 8, 7s. M.

Universal Praise.

- 1 PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator ;
Praise to thee from ev'ry tongue ;
Join my soul, with ev'ry creature,
Join the universal song.
- 2 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy,
Sound his praise through earth and heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

Fawcet.

371. C. M.

Inconstancy in Religion. Hos. vi. 4.

- 1 PERPETUAL source of light and grace !
We hail thy sacred name ;
Through ev'ry year's revolving round,
Thy goodness is the same.
- 2 On us unworthy as we are,
Its blessings still it pours ;
Sure as the heav'n's establish'd course,
And plenteous as the show'rs.
- 3 Inconstant service we repay,
And transient vows renew ;
Fleeting too oft as morning clouds,
And like the early dew.
- 4 Our former follies, Lord ! we mourn,
And now thy grace implore
To guide our often erring steps,
That we may stray no more.

5 Aided by energy divine,
 May we more steadfast prove ;
 And with determin'd zeal press on
 To gain thy courts above.

6 So by thy pow'r the morning sun
 Pursues his radiant way,
 Brightens each moment in his race,
 And shines to perfect day.

Doddridge, alt'd.

372. L. M.

God the Confidence of the Good at all Times.

- 1 PRAISE, everlasting praise be paid
 To him who earth's foundation laid ;
 Praise to the God, whose sov'reign will
 All nature's laws and pow'rs fulfil.
- 2 Praise to the goodness of the Lord,
 Who rules his people by his word ;
 Where faith contemplates his decrees,
 And ev'ry gracious promise sees.
- 3 There may the pious, humble mind,
 Support in all its troubles find ;
 And on that mighty God may stay,
 Whose pow'r the earth and heav'ns display.
- 4 Whence then arise, distressing fears ?
 Why do we still indulge our tears ?
 Or why without those comforts live
 Our God and Father waits to give ?
- 5 O for a strong and lasting faith,
 To credit what our Father saith ;
 And, having done his will, to place
 A trust unbounded in his grace !

- 6 Should earth then to its centre shake,
And all the wheels of nature break;
Our steady souls should fear no more
Than solid rocks when billows roar.

Watts, alt'd.

373 S. M.

The hope of Salvation through Christ.

- 1 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace hath done.
- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its well-beloved chose,
And bade him raise our sinful race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 Pardon and peace from heav'n,
Jesus proclaims abroad;
And brings to erring sinful man,
Sure mercy from his God.
- 4 Now, sinners! dry your tears;
Let hopeless sorrow cease;
Bow to the sceptre of his love
And take the offer'd peace,
- 5 Lord! we obey thy call;
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast sent,
And bless and praise thy name.

Watts, alt'd.

374. C. M.

Joy in believing.

- 1 REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.
- 2 Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm :
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.
- 3 Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or fainting, shall not die !
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid you from on high.
- 4 Though now unseen by outward sense
Faith sees him always near,
A guide, a glory, and defence ;
Then what have you to fear ?
- 5 As Christ the conqu'rer overcame,
And triumph'd once for you ;
He'll raise you from your guilt and shame
To triumph in him too.

Unknown.

375. L. M.

Communing with our Hearts.

- 1 RETURN, each roving heart, return,
And chase these shad'wy forms no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And your forsaken God implore

- 2 Wisdom and pleasure dwell at home ;
Retir'd and silent seek them there ;
True conquest self to overcome,
'True strength to break temptation's snare.
- 3 And thou, O God ! whose piercing eye
Distinct surveys each deep recess,
In these abstracted hours draw nigh,
And with thy presence fill the place.
- 4 Through all the mazes of our heart,
'The search let heav'nly wisdom guide ;
And still its radiant beams impart,
'Till all be search'd and purified.
- 5 Then, with the visits of thy love,
Vouchsafe our inmost souls to cheer ;
'Till ev'ry grace shall join to prove,
'That God hath fix'd his dwelling there.

Doddridge.

376. L. M.

Fulfilment of God's Promises. Isa. lxiii. 7.

- 1 Rise, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
Prepare a sweet angelic song ;
Surprising mercies must require
An angels lay, a seraph's fire.
- 2 See what the gracious God of heav'n
Hath now to his own Israel giv'n ;
No heart can feel, no tongue express,
The wonders of his love and grace.
- 3 In ev'ry age the Lord was kind,
And to his church reveal'd his mind ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

But we enjoy a wondrous store
Of mercies never known before.

4 The sun of heav'n illumines the soul,
Oceans of mercies sweetly roll ;
The heav'nly streams of truth and love,
Flow freely from the fount above.

5 Ohappy day ! we live to see
How kind to men our God can be ;
His greatest mercies stand confess'd,
And Zion is forever bless'd.

6 Thy truth and loving kindness, Lord,
We will with holy songs record ;
To us are richest favours giv'n,
And praises shall return to heav'n.

Unknown.

377. S. M.

Blessings of the Gospel.

1 RIVERS from Jesus flow,
And bright prophetic streams ;
There trees of life immortal grow,
And light effulgent beams.

2 Leaves from those trees shall heal
The nations of their woe ;
Sinners the living balsam feel,
And up to Zion go.

3 Thus from the house of God,
Waters were seen to flow ;
And like the all-atoning blood,
Give health where'er they go.

- 4 Behold the spicy hills,
And ever-living groves !
Their pleasant fruit the hungry fills,
And truth spontaneous grows.

H. Ballou.

378. C. M.

Solemn Call to Praise.

- 1 SING to the Lord, Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice ;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.
- 2 Repeat his praise with awe profound ;
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 3 How large his tender mercies are !
How wide his pow'r extends !
On his beneficence and care
The universe depends.
- 4 Come, and with humble souls adore ;
Come bow before his face ;
O may the creatures of his pow'r
Be children of his grace !

Watts, alt'd.

379. L. M.

God's Names, the Encouragement of Faith. Ps. ix.

- 1 SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names ;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 Let great Jehovah be ador'd
Th' eternal all-sufficient Lord ;
He through the world, most high confess'd,
By whom 'twas form'd and is possess'd.
 - 3 Awake our noblest pow'rs, to bless
The God of Abram, God of peace ;
Now by the dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.
 - 4 Through ev'ry age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants pray'r ;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That God is ever sought in vain.
 - 5 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear ?
While still he owns his ancient name ?
The same his pow'r, his love the same.
 - 6 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread ;
For God will guard where God shall lead.
- Dodbridge.

380. C. M.

The Sabbath of the Soul.

- 1 SLEEP, sleep to-day, tormenting cares,
Of earth and folly born !
Ye shall not dim the light that streams,
From this celestial morn.
- 2 To-morrow will be time to say,
We feel your harsh controul ;

Ye shall not violate this day,
The sabbath of the soul.

- 3 Sleep, sleep forever, guilty thoughts!
Let fires of vengeance die;
And purg'd from sin, may we behold
A God of purity!

Mrs. Barbauld.

381. C. M.

Close of Evening Service.

- 1 Soon will our fleeting hours be past;
And, as the setting sun
Now leaves the clouds in yonder west,
Our parting beams are gone.
- 2 May he, from whom all blessings flow,
Our sacred rites attend,
Unite our hearts in wisdom's ways,
Till life's short journey end:
- 3 And as the rapid sands run down,
Our virtue still improve;
Till each receive the glorious crown
Of never fading love.

Kippes' Coll.

382. L. M.

Religious Worship. Ps. xcii.

- 1 SWEET is the work, O God! our King!
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
When earthly cares forsake the breast,
When our best pow'rs to God we raise,
And the whole heart's attun'd to praise.
- 3 Our souls shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word:
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels, how divine!
- 4 Lord, may we walk with growing strength
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length.
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there:
- 5 Then shall we see, and hear, and know,
All we desir'd, or wish'd below;
And ev'ry pow'r find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Watts, alt'd.

383. C. M.

Rejoicing in the Hope of Salvation.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'Tis music to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! O the pow'r and grace
That here triumphant reign,
To raise from death our sinful race
To life and God again!

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 Salvation ! let the echo fly,
 'The spacious earth around ;
And all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

Watts.

384. L. M.

The Love of Jesus to Mankind.

- 1 " SEE how he lov'd !" exclaim'd the Jews,
As tender tears from Jesus fell ;
My grateful heart the thought pursues,
And on the theme delights to dwell.
- 2 See how he lov'd, who travell'd on,
Teaching the doctrine from the skies ;
Who bade disease and pain be gone,
And call'd the sleeping dead to rise.
- 3 See how he lov'd, who, firm, yet mild,
Patient endur'd the scoffing tongue ;
Though oft provok'd, he ne'er revil'd,
Nor did his greatest foe a wrong.
- 4 See how he lov'd, who never shrank
From toil or danger, pain or death ;
Who all the cup of sorrow drank,
And meekly yielded up his breath.
- 5 See how he lov'd, who died for man,
Who labour'd thus, and thus endur'd,
To finish the all-gracious plan,
Which life and heav'n to man secur'd.

- 6 Such love can we unmov'd survey?
 O may our breasts with ardour glow,
 To tread his steps, his laws obey,
 And thus our warm affection show!

Exeter Coll. alt'd.

385. C. M.

Value of the Knowledge of God. Hos. vi. 3.

- 1 SHINE forth, eternal source of light!
 Make thy perfections known;
 Fill our enlarg'd, adoring sight,
 With glories all thy own.
- 2 Vain are the charms, and faint the rays
 The brightest creatures boast;
 And all their grandeur and their praise,
 Are in thy presence lost.
- 3 To know the Author of our frame,
 Is our sublimest skill:
 True wisdom is to learn his name,
 True life, to do his will.
- 4 For this may we unceasing pray;
 This all our pow'rs pursue,
 Till visions of eternal day
 Fix and complete the view.

Doddridge.

386. C. M.

The Blessing of God implored on the Labours of Life.
 Ps. xc. 17.

- 1 SHINE on our souls, eternal God!
 With rays of mercy shine!
 O let thy favour crown our days,
 And their whole course be thine!

- 2 Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain:
Small joy success itself would give,
If thou thy love restrain.
- 3 With thee let ev'ry week begin,
With thee each day be spent,
For thee each fleeting hour improv'd,
Since each by thee is lent.
- 4 Thus cheer us midst the toils of life,
Till all our labours cease;
And fill us, in the realms above,
With everlasting peace.

Doddridge.

387. C. M.

Christ's first and last Coming. Ps. xcvi.

- 1 SING to the Lord, ye distant lands!
Ye tribes of ev'ry tongue;
His new-discover'd grace demands
A new and nobler song.
- 2 Say to the nations, Jesus came
A sinful world to save;
From guilt and error to reclaim
And rescue from the grave.
- 3 The joyous earth, the bending skies,
His glorious train display;
Ye mountains, sink; ye vallies, rise;
Prepare the Saviour's way!
- 4 Behold he comes; he comes to bless
The nations from their God;
To show the world his righteousness,
And spread his truth abroad.

5 Again he comes, with pow'rful voice,
To wake the num'rous dead,
And call his follow'rs to rejoice
With their exalted head.

6 When he who is our life draws near,
And all, his glory view,
At that glad hour we shall appear
With him in glory too.

Watts, alt'd.

388. C. M.

The Highway to Zion. Isa. xxxv. 8—10.

1 SING, ye redeemed of the Lord,
Your great Deliv'rer sing;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King!

2 See the fair way his hand hath rais'd,
How holy, and how plain!
'The simplest trav'ler shall not err,
Nor seek the track in vain:

3 No rav'ning lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound;
But pleasure, safety, peace and praise,
'Through all the path are found.

4 A hand divine shall lead you on
Along the blissful road,
Till on the sacred mount you see,
'The glory of your God.

- 5 There, garlands of immortal joy
 Shall bloom on ev'ry head ;
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
 Like shadows all are fled.
 Doddridge.

389. L. M.

Devout Aspirations.

- 1 SUPREME and universal light !
 Fountain of reason ! Judge of right !
 Parent of good ! whose blessings flow
 On all above and all below :
- 2 Without whose kind, directing ray,
 In everlasting night we stray,
 From passion still to passion toss'd,
 And in a maze of error lost.
- 3 Assist us Lord ! to act, to be
 What thy all-holy laws decree ;
 Worthy that intellectual flame,
 Which from thy breathing spirit came.
- 4 May our expanded souls disclaim
 The narrow view, the selfish aim ;
 And with a christian zeal embrace
 Whate'er is friendly to our race.
- 5 O Father ! grace and virtue grant ;
 No more we wish, no more we want ;
 To know, to serve thee, and to love,
 Is peace below, is bliss above.

Rev. Henry Moore.

390. C. M.

Our Strength is in the Lord. Isa. xl. 27—31.

- 1 SUPREME in wisdom, love, and grace,
The great Jehovah stands :
Through his dark providence we trace
The wonders of his hands.
- 2 Strength to the weak he often lends,
When they his aid implore ;
And youth, and feeble age defends,
In peril's darkest hour.
- 3 All human pow'r must soon decay,
And earthly pleasures cease :
But they who make the Lord their stay,
Shall find their strength increase.
- 4 Then come, and with unwearied pace
The path of life pursue ;
For all who trust his heav'nly grace,
Shall find his promise true.
- 5 On eagles' wings they soar away,
They mount to heav'n above !
In realms of pure celestial day,
They shout in strains of love.

D. Pickering.

391. S. M.

Peace to the returning Penitent.

- 1 SWEET is the friendly voice
That speaks of life and peace ;
That bids the penitent rejoice,
And sin and sorrow cease.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2 No balm on earth like this
Can cheer the contrite heart ;
No flatt'ring dreams of earthly bliss
Such pure delight impart.

3 Still merciful and kind,
Thy mercy, Lord ! reveal :
The broken heart thy love can bind,
The wounded spirit heal.

4 Thy presence shall restore
Peace to each anxious breast :
Lord ! let our steps be drawn no more
From paths which thou hast bless'd.

Jervis, alt'd.

392. S. M.

Children offered to God. Mark x. 14.

1 SEE, Israel's Shepherd stand,
With all engaging charms ;
See, how he takes the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms !

2 " Permit them to approach,
Forbid them not," he cried ;
" Of such my Father's kingdom is,
And such with him abide."

3 We bring them, gracious Lord !
And yield them up to thee ;
Rejoic'd that we ourselves are thine,
Thine let our offspring be.

4 Hear him ye little flock ;
Ye children seek his face ;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace !

- 5 If orphans they are left,
 Thy guardian love we trust;
 That love can heal our bleeding hearts,
 When weeping o'er their dust.

Doddridge.

393. L. M.

The Voice of Peace to the troubled Spirit.

- 1 SEE, from the ark, the mystic dove,
 On flying pinions, takes her way,
 Through distant regions prone to move,
 And view the wonders of the day.
- 2 Lo, she returns and seeks her rest
 And brings the olive branch of peace;
 Thus are the cheerless mourners blest,
 The tidings all their hopes increase.
- 3 So we, upon this ocean wide,
 This boist'rous and perturbed state,
 Where sin besets, and woes betide;
 Nor we observe the floods abate.
- 4 Then does the spirit's witness show
 A source of love, a fount of grace;
 A Saviour's goodness makes us know,
 And points to God our righteousness.
- 5 Celestial messenger of joy!
 Speed on thy way to ev'ry heart;
 Bring with thee peace without alloy,
 And never from our souls depart.

Turner.

394. C. M.

The Works of God speak his Wisdom and Power.

- 1 SEE! the bright monarch of the day
In ocean dips his beams ;
While from his brow a parting ray
In milder glory streams.
- 2 The moon, pale empress of the night,
In sweet succession reigns ;
And finely paints, with silver light,
The mountains, vales and plains.
- 3 The planets in progression rise,
And shine from pole to pole ;
Their pleasing course delights our eyes,
And charms th' attentive soul.
- 4 The starry arch in grandour glows,
Through all its ample round :
Great God ! thy pow'r no limit knows,
Thy wisdom knows no bound.

Gent. Magazine.

395. L. M.

Increase of the Church. Isa. ii. 2. Heb. ii. 14.

- 1 SHOUT! for the blessed Jesus reigns:
Through distant lands his triumphs spread,
And sinners, freed from guilt and pains,
Own him their Saviour and their head.
- 2 His sons and daughters from afar,
Daily at Zion's gate arrive ;
'Those who were dead in sin before,
By sov'reign grace are made alive.

3 Oppressors now beneath his feet,
O'ercome by his victorious pow'r :
Princes in humble posture wait :
And proud blasphemers learn t' adore.

4 Gentiles and Jews his laws obey,
Nations remote their off'rings bring,
And unconstrain'd, their homage pay
To their exalted God and King.

5 Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb,
From all below and all above ;
In lofty songs exalt his name,
In songs as lasting as his love.

Beddome.

396. C. M.

The Brazen Serpent.

1 So did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high ;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The sick forbore to die.

2 " Look upward in the dying hour,
And live," the prophet cries ;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

3 High on the cross the Saviour hung ;
High in the heav'ns he reigns ;
Here sinners, by the serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

- 4 When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives ;
The Jew beholds the blessed hope,
Th' expiring Gentile lives,

Watts.

397. L. M.

Holiness.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God ;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
Whilst justice, temp'rance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
- 4 What though we drink of sorrow's cup—
Religion bears our spirits up ;
Hope waits the coming of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Watts.

398. C. M.

Blessing.

- 1 SEND down thy blessing, gracious Lord,
And tune our hearts to praise ;
Help us thy goodness to record,
Which lengthens out our days

- 2 O grant us all thy saving grace,
To run the heav'nly road
Tune ev'ry heart to sing thy praise,
Our Saviour and our God.

Kneeland.

399. 8, 7s, M.

A Call to praise the Lamb of God.

- 1 SHOUT to God, in strains immortal !
All the holy angels sing :
Come ye saints, around the altar,
Each a grateful tribute bring.
- 2 Loud proclaim the Saviour's merit,
Sing the wonders of his grace ;
Sing the sanctifying spirit,
Sealing all the human race.
- 3 Let the strain be loud and joyful,
Piercing to the lofty sky ;
Sing the Lamb of God immortal,
Once for sinners born to die !
- 4 Let all creatures join the chorus,
Raise to him the grateful song :
Angels share the bliss before us,
And the anthem still prolong.

D. Pickering.

400. L. M.

Evening Hymn.

- 1 To God we'll raise an ev'ning song,
Each accent shall record his care ;
'Tis he that guides our feet along,
And keeps our souls from ev'ry snare.

- 2 From the first dawn of morning light,
His watchful eye our path attends;
And in returning shades of night,
Is still the same, our heav'nly Friend.
 - 3 He knows our wants, relieves our fears,
And satisfies each soul with bread;
He numbers all our flowing years,
And pours his blessings on our heads.
 - 4 He saves us from the tempter's snare,
And crowns us with his love and grace;
Makes ev'ry ransom'd soul his care,
And smiles on all the human race.
 - 5 O come, before his altar bend,
And loud proclaim his matchless love;
Let grateful incense high ascend,
To our Almighty Friend above.
 - 6 Come, rest beneath his guardian care,
Fearless of danger close our eyes;
Till death dislodge our spirits here,
To soar in worlds above the skies!
- D. Pickering.

401. C. M.

The Divine Perfections celebrated. Ps. xxxvi.

- 1 THE glories, Lord! thy works proclaim,
Our pious wonder raise;
Thy word still more reveals thy name
And more exalts thy praise.
- 2 The num'rous worlds thy hands have made,
Thy pow'r almighty teach;

The plans thy forming wisdom laid,
Through endless ages reach.

3 Thy mercies, far beyond the rounds
Of earth and heav'n extend ;
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds
Where time and nature end.

4 Thy righteousness maintains its throne,
Though mountains sink to dust ;
Thy judgments are a deep unknown,
Yet always wise and just.

5 Unbounded is thy goodness, Lord !
How bright its wonders shine !
Of present, past, and future good,
The glory all be thine.

6 Incline us, Lord ! as in thy sight,
To keep thy holy ways ;
And all our noblest pow'rs unite,
To celebrate thy praise.

Exeter Coll.

402. L. M.

The Excellency and final Success of the Gospel. Ps. xix.

1 THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord !
In ev'ry star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 Sun, moon and stars, convey thy praise
Round the whole earth and never stand ;
So when thy truth began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on ev'ry land.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run :
Till Christ has all the nations bless'd
That see the light, or feel the sun.
- 4 O may thy noon-day glory rise,
To bless the world with heavenly light !
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.
- 5 Thy richest mercy here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n ;
Lord ! cleanse our sins, our souls renew,
And make thy word our guide to heav'n.
- Watts.

403. C. M.

God may be worshipped in every Place.

- 1 THE heav'n of heav'ns cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell, and be ador'd.
- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and pray'r,
Or on the earth or in the skies,
The God of heav'n is there.
- 3 His presence is diffus'd abroad
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

Dreman.

404. L. M.

The Voice of Nature proclaims the Existence of God.

- 1 THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies ;
See from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise !
- 2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.
- 3 Diffusing life, his influence spreads,
And health and plenty smile around :
The fruitful fields and verdant meads,
Are with a thousand blessings crown'd.
- 4 The flow'ry tribes all blooming rise,
Above the vain attempts of art ;
Their bright inimitable dyes
Speak sweet conviction to the heart.
- 5 What man that views creation round,
Can fail to own almighty pow'r ?
Confess the God with awe profound,
Come, bow before him, and adore !

Mrs. Steele.

405. C. M.

The Majesty of God.

- 1 THE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heav'ns most high,
And underneath his feet he cast,
The darkness of the sky.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2 On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain ;
And he as sov'reign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

Sternhold.

406. L. M. 8 lines.

The Voice of God in his Works. Ps. xix. 1—6.

- 1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display ;
And publishes to ev'ry land,
The work of an almighty hand.
- 2 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale :
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
While all the stars which round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 3 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though nor real voice nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found ;

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
Forever singing as they shine—
" The hand that made us is divine."

Addison.

407. C. M.

Divine aid implored.

- 1 THINE influence, mighty God ! is felt,
Through nature's ample round ;
In heav'n on earth, through air and skies,
Thy energy is found.
- 2 Thy sacred influence, Lord ! we need
To form our hearts anew ;
O cleanse our souls from ev'ry sin,
And thy salvation shew !
- 3 Father of light ! thine aid impart
To guide our doubtful way ;
Thy truth shall scatter ev'ry cloud,
And make a glorious day.
- 4 Supported by thy heav'nly grace,
We'll do and bear thy will ;
That grace shall make each burden light,
And ev'ry murmur still.
- 5 Cheer'd by thy smiles, we'll fearless tread
The gloomy path of death ;
And with the hopes of endless bliss,
To thee resign our breath.

Salisbury Coll.

408. C. M.

For the Lord's Day Morning.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;
He calls the hours his own :
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 This day arose our glorious head,
And death's dread empire fell ;
This day the saints his triumph spread,
And all its wonders tell.
- 3 Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes, in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 4 Hosanna ! in the highest strains
The church on earth can raise :
'The highest heav'ns in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

Watts.

409. C. M.

Providence kind and bountiful.

- 1 THY kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
While earthly thrones decay ;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.
- 2 Thy sov'reign bounty freely gives
Its unexhausted store ;
And universal nature lives
On thy sustaining pow'r.

- 3 Holy and just are all thy ways ;
 Thy goodness is divine ;
 In all thy works, immortal rays
 Of pow'r and mercy shine.
- 4 Thy praise, O God ! delightful theme !
 Shall fill each heart and tongue :
 Let all creation bless thy name
 In one eternal song.

Mrs. Steele.

410. C. M.

Supplication for the Divine Blessing on the Word.

- 1 THY gracious aid, great God ! impart,
 To give thy word success ;
 Write all its precepts on the heart,
 And deep its truths impress.
- 2 O speed our progress in the way,
 That leads to joys on high,
 Where knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

Exeter Coll.

411. C. M.

Praise to the God of the Seasons. Ps. lxxv.

- 1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand
 God of eternal pow'r !
 The seas grow calm at thy command,
 And tempests cease to roar.
- 2 Thy morning light, and ev'ning shade,
 Successive comforts bring :
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad ;
 Thy flow'rs adorn the spring.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

5 Seasons, and times, and days, and hours,
Heav'n, earth, and air, are thine :
When clouds distil in fruitful show'rs
The author is divine.

4 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear :
Thy ways abound with blessings still :
'Thy goodness crowns the year.

Watts.

412. L. M.

Praise for the Blessings given through Jesus.

1 To God, of ev'ry good the spring,
The tribute of your praises bring,
For grace and truth, through Jesus giv'n,
Mercy, and peace, and hopes of heav'n.

2 Grateful the joyous news proclaim,
Salvation is in Jesus' name ;
Salvation—shout the glorious sound,
Proclaim it to the world around.

3 Tell ev'ry fearful, trembling soul,
That gospel grace will make them whole :
Invite the weary poor to come ;
At Jesus' feast there still is room.

4 Jesus—that name shall calm their fears,
Dispel their doubts, and dry their tears,
Shall ease the anxious throbbing breast.
And give the weary mourner rest.

- 5 Jesus—our Prophet, Saviour, King,—
 For Jesus, grateful praise we bring
 To thee, from whom his blessings flow'd,
 To thee, our Father and our God !

Exeter Coll.

413. L. M.

The Triumphs of the exalted Saviour. Ps cx. 1—4.

- 1 THUS the eternal Father spake
 To Christ the Son : “ Ascend and sit
 At my right hand, till I shall make
 Thy foes submissive at thy feet.
- 2 From Zion shall thy word proceed ;
 Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
 Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
 And bow their wills at thy command.
- 3 That day shall show thy pow'r is great,
 When saints shall flock with willing minds,
 And sinners croud thy temple gate,
 Where holiness in beauty shines.”
- 4 O blessed pow'r ! O glorious day !
 What a large vict'ry shall ensue !
 And converts, who thy grace obey,
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

Watts.

414. C. M.

A threefold Cord is not easily broken.

- 1 THE Lord in pow'r and wisdom reigns,
 With everlasting might ;
 Unchanging love and truth maintains,
 And beams celestial light.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 No human mind can comprehend
His vast, mysterious plan ;
Nor angels, who before him bend,
His boundless nature scan.
- 3 O trust in God, each trembling soul ;
Dispondency, away !
His blessings reach from pole to pole,
A plenitude for thee.
- 4 Wisdom, for good, doth all controul,
And love and pow'r agree ;
This threefold cord, believe, my soul,
Can never broken be.
- 5 Unite in praise, O men, your hearts,
And strike the golden lyre ;
Angels, attune your golden harps,
And sound his praises high'r.

S. Strøeter.

415. c. M.

Christ's Invitation.

- 1 THE Saviour calls ! let ev'ry ear
Attend the heav'nly sound !
Ye doubting souls dismiss your fear !
Hope smiles reviving round.
- 2 For ev'ry thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow ;
And life and health, and bliss impart
To banish mortal woe.
- 3 Here springs of sacred pleasure rise
To ease your ev'ry pain ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Immortal fountain ! full supplies !
Nor shall you thirst in vain.

4 Ye sinners come, 'tis mercy's voice ;
The gracious call obey ;
Mercy invites to heav'nly joys,
And can you yet delay ?

5 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts ;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

Unknown.

416. C. M.

" These are they which came out of great Tribulation, &c."
Rev. vii. 14.

1 "THESE glorious minds, how bright they shine !
Whence all their white array ?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day ?"

2 From tort'ring pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And strangely wash'd their raiment white
In Jesus' dying blood.

3 Now they approach a spotless God,
And bow before his throne ;
Their warbling harps and sacred songs
Adore the Holy One.

4 The unveil'd glories of his face
Among his saints reside,
While the rich treasure of his grace
Sees all their wants supplied.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

5 Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life's immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.

6 The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love divine shall wipe away
The sorrows of their eyes.

Watts.

417. L. M.

Desire of Wisdom and Obedience.

1 TEACH us, O teach us, Lord ! thy way ;
That to our life's remotest day,
By thy unerring precepts led,
Our feet thy heav'nly paths may tread.

2 Inform'd by thee, with sacred awe
Our hearts shall meditate thy law ;
And with celestial wisdom fill'd,
To thee a pure obedience yield.

3 Give us to know thy will aright,
Thy will our glory and delight ;
That, rais'd above the world, the mind
In thee its highest good may find.

4 O turn from vanity each eye !
To us thy quick'ning strength supply ;
And with thy promis'd mercy cheer
The heart devoted to thy fear.

Merrick.

418. H. M.

“ Thanks be to God who giveth us the Victory.”

1 THANKS be to God, the Lord,
The victory is ours ;
And hell is overcome
By Christ's triumphant pow'rs!
The monster sin in chains is bound,
And death has felt his mortal wound.

2 Oppress'd with guilt and wo
In darkness long we lay,
Till Christ on earth appear'd,
Then all was boundless day :
With terror struck, the host of night
Fled in despair, to shun the light.

3 Now o'er the vanquish'd tomb
Behold his trophy blaze,
The banner of the cross
That pours its streaming rays ;
To mark the path where Jesus trod ;
And upward guide our steps to God.

4 Give thanks to God, the Lord,
The victory is won ;
And up the path to heav'n
Our march is now begun :
The hymn of joy exulting raise,
And shout aloud the Saviour's praise.

Drummond.

419. C. M.

Prospect of the universal Spread of spiritual Blessings.

- 1 THE common Parent, Lord of all,
Who sits enthron'd above,
With perfect wisdom rules the world,
And with impartial love.
- 2 Soon may his name from shore to shore
Sound all the earth abroad ;
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God !
- 3 The day will come, the happy day,
Such his eternal will,
When light, and truth, and grace divine,
The spacious earth shall fill.
- 4 God will diffuse the blessings round,
So richly scatter'd here ;
Till the creation's utmost bound,
Shall see, adore, and fear.

Watts, alt'd.

420. L. M.

The weeping Seed-Time, and joyful Harvest.

- 1 THE darken'd sky—how thick it low'rs !
Troubled with storms, and big with show'rs ;
No cheerful gleam of light appears,
But nature pours forth all her tears.
- 2 Yet let the sons of grace revive ;
God bids the soul that seeks him, live ;
And from the gloomiest shade of night,
Calls forth a morning of delight.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 The seeds of ecstasy unknown,
Are in these water'd furrows sown ;
See the green blades ! how thick they rise,
And with fresh verdure bless our eyes !
- 4 In secret foldings they contain
Unnumber'd ears of golden grain ;
And heav'n shall pour its beams around,
Till the ripe harvest load the ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling mourner come,
And find his sheaves and bear them home ;
The voice long broke with sighs shall sing,
Till heav'n with hallelujahs ring.

Doddridge.

421. L. M.

The universal Providence of God.

- 1 THE earth and all the heav'nly frame,
Their great Creator's love proclaim ;
He gives the sun his genial pow'r,
And sends the soft refreshing show'r.
- 2 The ground with plenty blooms again,
And yields her various fruits to men ;
To men, who from thy bounteous hand
Receive the gifts of ev'ry land.
- 3 Nor to the human race alone
Is thy paternal goodness shown :
The tribes of earth, and sea, and air,
Enjoy thy universal care.

- 4 Not e'en a sparrow yields its breath,
Till God permits the stroke of death :
He hears the ravens when they call,
The Father and the Friend of all !

Gibbons.

422. C. M.

The Instability of worldly Enjoyments.

- 1 THE evils that beset our path,
Who can prevent or cure ?
We stand upon the brink of death,
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn ;
Some change may plunge us in distress,
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey ;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 The gourds from which we look for fruit,
Produce us often pain ;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 Since sin has fill'd the earth with wo,
And creatures fade and die ;
Lord ! wean our hearts from things below,
And fix our hopes on high.

Olney Hymns.

423. C. M.

Trust in God, in Prosperity and Adversity.

- 1 THE Lord, how tender is his love !
His justice, how august !
Hence, all her fears my soul derives,
There, anchors all her trust.
- 2 He show'rs the manna from above,
To feed the barren waste ;
Or points with death the fiery hail,
And famine waits the blast.
- 3 He bids distress forget to groan,
The sick from anguish cease ;
In dungeons, spreads his healing wing
And softly whispers peace.
- 4 His pow'r directs the rushing wind,
Or tips the bolt with flame ;
His goodness smiles in ev'ry breeze,
And warms in ev'ry beam.
- 5 For us, O Lord ! whatever lot
The hours commission'd bring ;
Do all our with'ring blessings die,
Or fairer clusters spring ;
- 6 O grant, that still with grateful heart
Our years resign'd may run !
'Tis thine to give or to resume,
And may thy will be done !

Darwin.

424 C. M.

The Word of God the best Guide of Youth.

- 1 THE morn of life, how fair and gay !
How cheering and how new !
What hopes illum' each op'ning day,
And brighten ev'ry view !
- 2 Youth's ardent mind, with joy elate,
Elastic and sincere,
Suspects no ills that may await,
Nor yields a thought to fear.
- 3 But slipp'ry is the path they tread,
In pleasure's dang'rous way ;
A thousand snares around them spread,
And oft their feet betray.
- 4 How shall they, then, their course pursue
Through life's uncertain road ?
What friendly hand will point their view
To duty and to God ?
- 5 In God's own word the way is sure,
And clear to ev'ry eye ;
It leads us in a path secure
To brighter worlds on high.
- 6 O be this word our constant guide,
Our steadfast hope and trust !
This ne'er can fail, though all beside
Shall mingle with the dust.

Exeter Coll.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

425. 8, 8, 6s, M.

The universal Providence of God.

- 1 THE mighty God who rolls the spheres,
And storms, and fire, and hail prepares,
And guides this vast machine,
His pow'rful hand our life sustains,
And scatters all those joys and pains,
That fill this chequer'd scene.
- 2 His piercing eye at once surveys,
Where thousand suns and systems blaze
And where the sparrow falls:
While seraphs tune their harps on high
His ear attends the softest cry,
When human mis'ry calls.
- 3 Eternal God! who shall not fear,
And trust, and love, with soul sincere,
Thine awful glorious name!
While man, thy creature, swift decays,
Time has no measure for thy days;
Thou ever art the same.

J. Taylor.

426. L. M.

Improvement of the Shortness of Life.

- 1 THE short-liv'd day declines in haste;
The night of death approaches fast;
With rapid speed the moments run,
In which the work of life is done.

- 2 With willing hearts, and active hands,
Lord ! may we practice thy commands,
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as we would wish to die.

Exeter Coll.

427. S. M.

Light and Deliverance.

- 1 THE trav'ler, lost in night,
Breathes many longing sighs,
And marks the welcome dawn of light,
With rapture in his eyes.
- 2 Thus sweet the dawn of day
Which weary sinners find,
When mercy with reviving ray
Beams o'er the fainting mind.
- 3 To slaves oppress'd with chains,
How kind, how dear the friend,
Whose gen'rous hand relieves their pains,
And bids their sorrows end !
- 4 Thus dear that Friend divine,
Who rescues captive souls ;
Unbinds the galling chains of sin,
And all its pow'r controls.
- 5 O God ! to gospel light
Our dawn of hope we owe ;
Once, wand'ring in the shades of night,
And sunk in hopeless wo.

6 Thy hand redeem'd the slave,
And set the pris'ner free :
Be all we are, and all we have,
Devoted, Lord, to thee !

Mrs. Steele.

428. C. M.

Prospect of Heaven.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flow'rs ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heav'nly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dress'd in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
- 5 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With clear unclouded eyes :

- 6 Could we but stand, as Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore!

Watts.

429. L. M.

Divine Mercy. Ps. cxxx.

- 1 THERE is forgiveness, Lord! with thee,
The humble penitent to cheer;
That all, who thy rich mercy see,
May hope and love, as well as fear.
- 2 More welcome than the morning's face
To those who long for breaking day,
Great God! is that abundant grace
Which thy kind promises display.
- 3 Our trust is fix'd upon thy word,
Nor shall we trust thy word in vain:
Let contrite souls address the Lord,
And find relief from all their pain.

Exeter Coll.

430. C. M.

Earthly and heavenly Treasures compared. Luke xii. 33.

- 1 THESE mortal joys, how soon they fade!
How swift they pass away!
The dying flow'r reclines its head,
The beauty of a day.
- 2 Soon are these earthly treasures lost,
We fondly call our own;
Scarce the possession can we boast,
When straight we find them gone.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3 But there are joys, which cannot die,
With God laid up in store,
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

4 The seeds, which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above,
To ample harvest grow.

Doddridge.

431. C. M.

Charity essential to the Christian Character.

1 THOUGH ev'ry grace our speech adorn'd
That flows from ev'ry tongue ;
Though we could rise to loftier strains
Than ever angels sung :

2 Though with prophetic lore inspir'd,
We made all myst'ries plain ;
Yet, were we void of Christian love,
These gifts were all in vain.

3 Though we dispense with lib'ral hand,
Our goods to feed the poor ;
Or, firm to conscience and to truth,
A martyr's fate endure :

4 Nay, though our faith, with boundless pow'r
E'en mountains could remove ;
'Twere all in vain should we be found
Yet strangers still to love.

Scotch Paraphrases.

432. L. M.

"Thou hast been our Dwelling in all Generations." Ps.xc.1.

- 1 THOU, Lord ! through ev'ry changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;
Through ev'ry age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.
- 2 In thee our fathers sought their rest ;
In thee our fathers still are bless'd ;
And, while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide, and trust.
- 3 Lo ! we are ris'n, a feeble race,
Awhile to fill our father's place :
Our helpless state with pity view,
And let us share their refuge too.
- 4 Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.
- 5 To thee our infant race we leave ;
Them may their fathers' God receive,
That voices yet unform'd may raise
Succeeding hymns of humble praise !
Doddridge.

433. C. M.

Living habitually in the Fear of God.

- 1 THRICE happy men, who, born from heav'n,
While yet they travel here,
Each day of life with God begin,
And spend it in his fear !

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 Midst hourly cares, may we present
Our off'rings to thy throne :
And, while the world our hands employ,
Our hearts be thine alone.
- 3 As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought ;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.
- 4 When to laborious duties call'd,
Or by temptations tried ;
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide.
- 5 As diff'rent scenes of life arise,
Our grateful hearts would be
With thee, amidst the social band,
In solitude with thee.
- 6 In solid, pure delights like these,
Let all our days be past ;
Nor shall we then impatient wish,
Nor shall we fear the last.

Doddridge.

434. L. M.

Our Portion in Life appointed by God.

- 1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God ! conducts unseen,
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

To all, their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

3 All things on earth, and all in heav'n,
On thy eternal will depend ;
And all for greater good were giv'n,
Would man pursue th' appointed end.

4 Be this our care—to all beside
Indiff'rent let our wishes be ;
Passion be calm, subdu'd be pride,
And fix'd our souls, great God ! on thee.
Liverpool Old Coll.

435. C. M.

God immutable. Ps. cii.

1 THROUGH endless years thou art the same,
O ever blessed God !
Ages to come shall know thy name,
And spread thy praise abroad.

2 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid ;
By thee the beauteous arch of heav'n,
With matchless skill was made.

3 Soon shall this goodly frame of things,
Form'd by thy pow'rful hand,
Be like a vesture laid aside,
And chang'd at thy command.

4 But thou, O God ! art still the same,
And endless are thy days ;
Thy bright perfections ever shine
With undiminish'd rays.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 5 Thy servant's children, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers' God,
To latest time thy favour share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

Tate, alt'd.

436. L. M.

Love to God and Man. Matt. xxii. 37—40.

- 1 THUS saith the first and great command,—
Let all thy inward pow'rs unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
With utmost vigour and delight.
- 2 Then shall thy neighbour, next in place,
Thy heart's sincere affection prove ;
And let thy wishes for thyself
Measure to him the debt of love.
- 3 But while these sacred truths we own,
How cold remain our bosoms still !
Wake our best passions, God of love !
And mould our spirits to thy will.

Watts.

437. C. M.

The distinguished Goodness of God to Man.

- 1 THY wisdom, pow'r, and goodness, Lord !
In all thy works appear ;
But most thy praise should man record,
Man thy distinguish'd care.
- 2 From thee the breath of life he drew ;
That breath thy pow'r maintains :
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
His brittle frame sustains.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 Thy providence, his constant guard,
When threat'ning ills impend,
Or will th' impending danger ward,
Or timely succours lend.
- 4 Yet nobler gifts demand his praise ;
Of reason's light possess'd ;
By revelation's brighter rays
Still more divinely bless'd.
- 5 All bounteous Lord ! thy grace impart :
O teach us to improve
Thy gifts with ever grateful heart,
And crown them with thy love !
- Mrs. Steele.

438. C. M.

God the Source of Consolation and Health.

- 1 To calm the sorrows of the mind,
Our heav'nly friend is nigh,
To wipe the anxious tear that starts,
Or trembles in the eye.
- 2 Thou canst, when anguish rends the heart,
The secret wo control ;
The inward malady canst heal,
The sickness of the soul.
- 3 Thou canst repress the rising sigh,
Canst soothe each mortal care ;
And ev'ry deep and heart-felt groan
Is wafted to thine ear.
- 4 Thy gracious eye is watchful still ;
Thy potent arm can save

From threat'ning danger and disease,
And the devouring grave.

- 5 Eternal source of life and health,
And ev'ry bliss we feel !
In sorrow and in joy to thee
Our grateful hearts appeal.

Jervis.

439. L. M.

The Vanity of earthly Objects.

- 1 THE trifling joys this world can give,
A thirsty soul can ne'er supply ;
A soul, which hopes, through grace, to live
In realms of bliss beyond the sky.
- 2 Yet, O my God, I would not slight
The smallest of thy gifts to me ;
The least affords me some delight,
And shews thy mercy rich and free.
- 3 My friends, my health, my daily food—
All blessings given here below,
Proclaim aloud that thou art good—
Thy goodness all the world shall know.
- 4 But O, it is a greater joy,
To feel my heart is reconcil'd ;
To know thou wilt my sins destroy,
And claim me as thy ransom'd child.
- 5 In thee, dear Lord, I stand complete,
It is enough—I want no more !
Prostrate I fall before thy feet,
And all thy boundless love adore.

- 6 Hence then, ye trifling joys depart !
 Joys, transient as the fading flow'r ;
 Jesus the Saviour claims my heart,
 'Tis his by purchase, love, and pow'r.
 S. Thompson.

440. L. M.

Divine Love displayed in the Blessings of the Gospel.

- 1 To thee, our hearts, eternal King !
 Would each a thankful tribute bring ;
 To thee their humble homage raise,
 In songs of ardent, grateful praise.
- 2 All nature shows thy boundless love,
 In worlds below, and worlds above ;
 But in thy blessed word, we trace
 The richer glories of thy grace.
- 3 There, what delightful truths are giv'n ;
 There Jesus shows the way to heav'n ;
 His name salutes the list'ning ear,
 Revives the heart, and checks the fear.
- 4 There Jesus bids our sorrows cease,
 And gives the lab'ring conscience peace ;
 Raises our grateful feelings high,
 And points to mansions in the sky.
- 5 For love like this, O may our song
 To endless years thy praise prolong ;
 And distant climes thy name adore,
 Till time and nature are no more !

Exeter Coll.

441. L. M.

Christ the Sun of Righteousness. Ps. xxxvii.

- 1 To thee, O God ! we homage pay,
Source of the light that rules the day !
Who, while he gilds all nature's frame,
Reflects thy rays, and speaks thy name.
- 2 In louder strains we sing that grace
Which gave the Sun of righteousness ;
Whose nobler light salvation brings,
And scatters healing from his wings.
- 3 O may his glories stand confess'd,
From north to south, from east to west !
Successful may his gospel run
Wide as the circuit of the sun !
- 4 When shall that radiant sun arise,
Where, fix'd on high in purer skies,
Christ all his lustre shall display
Through realms of never-ending day !
Doddridge.

442. L. M.

Divine Protection. Ps. cxxi.

- 1 To those bright realms we lift our eyes ;
Those realms of bliss beyond the skies,
Whence all our help our soul derives ;
There our almighty refuge lives.
- 2 He lives, the everlasting God,
Who built the world, who spread the flood !
The heav'ns, with all their host, he made,
And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
His morning smiles bless all the day ;
He spreads the ev'ning veil and keeps
The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 His servants, thus divinely bless'd
May rise secure, securely rest ;
Their holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 With grateful hearts his care we own ;
Still may we go, and still return,
Safe in the Lord ; still may his care
Defend our lives from ev'ry snare !

Watts, alt'd.

443. C. M.

The Power of God.

1 'TWAS God who form'd the rolling spheres,
And stretch'd the boundless skies ;
Who form'd the plan of endless years,
And bade the ages rise.

2 From everlasting is his might,
Immense and unconfin'd :
He pierces through the realms of light,
And rides upon the wind.

3 He darts along the burning skies ;
Loud thunders round him roar :
All heav'n attends him as he flies,
And hell proclaims his pow'r.

4 He speaks, and nature's wheels stand still ;
They cease their wonted round :
The mountains melt ; the trembling hills
Forsake their ancient bound.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

5 He scatters nations with his breath ;
The scatter'd nations fly :
Blue pestilence, and wasting death,
Confess the Godhead nigh.

6 Ye worlds, with ev'ry living thing
Fulfil his high command :
Pay duteous homage to your King,
And own his ruling hand !

Liverpool Old Coll.

444. L. M.

The Prayer of the Dying Christian.

- 1 THE hour of my departure's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home ;
At last, O Lord ! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
- 2 The race appointed I have run ;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won ;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.
- 3 I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I hold so dear ;
To heal their sorrows, Lord ! descend,
And to the friendless, prove a friend !
- 4 I come, I come, at thy command,
I yield my spirit to thy hand ;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

- 5 The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home;
Now, O my God ! let trouble cease;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

Logan.

445. L. M.

Seed-Time and Harvest.

- 1 THE rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice;
Both, bounteous Lord ! thy pow'r display,
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.
- 2 Earth's wide extended, varying scenes,
All smiling round, thy bounty show;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.
- 3 Now earth receives the precious seed,
Which thy indulgent hand prepares;
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.
- 4 Thy sweet refreshing show'rs attend,
And through the ridges gently flow,
Soft on the springing corn descend;
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.
- 5 Thy goodness crowns the circling year,
Thy paths drop fatness all around;
The barren wilds thy praise declare,
And echoing hills return the sound.

- 6 Here spreading flocks adorn the plain ;
 There plenty ev'ry charm displays ;
 Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
 And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

Mrs. Steele.

446. L. M.

The Institution of the Lord's Supper.

- 1 'TWAS on that dark and mournful night
 When pow'rs of earth and hell arose
 Against the Son of God's delight,
 And friend betray'd him to his foes.
- 2 Before the mournful scene began,
 He took the bread, and bless'd, and brake ;
 What love through all his actions ran ;
 What wondrous words of grace he spake !
- 3 " This is my body, broke for sin,
 Receive and eat the living food ;
 'Then took the cup, and bless'd the wine,
 'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood."
- 4 " In mem'ry of your dying Lord,
 Do this," said he, " till time shall end ;
 Meet at my table, and record
 The love of your departed Friend."
- 5 Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
 We show thy death, we sing thy name
 Till thou return, and we shall eat
 The marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Watts.

447. L. M.

The Christian Farewell. 2 Cor. xiii.

- 1 Thy presence, ever-living God!
Wide through all nature spreads abroad :
Thy watchful eyes, which never sleep,
In ev'ry place thy children keep.
- 2 While near each other we remain,
Thou dost our lives and pow'rs sustain ;
And when apart rejoice to share
Thy counsels, and thy gracious care.
- 3 To thee we now commit our ways,
And still implore thy heav'nly grace ;
Still cause thy face on us to shine,
And guard and guide us still as thine.
- 4 Give us within thy house to raise
Again united songs of praise,
Or, if that joy no more be known,
Give us to meet around thy throne.

Doddridge.

448. L. M.

God the Protector of Innocence.

- 1 THINE is the throne, beneath thy reign,
Great King of kings ! the tribes profane
Behold their dream of conquest o'er,
And vanish, to be seen no more.
- 2 What eyes like thine, eternal Sire !
Thro' sin's dark mazes can inquire ?
What hand like thine, to virtue's foes
Such awful judgments can oppose ?

- 3 The meek observer of thy laws
To thee commits his injur'd cause :
In thee, each anxious fear resign'd
The fatherless a father find.
- 4 Thou, Lord ! thy servant's wish canst read,
Ere from their lips the pray'r proceed :
'Tis thine, the drooping heart to cheer,
To wipe away the starting tear ;
- 5 To vindicate the suff'rer's cause,
To rescue from oppression's jaws,
To curb the haughty tyrant's will,
And bid the sons of pride be still.

Merrick.

449. S. M.

The Saints Enjoyment of God.

- 1 THE great Jehovah reigns
Upon a throne sublime ;
And from his own eternity
Sees the wide waste of time.
- 2 This great Jehovah's mine !
Each saint in rapture cries :
And to this everlasting rock
The joyful spirit flies.
- 3 From this immortal spring,
Immense salvation flows ;
And with the wonders of his love,
The grateful bosom glows.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4 His name shall be our song,
While life and breath are giv'n :
And his unceasing praise shall run
Through all the joys of heav'n.

Unknown.

450. C. M.

“ Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden ;
and I will give you rest.”

- 1 Thus to believers, while below,
Has God his love express'd ;
My presence still shall with you go,
And I will give you rest.
- 2 This as a comfort each shall know,
The sweetest and the best ;
My presence shall with them abide,
And I will give them rest.
- 3 Though with affliction's swelling tide
You sorely are oppress'd ;
My presence shall with you abide,
And I will give you rest.
- 4 When death with solemn call is near,
Still lean upon my breast ;
My presence shall support you there,
And I will give you rest.
- 5 Then let his praise be our employ,
Till we're of heav'n possess'd ;
Till God imparts celestial joy,
And gives us endless rest.

Unknown.

451. S. M.

Preserving Grace. Jude 24, 25.

- 1 To God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies,
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 By his unfading love,
His counsel, and his care,
Display'd in mercy from above,
He guards from ev'ry snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 There all his num'rous sons
Shall meet around his throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.
- 5 To God the only wise,
All majesty belongs,
And be his pow'r and grace ador'd
In everlasting songs.

Watts.

452. C. M.

The Mission of Christ.

- 1 To God, the great redeeming cause,
Let men and angels sing;
Who sent his Son with pow'r and love,
To conquer all our sin.

- 2 To raise the wretched by his grace,
From their abyss of wo;
And make his love to all our race,
In gentle currents flow.
- 3 To reconcile the world to God,
The Saviour left the skies;
And loud proclaim'd the sacred word,
Which bids our joys arise.
- 4 His doctrine pure, his precepts just,
In bright example shine;
Through all the earth, his love and grace
Proclaim a pow'r divine.
- 5 That pow'r shall conquer all his foes,
And bring them home to God;
Shall all his boundless love disclose—
Hosanna to the Lord.

D. Pickering.

453. C. M.

The Love of Christ.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love—immortal flame!
Tune ev'ry heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,

And came to earth to bleed and die !
Was ever love like this ?

- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee ;
May ev'ry heart with rapture say,
" The Saviour died for me."

Unknown.

454. L. M.

God, the Portion of his Saints.

- 1 THE righteous Lord, supremely great,
Maintains his universal state ;
O'er all the earth his pow'r extends,
All heav'n before his footstool bends.
- 2 Yet justice still with pow'r presides,
And mercy all his empire guides ;
Mercy and truth are his delight,
And saints are lovely in his sight.
- 3 No more, ye wise, your wisdom boast,
No more, ye strong, your valour trust ;
No more, ye rich, survey your store,
Elate with heaps of shining ore.
- 4 Glory, ye saints in this alone,
That God, your God to you is known ;
That you have own'd his sov'reign sway,
That you have felt his cheering ray.
- 5 Our wisdom, wealth, and pow'r we find,
In one Jehovah all combin'd ;
On him we fix our roving eyes,
And all our souls in rapture rise.

- 6 All else which we our treasures call
 May in one fatal moment fall ;
 But nought their happiness can move
 Who trust in God's unbounded love.

Unknown.

455. L. M.

Remembrance of Christ.

- 1 " THIS do in mem'ry of your friend,"
 Such was the Saviour's last request,
 Who all the pangs of death endur'd,
 That we might live forever bless'd.
- 2 Yes, we'll record thy matchless love,
 Thou dearest, tend'rest, best of friends !
 Thy dying love the noblest praise
 Of long eternity transcends.
- 3 'Tis pleasure more than earth can give,
 Thy goodness through these veils to see ;
 Thy table food celestial yields,
 And happy they who sit with thee.
- 4 But oh ! what vast transporting joys
 Shall fill our breasts, our tongues inspire,
 When, join'd with the celestial train,
 Our grateful souls thy love admire !
- 5 When these vile bodies, all refin'd,
 Perfect and glorious as thy own,
 Unwearied shall our minds obey,
 And join in worship near thy throne.

Dublin Coll.

456. L. M.

Fast. Isa. lviii. 6, &c.

- 1 THIS is the fast the Lord doth choose,
Each heavy burthen to undo ;
The bands of wickedness to loose,
And let the captive freedom know.
- 2 Let ev'ry vile and sinful yoke
Of servile bondage, and of fear,
By mercy, love, and truth, be broke ;
From sorrow's eye wipe ev'ry tear.
- 3 Yes, to the hungry deal thy bread,
Bring to thine house the outcast poor ;
O let the fainting soul be fed,
Nor spurn the needy from thy door.
- 4 And when thine eyes the naked see,
'The needed garment then bestow ;
'To thine own flesh most tender be,
'To all thy charity must flow.
- 5 This did the Saviour of our race,
Himself, the bread of life did give ;
Loos'd all our burdens by his grace ;
'The outcast poor in Jesus live.
- 6 We are his flesh ; he did not hide
Himself from us, in all our wo ;
But freely gave himself, and died,
'That we his boundless love might know.

H. Ballou.

457. L. M.

God dwelling with the Humble.

- 1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
“ I sit upon my holy throne ;
My name is God, I dwell on high,
Dwell in my own eternity.
- 2 But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too ;
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.
- 3 The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live ;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.
- 4 When I contend against their sin,
I make them know how vile they've been ;
But should my wrath forever smoke
Their souls would sink beneath the stroke.”
- 5 O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,
Lest we should faint, despair and die !
Thus shall our better thoughts approve
The methods of thy chast'ning love.

Watts.

458. S. M.

Praise to God from all Nations. Ps. cxvii.

- 1 THY name, Almighty Lord
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
Thy truth forever stands.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2 Far be thine honours spread ;
Long may thy praise endure,
Till morning light and ev'ning shade
Shall be exchang'd no more.

Watts.

459. C. M.

Blessings of the Divine Presence.

- 1 THY presence, Lord, gives pure delight,
Our sorrows takes away,
Dispels the darkness of our night,
And spreads effulgent day.
- 2 Like water to the thirsty soul
Are flowings of thy love,
Thy spirit sways with soft control,
And bears our thoughts above.
- 3 Why should we then decline from thee ?
In search of folly rove ?
Or strive to set our passions free
From the soft bands of love.
- 4 Extend around thy loving arms,
Infold us in thy breast,
Where, captives to resistless charms,
Our wav'ring souls may rest.
- 5 Raise in our breast a quick'ning zeal,
That faith which works by love ;
And to our strengthen'd eyes reveal
Our life in Christ above.

H. Ballou.

460. C. M.

Blessings of Providence and Redemption.

- 1 THY goodness, Lord! our souls confess,
Thy goodness we adore;
A spring whose blessings never fail,
A sea without a shore.
- 2 Sun, moon, and stars, thy love attest
In ev'ry golden ray;
Love draws the curtains of the night,
And love returns the day.
- 3 Thy bounty ev'ry season crowns
With all the bliss it yields;
With joyful clusters loads the vine,
With strength'ning grain the fields.
- 4 But chiefly thy compassions, Lord!
Are in the gospel seen;
There, like the sun, thy mercy shines,
Without a cloud between.

Berridge.

461. L. M.

Praise for Providence. Matt. v. 45. Acts. xiv. 17.

- 1 THY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are fram'd upon thy throne above,
And ev'ry dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals thine arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

- 3 Thy flock, thine own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uney'd,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.
 - 4 They neither know, nor trace the way;
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.
 - 5 Our favour'd souls shall meekly learn
To lay our reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
We'll trust thee for our guide alone.
- Rippon's Coll.

462. L. M.

We Walk by Faith, not by Sight.

- 1 'Tis by the faith of joys to come
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heav'n our home,
Faith is our guide and truth our light.
- 2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear:
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.
- 3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith receives a heav'nly ray,
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

4. So Abr'am, by divine command,
Left his own house to walk with God :
His faith beheld the promis'd land,
And fir'd his zeal along the road.

Watts.

463. C. M.

Praise for the Gospel. Ps. xcvi. 1. Luke iii. 5, 6.

- 1 To our Almighty Maker, God,
New honours be address'd ;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.
- 2 He spake the word to Abr'am first,
His truth fulfils his grace ;
The Gentiles make his name their trust,
And learn his righteousness.
- 3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim,
With all her diff'rent tongues ;
And spread the honours of his name,
In melody and songs.

Watts.

464. H. M.

Grateful Praise.

- 1 To your Creator God,
Your great Preserver, raise,
Ye creatures of his hand,
Your highest notes of praise :
Let ev'ry voice proclaim his pow'r,
His name adore, and loud rejoice.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2 Thou source of light and heat,
Bright sov'reign of the day,
Dispensing blessings round,
With all diffusive ray ;
From morn to night with ev'ry beam,
Record his name, who made thee bright.

3 Fair regent of the night,
With all thy starry train,
Which rise in silent hosts,
To gild the azure plain ;
With countless rays declare his name,
Prolong the theme, reflect his praise.

4 Let all the creatures join,
To celebrate his name,
And all their various pow'rs
Assist th' exalted theme.
Let nature raise from ev'ry tongue
A gen'ral song of grateful praise:

5 But oh ! from human tongues,
Should nobler praises flow ;
And ev'ry thankful heart,
With warm devotion glow ;
Your voices raise, ye highly blest ;
Above the rest, declare his praise.

Mrs. Steele.

465. S. M.

Benediction.

1 THY benediction, Lord,
Upon us now bestow ;
O bless us with thy sacred word,
And light the path we go.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

2 Impress upon each mind
Thy truth, in mercy, Lord,
And that we may salvation find,
May each the same regard.

3 Now unto God on high,
Be glory ever giv'n :
O fit our longing souls to fly,
And dwell with thee in heav'n.

Kneeland.

466. L. M.

The Grave destroyed.

- 1 UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb,
Take this new treasure to thy trust ;
And give these sacred relics room
To slumber in thy silent dust.
- 2 No pain, no grief, no anxious fear
Invade thy bounds ; no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
Whilst angels watch its soft repose.
- 3 So Jesus slept ; God's dying Son
Past through the grave and blest the bed ;
Here we may rest till from his throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.
- 4 Break from his throne, illustrious morn !
Attend, O grave, his sov'reign word !
Restore thy trust ; the glorious form
Will then arise to meet the Lord.

Watts.

467. H. M.

God our Preserver in a sickly Season. Ps. cxxi.

1 UPWARD we lift our eyes,
From God is all our aid ;
The God who built the skies,
And earth's foundation laid :
God is the tow'r to which we fly :
His grace is nigh in ev'ry hour.

2 Our feet shall never slide,
Or fall in fatal snares,
Since God, our Guard and Guide,
Defends us from our fears.
Those wakeful eyes, that never sleep,
Shall Israel keep, when dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning air,
Shall take our health away,
If God be with us there.
Thou art our sun, and thou our shade,
To guard our head by night or noon.

4 Hast thou not giv'n thy word
To save our souls from death?
And we can trust thee, Lord !
To keep our mortal breath :
We'll go and come, nor fear to die,
Till from on high thou call us home.

Watts.

468. L. M.

The Christian Sabbath.

- 1 WE bless thee for this sacred day,
Thou, who hast ev'ry blessing giv'n,
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of op'ning heav'n.
- 2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful rest!
May we improve thy calm repose,
And in God's service truly bless'd,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.
- 3 Lord, may thy truth, upon the heart
Now fall and dwell, as heav'nly dew,
And flow'rs of grace in freshness start
Where once the weeds of error grew.
- 4 May pray'r now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
And rests her at his shelt'ring throne.

Unknown.

469. C. M.

The Perfections of God displayed in his Works.

- 1 WE sing th' Almighty pow'r of God,
Who bade the mountains rise;
Who spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.
- 2 We sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day:
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

- 3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,
Who fills the earth with food;
Who form'd his creatures by his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.
- 4 Lord how thy wonders are display'd
Where'er we turn our eyes,
Whether we view the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the skies.
- 5 Creation, vast as it may be,
Is subject to thy will:
There's not a place where we can flee,
But thou art with us still.
- 6 On thee each moment we depend;
We live beneath thine eye:
O may we ne'er that God offend,
Who is for ever nigh!

Watts, alt'd.

470. L. M.

Patience. Isa. xxx. 18.

- 1 WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope!
And let his word support your soul:
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.
- 2 He waits his own well-chosen hour
His treasur'd mercy to display;
And his paternal bosom melts,
While wisdom dictates the delay.
- 3 Bless'd are the patient souls that bow
With meek submission to his will;

Though sorrows press, they firmly trust,
And in the midst of storms are still :

- 4 Until their Father's well known voice
Awakes their silence into songs ;
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
And heav'n the grateful shout prolongs.
Doddridge.

471. C. M.

Human Frailty.

- 1 WEAK and irresolute is man :
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away.
- 2 Some foe to his upright intent
Finds out his weaker part ;
Virtue engages his assent,
But pleasure wins his heart.
- 3 Life leads in paths of doubtful length
Through dangers little known :
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.
- 4 But oars alone can ne'er prevail
To reach the distant coast ;
The breath of heav'n must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

Cowper.

472. C. M.

Anxiety reprov'd.

- 1 WE would not seek, with God our friend,
With anxious care to know,
Or how or when our lives shall end,
Or what our lot below.
- 2 The same kind pow'r that gave us breath,
Still holds us in his hand;
And when he bids us sleep in death,
All-wise is his command.
- 3 That pow'r whose watchful goodness feeds
The warblers of the air,
And clothes with flow'rs the smiling meads,
Shall we not be his care?
- 4 If lengthen'd years our lives shall crown
Then be his praise express'd;
Or if in this he cuts us down,
Still what he does, is best.
- 5 May we, the good each hour supplies
Receive with grateful mind;
And when our fairest pleasure dies,
Be humble and resign'd.
- 6 How swift our moments steal away!
E'en while we speak they fly;
Then let us seize the passing day,
And wait for joys on high.

Monthly Anthology, alt'd.

473. L. M.

The Miracles of Christ.

- 1 WHAT works of wisdom, pow'r and love,
Do Jesus' high commission prove ;
Attest his heav'n-derived claim,
And glorify his Father's name !
- 2 On eyes that never saw the day,
He pours the bright celestial ray ;
And deafen'd ears, by him unbound,
Catch all the harmony of sound.
- 3 Lameness takes up its bed and goes
Rejoicing in the strength that flows
Through ev'ry nerve ; and, free from pain,
Pours forth to God the grateful strain.
- 4 The shatter'd mind his word restores,
And tunes afresh the mental pow'rs ;
The dead revive, to life return,
And bids affection cease to mourn.
- 5 How can our souls, these wonders trace,
And not admire Jehovah's grace ?
Can we behold the Saviour's pow'r,
And not the God of love adore ?

Butcher.

474. L. M.

God is Love.

- 1 WHEN darkness long has veil'd the mind,
And smiling day once more appears ;
Then, our Creator ! then we find
The folly of our doubts and fears.

- 2 Straight we upbraid our wand'ring heart,
And blush that we should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbour doubtful thoughts of thee.
- 3 O, let us then at length be taught
What we are still so slow to learn!
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn.
- 4 Sweet truth, and easy to repeat!
But when our faith is sharply tried,
We find ourselves but learners yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.
- 5 But, O our God ! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And then rebellious man is still.

Cowper.

475. C. M.

The Supreme Good.

- 1 WHEN fancy spreads her boldest wings,
And wanders unconfin'd
Amid th' unbounded scene of things,
Which entertain the mind :
- 2 In vain we trace creation o'er,
In search of sacred rest,
The whole creation is too poor
To make us fully bless'd.
- 3 In vain should this low world employ
Each flatt'ring, specious wile ;

For what can yield a real joy
But our Creator's smile!

4 Let earth with all her charms depart,
Unworthy of the mind;
In God alone this restless heart
An equal bliss can find.

5 Great Source of all felicity,
To whom our wishes tend!
Do not these wishes rise from thee,
And in thy favour end?

Mrs. Steele.

476. C. M.

The Comforts of Religion.

1 WHEN gloomy thoughts and boding fears
The trembling heart invade,
And all the face of nature wears
An universal shade;

2 Religion's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And ev'ry fear shall cease to rage,
At her divine control.

3 Through life's bewilder'd, darksome way,
Her hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path her heav'nly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

4 When feeble reason, here confin'd,
Sinks helpless and afraid;
This bless'd supporter of the mind,
Affords a pow'rful aid.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 5 O may our hearts confess her pow'r,
And find a sweet relief,
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
And soften ev'ry grief.

Mrs. Steele.

477. L. M.

"But no man knoweth of his sepulchre." Deut. xxxiv. 6.

- 1 WHEN he, who from the scourge of wrong,
Arous'd the Hebrew tribes to fly,
Saw the fair region promis'd long,
And bow'd him on the hills to die ;
- 2 God made his grave to men unknown,
Where Moab's rocks a vale infold ;
And laid the aged seer alone
To slumber till the world grows old.
- 3 Thus still, whene'er the good and just
Close the dim eye on life and pain,
Heav'n watches o'er their sleeping dust
Till the pure spirit comes again.
- 4 Though nameless, trampled, and forgot,
His servant's humble ashes lie,
Yet God has mark'd and seal'd the spot,
To call its inmate to the sky.

Unknown.

478. C. M.

"He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds." Ps. cxlvii. 3.

- 1 WHEN reft of all, and hopeless care
Would sink us to the tomb,
What pow'r shall save us from despair,
What, dissipate the gloom ?

- 2 No balm that earthly plants distil
Can sooth the mourner's smart;
No mortal hand with lenient skill,
Bind up the broken heart.
- 3 But One alone, who reigns above,
Our wo to joy can turn,
And light the lamp of life and love
'That long has ceas'd to burn.
- 4 'Then, O my soul ! to that One flee,
To God thy woes reveal ;
His eye alone thy wounds can see,
His pow'r alone can heal.

Drummond.

479. L. P. M.

The Excellency of the Gospel.

- 1 WE love the volumes of thy word :
What light and joy those leaves afford
To souls benighted and distress
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way ;
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray ;
Thy promise leads our hearts to rest.
- 2 From the discov'ries of thy law,
The perfect rules of life we draw :
These are our study and delight :
Not honey so invites the taste,
Nor gold that hath the furnace past,
Appears so pleasing to the sight.
- 3 Thy threat'nings wake our slumb'ring eyes,
And warn us where our danger lies ;
But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,

That makes the guilty conscience clean,
Converts the soul, subdues our sin,
And gives a free, but large reward.

Watts.

480. S. M.

The Lord's Day.

- 1 WELCOME, thou day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
To feast his saints to day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place,
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 Our willing souls would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till call'd of him we soar away
To everlasting bliss.

Watts, alt'd.

481. L. M.

The promised Messiah.

- 1 WELCOME the hope of Israel's race,
The Messenger of truth and grace !
Your hearts in righteousness prepare ;
Behold your wish'd redemption near !

- 2 See glory, bursting from the skies,
O'er Judah's land effulgent rise,
And fix amidst her coasts its seat,
Where justice, truth, and mercy meet :
- 3 While faith and hope, their offspring dear,
Attendant on their steps appear :
And join'd in friendly compact move,
Bless'd with philanthropy and love.
- 4 Truth in thy lands, O earth ! shall spring,
And righteousness her healing wing
Expanding, downwards cast her eye,
While heav'n's great Monarch from on high,
- 5 The heathen gloom shall chase away,
And usher in a glorious day ;
And from his own propitious will,
The promis'd grace to man fulfil.

Merrick.

482. C. M.

“ This mortal shall put on immortality.” 1 Cor. xv. 52—53.

- 1 WHEN the last trumpet's awful voice
This rending earth shall shake ;
The op'ning graves shall yield their charge,
And dust to life awake :
- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell,
Shall incorrupted rise ;
And mortal forms shall spring to life,
Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold ! what heav'nly prophets sung
Is now at last fulfill'd ;
That death should yield his ancient reign,
And, vanquish'd quit the field.

- 4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
 Let hope exulting sing :
 O grave! where is thy triumph now?
 O death! where is thy sting?
- 5 Our God, whose name be ever bless'd!
 Disarms that foe we dread,
 And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
 Through Christ, our living Head.
- 6 Then steadfast let us still remain,
 Though dangers rise around,
 And in the work prescrib'd by God,
 Yet more and more abound.
- Scotch Paraphrase, alt'd.

483. C. M.

Comfort in Sickness and Death.

- 1 WHEN sickness shakes the languid frame
 Each dazzling pleasure flies;
 Phantoms of bliss no more obscure
 Our long-deluded eyes.
- 2 Their frail support deceives no more
 When death his sceptre shows,
 And nature faints beneath the weight
 Of complicated woes.
- 3 The tott'ring frame of mortal life
 Shall crumble into dust;
 Nature shall faint, but learn, each soul!
 On nature's God to trust.
- 4 The man whose pious heart is fix'd
 On his all-gracious God,

In ev'ry frown may comfort find,
And kiss the chast'ning rod.

- 5 Nor him shall death itself alarm ;
On heav'n his soul relies,
With joy he views his Maker's love,
And with composure dies.

Heginbotham.

484. L. M.

Humility.

- 5 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who, from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day—
O! why should mortal man be proud?
- 2 His brightest visions just appear,
Then vanish, and no more are found;
The stateliest pile his pride can rear
A breath may level with the ground.
- 3 By doubt perplex'd, in error lost,
With trembling step he seeks his way:
How vain of wisdom's gift the boast!
Of reason's lamp how faint the ray!
- 4 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span:
How ill, alas! does pride become
That erring, guilty creature man.
- 5 God of our life! Father divine!
Give us a meek and lowly mind:
In modest worth, O may we shine,
And peace and humble virtue find!

Enfield.

485. C. M.

Habitual Devotion.

- 1 WHILE thee we seek, protecting Pow'r!
Be our vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.
- 2 Thy love the pow'rs of thought bestow'd
'To thee our thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er our life has flow'd
'That mercy we adore!
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand we see!
Each blessing to our souls more dear,
Because confirm'd by thee.
- 4 In ev'ry joy that crowns our days,
In ev'ry pain we bear,
Our hearts shall find delight in pain,
Or seek relief in pray'r.
- 5 When gladness wings a favour'd hour,
Thy love our thoughts shall fill:
Resign'd when storms of sorrow low'r,
Our souls shall meet thy will.
- 6 Our lifted eyes, without a tear,
The gath'ring storm shall see;
Our steadfast hearts shall know no fear:
But firmly rest on thee.

Miss Williams.

486. L. M.

The one Thing needful.

- 1 WHY should we waste, in trifling cares,
The lives, divine compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?
- 2 Shall God invite us from above,
Shall Jesus urge his dying Love,
Shall waken'd conscience give us pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?
- 3 Not so, our eyes will always view
The objects which we now pursue;
Not so, eternity appear,
When death's decisive hour is near.
- 4 Almighty God! thine aid impart
To fix conviction on the heart:
Thy pow'r can clear the darkest eyes,
And make the haughtiest scorner wise.

Doddridge, alt'd.

487. L. M.

Trust founded on the Divine Perfections.

- 1 WHY sinks the weak desponding mind?
Why heaves the heart an anxious sigh?
Can sov'reign goodness be unkind?
Are we not safe, if God be nigh?
- 2 He holds all nature in his hand:
That gracious hand on which we live,
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

3 'Tis he supports the fainting frame,
On him alone our hopes recline :
The wondrous glories of his name, (shine !
How wide they spread ! how bright they

4 Infinite wisdom ! boundless pow'r !
Unchanging, faithfulness and love !
Here let us trust, while we adore,
Nor from our refuge e'er remove.

Mrs. Steele.

488. C. M.

Habitual Resignation.

1 WITH God our friend, the radiant sun
Sheds a more lively ray :
Each object smiles, all nature charms ;
We chase our cares away.

2 Good, when he gives, supremely good ;
Nor less when he denies :
Afflictions, from his gracious hand,
Are blessings in disguise.

3 We cannot doubt his bounteous love,
Immeasurably kind :
To his unerring, gracious will,
Be ev'ry wish resign'd.

Toplady's Coll.

489. C. M.

The Providence of God in the Seasons.

1 WITH songs and honours sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high ;
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

- 2 He sends his show'rs of blessings down
To cheer the plains below :
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.
- 3 His steady counsels change the face
Of the declining year ;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.
- 4 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground ;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
In icy fetters bound.
- 5 He sends his word and melts the snow,
The fields no longer mourn ;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.
- 6 The changing wind, each flying cloud,
Obeys his mighty word :
With songs and honours sounding loud,
Praise ye the sov'reign Lord !

Watts.

490. L. M.

A Communion Hymn.

- 1 WE sing thy mercy, God of love !
That sent the Saviour from above
To free our race from sin and woe,
And spread thy peace and truth below.
- 2 We thank thee for the words he brought ;
We thank thee that he liv'd and taught
Frail and imperfect man, to be
In humble mode resembling thee.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

3 We thank thee for thy gracious care
That kept those sacred pages fair
Through ev'ry age, whose lines record
The deeds and precepts of our Lord.

4 We thank thee for this solemn rite,
By us repeated in thy sight ;
O fill our souls with bread divine,
And nourish us with heav'nly wine !

Unknown.

491. C. M.

On the Death of a Young Person.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which sorrow must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
O may this truth, impress'd
With awful pow'r—I too must die—
Sink deep in ev'ry breast !

3 Let this vain world delude no more ;
Behold the op'ning tomb !
It bids us seize the present hour,
To-morrow death may come,

4 The voice of this alarming scene
May ev'ry heart obey ;
Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

Mrs. Steele.

492. L. M.

The Love of Christ.

- 1 WHEN in obedience to their Lord,
His foll'wers meet around his board,
His love may well employ the song,
And dwell with praises on the tongue.
- 2 He lov'd mankind—their welfare sought,
In all he did, in all he taught,
Their present peace, their future joy,
His whole concern, his life's employ.
- 3 Where deep distress prolongs the sigh,
Behold the tender Jesus nigh;
He heals the sick, restores the blind,
Consoles and soothes the drooping mind.
- 4 What love, what kindness, from his tongue,
Invite the willing soul to come,
To hear his gospel, learn the way
Which leads through death to endless day!
- 5 And shall we fail to love his name,
Who thus to teach and save us came,
To show his Father's love to man—
And died to seal the gracious plan?
- 6 While life shall last, O let us prove
Our grateful rev'rence and our love!
In deed and thought, through ev'ry day,
Our Father's holy will obey!

Exeter Coll.

493. C. M.

Reflections on the Death of Jesus.

- 1 WITH warm affection let us view,
With pious grief improve,
The solemn and impressive scene
Of Jesus' dying love.
- 2 Not all the malice of his foes,
His pity could subdue;
"Father! forgive," he meekly pray'd,
"They know not what they do."
- 3 O what a love was here display'd,
Beyond our utmost thought!
How pure the lessons, how sublime,
In life and death he taught!
- 4 Let not his sacred truths, by us
Be lost or misapplied;
Nor let our thoughtless hearts forget
It was for us he died.

Exeter Coll.

494. C. M.

Reason a Divine Gift.

- 1 WHAT heav'nly wisdom has bestow'd,
O! let not man despise;
Reason's a gift our praise demands;
And lifts us to the skies.
- 2 How could we know or value truth
Without this beam of light:
Or conscious feel of right and wrong,
Or in God's praise delight?

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 For reason and for conscience too,
Accept our praise, O Lord !
May this be pure, and that be clear,
And both embrace thy word.

Unknown.

495. C. M.

Pleasing Contemplations on Nature.

- 1 WHAT beauteous visions, clear and bright
Attract our ravish'd eyes ;
By shining day, and silent night
On earth and in the skies.
- 2 The dawning beam of morn how clear,
That bids the night adieu ;
How pleasant do those rays appear,
That gild the early dew,
- 3 How soft, how sweet that robe of green
That virgin nature wears ;
How lovely is the flow'ry scene
She on her bosom bears.
- 4 Those fleecy clouds that float on high
Are pleasing to behold ;
And bright the jewels of the sky,
Cerulean, set with gold.
- 5 Thus nature smiles in liv'ry gay,
Doth heav'nly wisdom tell,
And whispers goodness in the ray,
And bids the day farewell.

Wallace.

496. C. M.

Homage and Devotion.

- 1 WITH sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.
- 2 Before the awful throne we bow
Of heav'n's almighty King:
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.
- 3 Thee we adore ; and, Lord ! to thee
Our filial duty pay ;
Thy service, unconstrain'd and free,
Conducts to endless day.
- 4 While in thy house of pray'r we kneel,
With trust and holy fear,
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.
- 5 With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing ;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

Jervis.

497. C. M.

Daily and Nightly Devotion.

- 1 WHEN God reveal'd his gracious name,
And chang'd our mournful state,
Our rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
'The work appear'd so great.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 "Great is the work," our brethren cry'd,
And own'd the pow'r divine ;
"Great is the work," our souls reply'd,
"And be the glory thine."
- 3 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night ;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.
- 4 Let those that sow in sadness, wait
Till the fair harvest come ;
They shall confess their sheaves are great,
And shout the blessings home.
- 5 The seed, though buried long in dust,
Will not deceive their hope ;
The precious grain cannot be lost,
For grace insures the crop.

Watts.

498. L. M. 8 lines.

The Star of Bethlehem.

- 1 WHEN marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 2 Once on the stormy seas we rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd our found'ring bark.

Deep horror then our vitals froze,
Death-struck, we ceas'd the tide to stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the star of Bethlehem.

- 3 It was our guide, our light, our all ;
It made our dark forebodings cease ;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led us to the port of peace.
Now safely moor'd our peril's o'er ;
We'll sing first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
It is the star of Bethlehem.

499. L. M.

The Reign of God.

- 1 WHEN God descends, with men to dwell,
And all creation makes anew ;
What tongue can half the glories tell,
Or eye the matchless wonders view ?
- 2 Zion, the desolate, shall sing,
The wilderness with roses bloom ;
Carmel and Sharon both shall bring
Their spices, and their rich perfume.
- 3 The weak are strong, the fearful bold,
The dumb shall sing in anthems sweet ;
The lame shall walk, the blind behold
Their God, and worship at his feet.
- 4 Celestial streams shall gently flow,
The wilderness shall joyful be :
Lilies on parched ground shall grow,
And gladness spring from ev'ry tree.

- 5 The wolves, with lambs, in meadows go,
The tiger's harmless as the kid;
The lion shall no anger show
But with the calf shall tamely feed.
- 6 Thus kings and slaves shall meet in love,
Old pride shall die, and meekness reign;
When God descends from worlds above,
To dwell with men on earth again.

H. Ballou.

500. L. M.

“ God is Love.”

- 1 WHEN our astonish'd eyes behold
Our Maker's works, below, above;
And read his name in lines of gold,
We surely know that “ God is Love.”
- 2 When we observe his written word,
His promises of grace we prove;
With heart and voice we'll praise the Lord,
For scripture saith that “ God is Love.”
- 3 What gentle streams of pleasure roll!
What quick'ning from the mystic Dove!
For peace divine fills all the soul,
And we can shout, our “ God is love.”
- 4 Now heav'nly courage we'll put on,
Since far away our fear is drove;
We'll bow before the living Son,
And loud proclaim, our “ God is love.”

H. Ballou.

501. S. M.

The Works of God invite our Praise.

- 1 WHEN we survey this world,
With all its beauteous frame,
Its great Creator we adore,
And celebrate his name.
- 2 The boundless whole displays
The wonders of the Lord :
All nature echoes with his praise,
And be his name ador'd.
- 3 The sun in ev'ry beam
Proclaims the God above :
Its ardent rays exhibit him,
Who rules the worlds in love.
- 4 The lofty stars by night,
The moon with paler glow
In ev'ry twinkling ray of light,
Their Maker's honour show.
- 5 The universal whole
Proclaims Jehovah's praise ;
And O, that ev'ry living soul
Would songs of honour raise.
- 6 The worlds were made in love,
By wisdom all divine ;
And while in praise our tongues can move,
That praise, O Lord, be thine !

Proud.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

502. C. M.

The new Creation.

- 1 WHEN will the eyelids of that morn
Open upon our sight,
When all creation shall be born,
And beauty chase our night ?
- 2 When will the sun of righteousness,
With healing in his wings,
The num'rous sons of Adam bless
With love's eternal springs ?
- 3 The promis'd day will surely come ;
Its beauties shall unfold
What Jesus hath for mortals done,
While we with joy behold.
- 4 A new creation then shall rise,
By the Almighty's hand ;
And though the old creation dies,
The new shall always stand.

H. Ballou.

503. C. M.

Repentance and Pardon. Isa. lv.

- 1 WHEN sinners quit their wicked ways,
Their evil thoughts forego,
The God to whom their steps return,
Returning grace will show.
- 2 He pardons with o'erflowing love ;
For hear the voice divine ;
" My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are mine.

- 3 But far as heav'n's resplendent orbs
Beyond this earth extend :
So far my thoughts, so far my ways,
Your thoughts and ways transcend.
- 4 Like as the show'rs from heav'n distil,
Nor thither rise again,
But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
And all its tribes sustain ;
- 5 So not a word that flows from me
Shall ineffectual fall ;
But universal nature prove
Obedient to my call.
- 6 Where briers grew in barren wilds,
Shall firs and myrtles spring,
And nature through her utmost bounds
Eternal praises sing."

Scotch Paraphrases.

504. L. M.

The Guilty Mind relieved by the Hope of Forgiveness.

- 1 WHILE with remorse and woe oppress'd,
Distraction haunts the guilty breast ;
The broken heart, the troubled mind,
In God alone shall succour find.
- 2 'Tis his the wounds of vice to heal,
The charms of mercy to reveal ;
He grants the penitent relief,
And cheers the soul o'erwhelm'd with grief.
- 3 When by temptation's billows tost,
On rocks of ruin well nigh lost ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Still, hope, the anchor of the soul,
Shall folly's beating wave control.

- 4 To all the world's delusive joys,
Ensnaring wiles, and empty noise,
The sinner bids a long farewell,
And loves with purity to dwell.
- 5 In her secure and calm retreat,
He now enjoys a tranquil state ;
Conscious that God will deign to hear
The contrite, humble, and sincere.

Jervis.

505. L. M.

Glorying in the Cross of Christ.

- 1 WHEN we survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
Our richest gain we count but loss,
And pour contempt on all our pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that we should boast,
Save in the death of Christ our Lord,
All the vain things that charm us most,
We sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down :
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown.
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Watts.

506. S. M.

Daily Devotion.

- 1 WHILE thoughtless sinners choose
The road that leads to death ;
We in the service of our God,
Will spend our daily breath.
- 2 We'll worship at his throne,
When morning brings the light ;
We'll seek his blessing ev'ry noon,
And pay our vows at night.
- 3 With all our anxious cares,
We'll lean upon the Lord ;
We'll cast our burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word
- 4 His arm shall well sustain
The children of his love ;
The ground on which their safety stands,
No earthly pow'r can move.

Watts.

507. S. M.

Seeking after God.

- 1 WHY are our hearts so cold ?
No quick'ning zeal for God ?
Dear Lord, thy warming grace unfold,
The pow'r of Jesus' blood.
- 2 Why should we careful be
For vanities of life ?
What can we in creation see,
That's worth this care and strife.

3 Why should we try to feed
On folly's poor repast !
These treach'rous baits our souls would lead
To pain and woe at last.

4 O make thy wisdom shine,
Give us thy counsels, Lord,
And more our hearts to thee incline,
And more unfold thy word.

H. Ballou.

508. C. M.

Confidence in God.

1 WHY thus dejected, O my soul ?
Why thus cast down with fear !
When floods of sorrow o'er thee roll,
Is no deliv'rer near ?

2 Hope thou in God, and in him trust,
And send thy fears away ;
He is both merciful and just ;
Nor can his love decay.

3 My soul, thy highest notes of praise
To thy deliv'rer sing ;
And in thy sweetest anthems raise,
The honours of thy King.

4 Thy health, thy beauty, and thy pow'r,
Is God, thy gracious friend ;
Then, O my soul ! thy God adore,
Who doth salvation send.

H. Ballou.

509. H. M.

Christ the Living Stone.

- 1 WITH ecstasy of joy,
Extol his glorious name,
Who rear'd the spacious earth,
And rais'd our mortal frame :
He built the church who spread the sky,
Shout and exalt his honours high.
- 2 See the foundation laid
By pow'r and love divine ;
In Christ, his holy Son,
How bright his glories shine !
Who yields to death—in dust he lies,
That from his tomb a church might rise.
- 3 But he forever lives,
Nor for himself alone ;
Each saint new life derives
From him the living stone ;
His influence spreads through ev'ry soul,
And in one house unites the whole.
- 4 To him with joy we move,
In him cemented stand,
The living temple grows,
And owns the founder's hand :
That structure, Lord ! still higher raise,
Louder to sound its builder's praise.
- 5 Descend and shed abroad
The tokens of thy grace ;
And with more radiant beams
Let glory fill the place.

Our joyful souls shall prostrate fall,
And own our God is all in all.

Doddridge.

510. L. M.

“Wait thou upon God.”

- 1 WAIT ev'ry soul your Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still !
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise ;
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 Thick darkness round his throne he draws,
His work performs, conceals the cause ;
But, though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne.
- 3 In heav'n and earth, and air, and seas,
He executes his firm decrees ;
And by his saints it stands confest,
That what he does is ever best.
- 4 Wait then, each soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat,
And 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

Unknown.

511. C. M.

Consolation to Mourners.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

- 3 The grave of all his children's blest,
He softens ev'ry bed ;
Where should the dying members rest
But with the dying Head ?
- 4 Thence he arose, and burst the chain,
To show our feet the way ;
From shades where death and darkness reign,
To realms of endless day.
- 5 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid his kindred rise :
Awake ye nations under ground,
Ye saints ascend the skies.

Watts.

512. L. M.

" To die is Gain."

- 1 WHY should we start, and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are !
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
- 2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away ;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
- 3 O if the Lord would come and meet,
Our souls with joy should leave this clay ;
Pass fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors of the way.
- 4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are ;

While on his breast we lean our head,
And breathe our life out sweetly there.

Watts.

513. L. M.

All Nations called upon to praise God. Ps. c.

- 1 YE nations round the earth rejoice
Before the Lord your sov'reign King;
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
And his unrival'd glories sing.
- 2 The Lord is God: 'tis he alone
Doth life and all its blessings give;
And still his guardian care we own,
And still upon his bounty live.
- 3 Enter his gates with songs of joy;
With praises in his courts appear;
And make it your divine employ
To pay your thanks and honours there.
- 4 For God, and he alone, is good;
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth hath always firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Watts.

514. L. M.

The Divine Perfections celebrated.

- 1 YE sons of men, in sacred lays,
Attempt the great Creator's praise:
But who an equal song can frame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 He sits enthron'd amidst the spheres,
And glory like a garment wears;
While boundless wisdom, pow'r and grace
Command our awe, invite our praise.
- 3 To God all nature owes its birth;
He form'd this pond'rous globe of earth;
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And measur'd out the azure sky,
- 4 'Tis he who bids the tempest rise,
And rolls the thunder through the skies;
His voice the elements obey;
Wide o'er the earth extends his sway.
- 5 In ev'ry work and way divine,
Omnipotence and wisdom shine;
And goodness fixes still the end,
To which they all unvarying tend.
- 6 His pow'r we trace on ev'ry side;
O may his wisdom be our guide:
And while we live, and when we die,
May his almighty love be nigh!

Pope's Coll. alt'd.

515. L. M.

Power and Goodness of God.

- 1 Ye sons of men! with joy record
The various wonders of the Lord;
And let his pow'r and goodness sound,
'Through all your tribes, the earth around.
- 2 Lo! the high heav'ns your songs invite,
Those spacious fields of brilliant light,
Where sun, and moon, and planets roll,
And stars, that glow from pole to pole.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 3 View the broad sea's majestic plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns :
That band remotest nations joins,
And on each wave his goodness shines.
- 4 But O that brighter world above,
Where lives and reigns eternal love !
Thither, my soul ! with rapture soar,
There, in the land of praise, adore.
- Doddridge.

516. H. M.

Praise to God from his Works.

- 1 YE tribes of Adam ! join
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Wide as he reigns, his name be sung
By ev'ry tongue, in endless strains.
- 2 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move
By his supreme command ;
He spake the word, and all their frame
In order came, to praise the Lord.
- 3 All have obey'd his will,
Through unknown ages past,
And shall his word fulfil,
While time and nature last.
In different ways, his works proclaim
His wondrous name, and speak his praise.
- To God, the sov'reign Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat ;

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great :
Wide as he reigns, his name be sung
By ev'ry tongue, in endless strains.

Watts.

517. 8, 8, 6 M.

All Beings invoked to praise God.

- 1 YE works of God ! on him alone
From earth his footstool, heav'n his throne,
Be all your praise bestow'd ;
Whose hand this beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finish'd whole survey'd,
And saw that all was good.
- 2 Ye sons of men ! his praise display,
Who stamp'd his image on your clay,
And gave it pow'r to move :
Where'er ye go, where'er ye dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.
- 3 Ye spirits of the good and just,
Who on his word of promise trust,
And daily upwards soar !
O let your songs his praise display,
'Till nature's self shall waste away,
And time shall be no more !
- 4 Praise him ye meek and humble train,
Who shall those heav'nly joys obtain,
Prepar'd for souls sincere !
Now praise him till you take your way
To regions of eternal day,
To dwell forever there.

518. C. M.

God the everlasting Light of good Men.

- 1 YE golden lamps of heav'n ! farewell,
With all your feeble light !
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night !
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day !
In brighter flames array'd ;
My soul, which springs beyond thy sphere,
No more demands thine aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heav'nly courts,
Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light,
Shall there his beams display ;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into mine eyes ;
No more the noon-day sun decline,
Amid those brighter skies.
- 6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite ;
And each the bliss of all shall share
With infinite delight.

Doddridge.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

519. C. M.

Christ's Death and Exaltation.

- 1 YE humble souls! who seek the Lord,
Chase all your fears away;
And bow with transport down to see
The place where Jesus lay.
- 2 His life for us he freely gave;
Such wonders love can do!
Thus cold in death that bosom lay,
Which throb'd and bled for you!
- 3 A moment give your hearts to grief,
And mourn your Saviour slain:
Then dry your tears, and tune your songs,
The Saviour lives again!
- 4 High o'er th' angelic bands he rears
His once dishonour'd head;
And through unnumber'd years he reigns,
Who dwelt among the dead.
- 5 With cheerful hope may ev'ry saint
The vale of death survey;
Then rise with his ascending Lord,
To realms of endless day.

Doddridge.

520. L. P. M.

Reflections on Death.

- 1 YET a few years, or days perhaps,
Or moments pass in silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more!

No more the sun these eyes shall view,
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew
And life's delusive dream be o'er.

2 Great God ! how awful is the scene !
A breath, a transient breath between :
And can I waste life's fleeting day ?
To earth, alas ! too firmly bound,
Trees deeply rooted in the ground,
Are shiver'd when they're torn away.

3 Great cause of all above, below !
Who knows thee, must forever know
Thou art immortal and divine :
Thine image on my soul impress'd,
Of endless being is the test,
And bids eternity be mine.

Hawksworth, alt'd.

521. C. M.

Brotherly Kindness, from the Precept and Example of
Christ.

1 YE foll'wers of the Prince of peace,
Who round his table draw !
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

2 The love which all his bosom fill'd,
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspir'd by love, he liv'd and taught ;
Inspir'd by love, he died.

3 Let all the sacred law fulfil ;
Like his be ev'ry mind ;
Be ev'ry temper form'd by love,
And ev'ry action kind.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 4 Let none who call themselves his friends,
Disgrace the honour'd name ;
But by a near resemblance prove
The title which they claim.

Beddome.

522. C. M.

Invitation.

- 1 YE favour'd children of the Lord,
Ye lov'd, ye ransom'd race ;
Come, listen to the cheering word
Of our Immanuel's grace.
- 2 O come ! attend the Saviour's call,
He only life can give ;
His gracious voice proclaim'd to all,
Is " come, believe, and live."
- 3 But man, regardless of his words,
From Jesus doth depart ;
The joyful sound no life affords
His unbelieving heart.
- 4 Hasten, O God, that glorious day,
In thine own plan design'd,
When thou wilt take the veil away
From each benighted mind.
- 5 Then sinners shall with grateful hearts
The Saviour's name adore ;
And carnal mind, with subtle arts,
Shall tempt their souls no more.

S. Thompson.

523. C. M.

Joyful Confidence in God.

- 1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known,
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms and troubles rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee ;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy unchanging love
What honors shall we raise !
Not all the raptur'd songs above
Can render equal praise.

Unknown.

524. L. M.

“Blessed are the Poor in Spirit.”

- 1 YE humble souls, complain no more ;
Let faith survey your future store ;
How happy, how divinely blest,
The sacred words of truth attest !
- 2 When conscious grief laments sincere,
And pours the penitential tear,
Hope paints to your dejected eyes
A bright reversion in the skies.
- 3 In vain the sons of wealth and pride
Despise your lot, your hopes deride ;
In vain they boast their little stores ;
Trifles are theirs, a kingdom yours.
- 4 A kingdom of immense delight,
Where health and peace and joy unite ;
A kingdom which shall ne'er decay,
Though earthly kingdoms fade away.
- 5 There shall your eyes with rapture view
The glorious Friend who died for you ;
Who died to ransom, died to raise
To crowns of joy and songs of praise.

Mrs. Steele.

525. C. M.

True and False Zeal.

- 1 ZEAL is that pure and heav'nly flame,
The fire of love supplies ;
Whilst that which often bears the name,
Is self but in disguise.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

- 2 True zeal is merciful and mild,
Can pity and forbear;
The false is headstrong, fierce and wild,
And breathes revenge and war.
- 3 While zeal for truth the christian warms,
He knows the worth of peace :
But self contends for names and forms,
Its party to increase.
- 4 Zeal has attain'd its highest aim,
Its end is satisfied :
If sinners love the Saviour's name,
Nor seeks it aught beside.
- 5 But self, however well employ'd,
Has its own ends in view ;
And says, as boasting Jehu cried,
" Come, see what I can do."
- 6 This idol self, O Lord, dethrone,
And from our hearts remove ;
And let no zeal by us be shown
But that which springs from love.

Newton.

END OF THE PSALMS AND HYMNS.

A
BRIEF SUMMARY
OF THE
UNIVERSALIST FAITH.

WE believe in one God, infinite and unchangeable in all his perfections ; and that these perfections are all modifications of adorable, incomprehensible, and unbounded Love, and clearly manifested to the world as such, in CHRIST JESUS.

We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments contain a faithful revelation of the character, will, and purpose of God, and of the final destination of all mankind.

We believe that the moral precepts of the Scriptures contain a most wholesome rule for the government of our conduct through life, and that the duties which are therein inculcated, are obligatory upon us, and are of vital importance in promoting the happiness of mankind.

We believe it to be consistent with the character and government of God, and perfectly consonant to the design of his law, to punish all wilful offenders, and to administer to every transgression and disobedience a just recompense of reward.

We believe that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, contain suitable evidences to justify a firm belief in the certain restoration and final salvation of all the human family : and that the love of God manifested to man in a Redeemer, is the best and most efficient means of producing a holy, active, and useful life.

P R A Y E R S .

BEFORE SERMON.

INFINITELY glorious and unchangeable Jehovah, the fountain of life and of happiness ; who from everlasting to everlasting art God, and besides thee there is none else. Thou swayest the sceptre of the universe, and doest according to thy will in the army of heaven, and amongst the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay thy hand

Through the amplitude of thy creation, thy power and wisdom are displayed, and in all the visitations of thy providence, we read the tokens of thy justice, and enjoy the testimonials of thy benevolence. When we lift our eyes to the heavens, and contemplate the grandeur of thy works, where worlds in countless multitude display their shining train, we are impressed with a deep sense of the infinitude of thy wisdom and omnipotence, which, while they transcend the utmost power of human thought, lead our hearts to inquire with astonishment, “ what is man, that thou art mindful of him ? ” and the sons of men, that thou shouldst deign to visit them ? In all thy works, thy perfections are displayed, and through all thy providence we behold the expressions of thy universal care and good-will. With reverence and deep humility we desire to approach and bow before thy Majesty’s presence, and in the name of Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved Son, acknowledge thee as the Father of the spirits of all flesh. To revere thee as that only God, in whom we live, and move, and have our being, and from whom we receive every good and perfect gift. We desire humbly to confess before thee, O our God, that we have sinned, and come short of thy glory, and that in point of merit we are no more worthy to be called thy children : For we have strayed from thy commands—We have disregarded thy precepts—We have forsaken our own mercies, and forgotten the resting-place of our souls. The imaginations of our hearts have been evil in thy sight, and our feet have trodden the path of iniquity. Yet we rejoice with unfeigned gratitude, that notwithstanding we have

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forsaken in our affections the best of beings, and have turned aside to pursue the follies and vanities of time, thy wisdom hath guided our unstable feet, and thy mercy and kindness have attended our path. Through dangers both seen and unseen, thou hast been our shield and our defence ; and in peril's darkest hour, thine arm hath been our sure support. When clouds of mental darkness have gathered thick around us, thou hast cleared the visual power, and by the radiance of thy countenance dispelled the horrid gloom, and tuned the hearts of thy children to songs of gladness. We adore thee as a Being infinite in thy compassion, unchangeable in the purposes of thy wisdom, boundless in the plentitude of thy power, and impartial in the bestowments of thy love and grace. All creation lives upon thy smiles, and the whole peopled earth record the faithfulness of thy providential love : For " day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge ;" even the knowledge of thy universal goodness. Through all the earth the language of thy kind providence is heard, and carries conviction to the heart, that thou, Lord, art good unto all, and that thy tender mercies are over all thy works. We rejoice to adore thee as our Creator and Preserver ; and desire to offer unto thee upon the altar of our hearts, the tribute of gratitude and praise, for the bestowment of our natural and moral powers. We devoutly thank and adore thee, that thou hast seen fit to impress thy moral image upon thine offspring man, and permit him the exalted privilege of addressing thee by the endearing appellation of Father. That thou hast implanted within us a spirit, by which, through the inspiration of the Almighty, we are led to understand thy character and thy will. That thou hast furnished us with minds, susceptible of social enjoyment, and of moral improvement. That thou hast rendered us capable of growing in the knowledge of thy perfections, and of obeying thy commands.

We rejoice, and praise thy venerable name, that thou hast spared us as monuments of thy goodness, and brought us in mercy to the present hour. That the curtains of thy love have been spread over us, and that a kind and watchful providence hath supplied our wants. And we thank

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thee, O our God, that the tokens of thy divine liberality are not confined to us, but are mercifully extended to all our race. "The eyes of all wait upon thee, and thou givest them their meat in due season: Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." We would acknowledge before thee, the obligation of gratitude, for our civil and religious privileges; that we are permitted to enjoy the pleasures of the sanctuary, and to worship the living God agreeably to the dictates of our own conscience. We thank thee for the extension of scientific knowledge in our land, and the rapid march of religious truth through all our borders.

But above all, we desire to adore thee for the rich displays of thine unbounded mercy and grace, in the unspeakable gift of thy well-beloved Son, "in whom we have redemption, through his blood, the forgiveness of our sins." That in this precious gift to the children of men, the inexhaustable treasures of thy grace are bestowed upon the children of thy creation, and the smiles of heavenly truth and love are made to revisit the plains of mortality and time, to give the knowledge of thy glory, and to excite the blissful hope of immortality and eternal life. That darkness and ignorance which have pervaded the empire of the human understanding, are fast receding before the effulgent rays of the Sun of righteousness, while the glorious gospel of a risen Saviour is proclaiming "good tidings of great joy to all people."

We rejoice to acknowledge the visits of thy love, which in smiles of grace divine have illuminated our hearts, and made us acquainted with the life-giving energies of thy truth. That this section of thine heritage hath been favoured with the light and salvation of our God, and through the tender mercies from on high, we are permitted to convene (*in thy sanctuary, or, for thy worship*) to acknowledge our dependence; and the grateful sense we entertain of thy goodness.

Permit us, almighty and eternal God, to bow with reverence before thee, and while we call to remembrance the benefactions of thy mercy, may our hearts glow with fervent gratitude and pure devotion. Be pleased in infinite compassion to smile from thy holy habitation, and

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renew unto us the tokens of thy faithfulness and love. In the name of Jesus Christ, thy Son, and our Redeemer, wilt thou mercifully pardon the multitude of our transgressions: And O may thy grace descend upon us in copious effusions, that by its sacred and benign influence, we may be enabled to worship thee, the living God, in spirit and in truth. Wilt thou impart unto us the blessings of thy wisdom, to lead and guide us into all truth; and that our humble endeavours to glorify thy name may be rendered acceptable, may they be attended by the purest affections of our hearts.

We entreat thee, most merciful and indulgent Father, to remove every cloud of darkness from our minds, and to dissipate all our fears. Lead us, we beseech thee, into the way of life, nor leave us in the path of temptation. Richly replenish our understandings with the knowledge of thy truth, and our hearts with that evangelical faith which works by love. Be pleased to assist us in discharging the duties that are incumbent upon us at this time, and may we derive spiritual refreshment from thy word of life. O our Father, wilt thou comfort our hearts with thy grace, and may they be united by the sacred bond of christian love. May we realize how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, and derive a mutual benefit from the promptitude of our obedience to thy commands. Cleanse us, O our God, from all unrighteousness, and preserve us in mercy to thy heavenly kingdom. Wilt thou, O Lord, our God, bestow thy propitious smiles upon Zion. May all her favoured sons be clothed with the whole armour of righteousness and become the pious ornaments of this lower creation. May all these whom thou hast appointed as watchmen upon her walls, be faithful and diligent in the administration of the gospel of eternal life, nor may they ever shun to declare all the counsel of God. May they be of quick understanding in thy fear, and be rendered instrumental of multiplying converts to the faith of the Lord Jesus, as drops of the morning dew. Regard, we humbly entreat thee, the condition of those who are visited with sickness and pain. Grant unto them thy kind supporting arm, and bless them with composure of

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mind, and with resignation to thy will. Fill their hearts with the assurance of thy mercy, and reconcile them to whatever may await them in thy wise and unerring providence. We would solicit thy benedictive smiles upon such of thy children as are called to mourn. Wilt thou bind up their broken hearts, and comfort them with the blissful hope of immortality, which is brought to light by the gospel of a risen Saviour. And may all the subjects of affliction, become the experimental children of thy grace.

We would remember before thee, O God, those that are far from righteousness, who are wandering in darkness, alienated from thee, and enemies in their minds by wicked works. Reclaim their hearts, we beseech thee, and turn their feet into thy testimonies. Redeem them from the paths of iniquity, and save them from the distress and misery attendant on transgression; and lead them to prove by happy experience, that the ways of wisdom *alone* are ways of pleasantness, and that all her paths are peace and joy. Have mercy, we humbly pray thee, upon our enemies, and bless them who in the darkness of their minds, despitefully use us, and persecute us! Turn them from the error of their ways, to the wisdom of the just, and prepare them for the enjoyments of thy kingdom.

And will the Lord Almighty, in the plenitude of his wisdom, love, and grace, send the saving influence of heavenly Light and Truth through the whole earth, until "all the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord, and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee." And may all the ransomed creation, at length be brought to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy, and be raised upon the rainbow of thy covenant, to shout in pure immortal strains, with "every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them—blessing and honour and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb forever and ever."

[*Here may be added the Lord's Prayer.*]

"Our Father," &c.

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AFTER SERMON.

ALMIGHTY and eternal God, the maker of heaven and earth, and the wise disposer of events. We desire again to bend in reverence before thy throne, and to offer the gratitude of our hearts to thee, the giver of all our mercies. We devoutly thank thee, O our heavenly Father, for our creation, and the bestowment of our natural and moral powers—For the gifts and blessings of thy providence, upon which we have subsisted—For the condescending tokens of thy spiritual mercy and grace, in permitting us to worship in thy presence ; and for the gift, and labours, of our Lord Jesus Christ.

May the opportunity which we have here enjoyed, be unto us a source of improvement, and a subject of grateful remembrance ; and sanctify our hearts, we entreat thee, by the in-pourings of thy spirit, and dismiss us from this place under thy propitious smiles.

Through the uneven journey of life, wilt thou direct our steps ; and let thy mercy and love attend us, and smooth our path to the close of time. In the last alarms, wilt thou sooth our spirits by thy presence, sustain our fainting hearts in the valley of death—And finally, through the infinite riches of thy grace, conduct us, with the whole intelligent creation, to the endless enjoyments of thy love, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

FOR MORNING.

SUPREMELY great and glorious God : We adore thee for the revelation of thy nature, which is love. We thank thy holy name, that thy kind and watchful providence hath sustained us, and that the bounties of thy divine liberality have been most wisely and admirably adapted to all our wants, so that we are bound in gratitude to acknowledge that our hearts have been filled with food and gladness. Through the changing scenes attendant on our mortal existence, thou hast been our supporter and guide. Through the silent watches of the night, thou hast guarded our defenceless lives, and in the return of morning light, thou hast blessed us with a renewal of thy smiles. Most gracious and benevolent Father, wilt thou kindly accept us in the offering of our morning gratitude, for thy preserving faithfulness, and let the welcome return of another day remind

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us of our constant obligation to love and obey thy commandments. Continue, we entreat thee, the benefactions of thy mercy, and direct our feet in the path of duty and enjoyment. May our lives be devoted to thy service ; and grant, we humbly beseech thee, that thy divine wisdom may direct our steps in all the duties of this day ; and in faithful obedience to the precepts of thy will, may we spend the residue of our lives. Graciously enable us to repent of all our sins, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in the world. Let thy compassion, we humbly pray thee, be upon all the children of thy creation, and pour out the spirit of thy grace upon all flesh ; until the earth shall be full of the knowledge of God, and every tongue be made vocal with thy praise. And when our days shall be numbered and finished beneath the sun, wilt thou in mercy call us to enjoy the bliss of eternity ; and at last to join with angels, and all the ransomed creation, in ascriptions of unbounded glory to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever and ever.—[*Here the Lord's prayer may be added :*] “ Our Father,” &c.

FOR EVENING.

O THOU who inhabitest eternity ; who art a Being of infinite wisdom, power, and love ; the great Author of our lives, and of all our blessings.

We rejoice that we are permitted to rear a domestic altar, and offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and praise.

Thou causest the outgoings of the morning and of the evening to rejoice, and crownest our lives with thy goodness.

We would present unto thee the offering of our evening gratitude for thy creative benevolence, and for the innumerable blessings of thy providence.

We thank thee, O our God, for thy paternal care and faithfulness which have attended us through the day ; and that thou hast brought us in safety to the present hour, and permitted us the privilege of reverently bowing before thee, to acknowledge our dependence, and humbly to solicit the continuance of thy mercy.

Pardon, we beseech thee, the multitude of our transgressions, and in the rich abundance of thy grace, forgive the follies of this day. Wilt thou warm our hearts by the indwellings of thy love, and may we realize the blessings of

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thy presence. In mercy wilt thou cleanse us from secret faults; and may it be our chief concern to understand thy will, and to walk in all thy commandments blameless. May thy peace abide within our hearts, and may we keep the example of thy goodness alway in view; that we may love our enemies, and do good to them that despitefully use and persecute us. Mercifully remember the poor, and bless all the afflicted of thy creation. May those who are blindly pursuing the paths of iniquity in search of happiness, be turned from the folly of their ways to the path of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. And now, O Lord our God, we commit ourselves to thee, trusting in thy mercy to protect our slumbering hours, and humbly imploring thy grace to assist us in discharging with fidelity, the duties of the coming day, and all the duties of life. Through the uneven journey of time, wilt thou be our guide; in the gloomy vale of death wilt thou support our trembling hearts; and through the infinite riches of thy grace, wilt thou finally crown us, and all the intelligent creation, with immortality and endless life, through Jesus Christ, our Redeemer. Amen.

FOR A FUNERAL.

OUR Father which art in heaven; who hast created all things by the word of thy power, and for thy good pleasure, they are, and were created.

We rejoice that thy character is displayed in thy works, and revealed in thy word of truth: For the heavens declare the glory of thy wisdom and power, and the innumerable blessings of thy providence testify in accordance with the voice of inspiration, that thou art good unto all, and thy tender mercies are over all thy works.

In the day of prosperity thou hast taught us to rejoice with gratitude, and in the hour of adversity to look unto thee for comfort and support.

We acknowledge, O our heavenly Father, that our lives, and all the blessings which we enjoy in time, are favours with which we are indulged by the wisdom of thy providence; and that the same unerring wisdom may in justice withhold their continuance, or remove from our enjoyment the objects of our fond affections. But we confess thy goodness, O eternal God, in rendering even affliction's stormy sea subservient to the purposes of thy benevolence.

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and grace ; and hast in mercy taught us, that although no affliction for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous ; yet nevertheless, it afterwards yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness to them that are exercised thereby. As dependent beings, we desire that thou wouldst suitably impress our minds with the solemnity of the present occasion, and seal instruction to our hearts by the dispensation in which thou art passing before us.

Forbid, O most holy Father, that we should visit the house of mourning with cold indifference ; but may we be solemnly impressed with a sense of our own frailty, and so number our days, as to apply our hearts unto wisdom. May we be enabled to mingle our sympathies with the afflictions of thy mourning children, and while we weep with them that weep, may the assurance of a future resurrection inspire us with the consoling hope, that the bond of social affection will again be renewed and perpetuated in a happier and better life. And, O most merciful God, wilt thou impart the rich consolations of thy grace and truth, to comfort the hearts of those bereaved friends, who are called to drop afflictions parting tear over the silent remains of kindred dust, and to witness the certain destiny of all human glory, and the end of all our sublunary enjoyments.

We beseech thee to sanctify this afflictive dispensation of thy providence to their spiritual welfare, and render it subservient to their improvement in a life of virtue. Wilt thou reconcile them to thy will, and in mercy prepare them for whatever may await them in the journey of life, and finally, through the infinite riches of thy grace, raise them to the enjoyment of the blissful society of their departed friends, in that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.

We would remember before thee, O our God, the case of all that mourn, and of all that are afflicted and oppressed. We pray that thou wouldst suit, out of thy tender mercies, those blessings and comforts best adapted to their respective conditions, and prepare them and ourselves for all the changes of life : And when we are called to repose in the dreary recesses of the tomb, may our spirits find acceptance at thy throne, and with all the purchased possession, be raised to the everlasting enjoyments of thy love, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A TABLE,

TO FIND ANY PSALM OR HYMN BY THE FIRST LINE.

AGAIN the Lord of life and light	-	-	1
Almighty Maker God	-	-	2
Again the cheerful beams of day	-	-	3
Again our weekly labours end	-	-	4
All nature speaks, let men give ear	-	-	5
Absurd and vain attempt ! to bind	-	-	6
Adieu, all earthly things	-	-	7
Abide with us, the ev'ning shades	-	-	8
As show'rs on meadows newly mown	-	-	9
Arise, and hail the happy day	-	-	10
Angels roll the rock away	-	-	11
Awake the song that gave to earth	-	-	12
As the good shepherd gently leads	-	-	13
Ah, wretched souls, who strive in vain	-	-	14
All nature feels attractive pow'r	-	-	15
Affliction's faded form draws nigh	-	-	16
A glory gilds the sacred page	-	-	17
All nature dies, and lives again	-	-	18
A God, a God, the wide earth shouts	-	-	19
A joyful song to God	-	-	20
All hail, mysterious King	-	-	21
All hail, victorious Saviour, hail	-	-	22
Almighty goodness, pow'r divine	-	-	23
All-pow'rful, self-existent God	-	-	24
All hail, redeeming Lord	-	-	25
Almighty Maker ! Lord of all	-	-	26
All-seeing God ! 'tis thine to know	-	-	27
And is the gospel peace and love	-	-	28
Author of good ! we rest on thee	-	-	29
All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name	-	-	30
A voice from the desert comes awful and shrill	-	-	31
Awake, my soul ! rouse ev'ry pow'r	-	-	32
Awake, each soul ! stretch every nerve	-	-	33
Awake, ye saints ! and raise your eyes	-	-	34
Amidst the heav'nly pow'rs sublime	-	-	35

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Are not thy mercies sov'reign still	-	-	-	37
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Attend each soul with rev'rent awe	-	-	-	41
Affliction is a stormy deep	-	-	-	42
And now my soul, another year	-	-	-	43
Awake, our souls; away our fears	-	-	-	44
Awake, each soul; awake, each tongue	-	-	-	45
And will the great eternal God	-	-	-	46
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As the sweet flow'r, which scents the morn	-	-	-	49
Awake, and sing the song	-	-	-	50
Afflicted souls, to Christ draw near	-	-	-	51
Aloud we sing the wondrous grace	-	-	-	52
BE thou exalted, O our God	-	-	-	53
Before Jehovah's awful throne	-	-	-	54
Begin, my soul, th' exalted lay	-	-	-	55
Behold the morning sun	-	-	-	56
Bless'd Instructor! from thy ways	-	-	-	57
Behold th' amazing sight	-	-	-	58
Behold the Prince of peace	-	-	-	59
Behold the light! now see it rise	-	-	-	60
Beset with snares on every hand	-	-	-	61
Behold, where, breathing love divine	-	-	-	62
Behold, where, in a mortal form	-	-	-	63
Bless'd be the everlasting God	-	-	-	64
Bless'd is the man who fears the Lord	-	-	-	65
Blow ye the trumpet, blow	-	-	-	66
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Begin, our tongues, some heav'nly theme	-	-	-	69
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Behold, the blind their sight receive	-	-	83
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Borne o'er the ocean's stormy wave	-	-	85
Behold the rising dawn appear	-	-	86
Behold the man ! thus Pilate spake	-	-	87
Behold the Saviour of mankind	-	-	88
Bless'd Jesus, when our soaring thoughts	-	-	89
Bless, O each soul, the living God.	-	-	90
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Come, let us join our cheerful songs	-	-	102
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Come, serve the Lord with love and joy	-	-	105
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Come, O thou universal good	-	-	107
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Come worship at our Father's feet	-	-	109
Come in, thou blessed, honoured Lord	-	-	110
Come, thou desire of all thy saints	-	-	111
Calm, my soul, behold thy Saviour	-	-	112
Christ, as our great Physician, heals	-	-	113
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Faith builds upon the evidence	-	-	133
Father of mercies ! in thy house	-	-	134
Father, we bless thy gentle hand	-	-	135
From thee, O God, our joys shall rise	-	-	136
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DOXOLOGIES.

L. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord with tuneful voice,
Aloud in Christ, the Son, rejoice :
Let angels join the solemn lay,
And shout an everlasting day.

C. M.

PRAISE ye the Lord in strains sublime,
Who dwells in boundless light ;
Whose grace and truth through ev'ry clime,
Gives peace and pure delight.

S. M.

PRAISE God, the sov'reign King,
For life's immortal word ;
Let the redeemed shout, and sing
Their Saviour and their God.

H. M.

Now to the God of love,
Whose mercies still endure ;
The Saviour from above,
Who taught devotion pure ;
Be endless praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

8, 8, 6 M.

PRAISE God, whose love and mercy flow,
To all his creatures here below,
Nor hides his smiling face :
Let deathless honours crown his Son,
And ev'ry harp to music strung,
While saints admire his grace.

8, 7s M.

SHOUT to God ! the great Creator,
Let his praise your tongues employ ;
Chant high honors to the Saviour ;
Strains of universal joy.

7s M.

PRAISE, O praise the God of love ;
Praise the Saviour from above ;
Praise the Spirit of his grace ;
Praise him, all ye ransom'd race.

JAN 16 1941

